

THE BOOK OF THE WEST INDIES

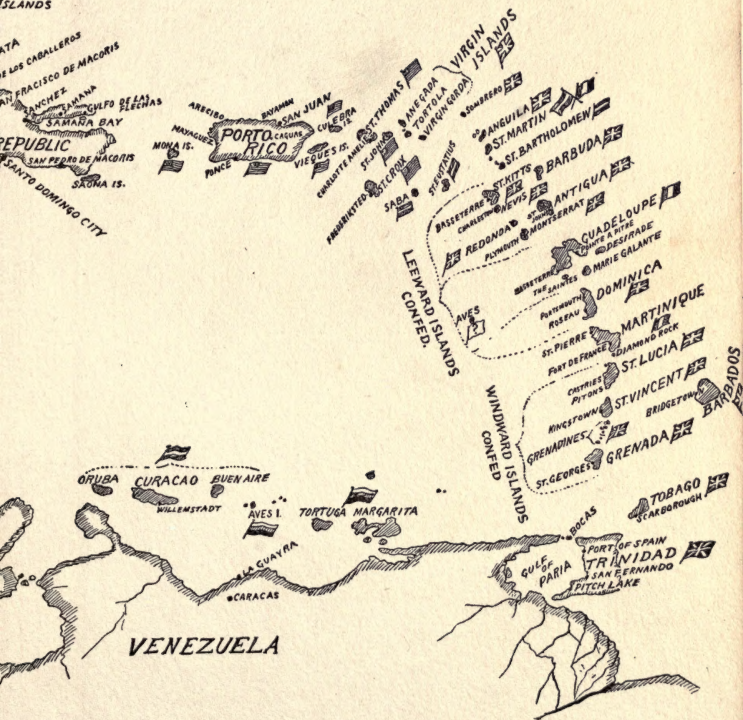
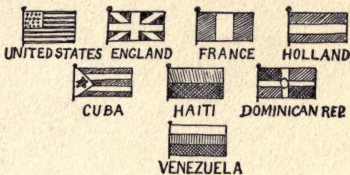
A. HYATT VERRILL



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THE WEST INDIES AND THEIR OWNERS



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year 1815

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A DOMINICAN CAPRESSE

THE BOOK OF THE WEST INDIES

BY

A. HYATT VERRILL

AUTHOR OF

"PORTO RICO, PAST AND PRESENT," "THE OCEAN AND ITS
MYSTERIES," ETC., ETC.



NEW YORK

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THE BOOK OF THE
WEST INDIES

A. HYATT VERRILL

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PREFACE

STRETCHING in a vast semicircle, from Florida to the tip of South America, lies the archipelago known as the West Indies.

With marvelous climate, their shores washed by the bluest of blue seas, ever swept by the refreshing trade winds, luxuriant beyond words, inexpressibly beautiful, and varying in character from awe-inspiring, rugged masses of mile-high mountains to low-lying sandy cays, the West Indies afford interests and attractions to suit every taste.

No two are alike; each possesses an individuality, a charm, a fascination all its own. If you seek quiet and rest, there are spots in these lovely isles where time has stood still for centuries; if fond of history and memories of the brave and bloody deeds of the past, you will find interest a plenty in the Antilles. Here was the cradle of European civilization in the New World; here was the haunt of pirate and buccaneer; here the great nations of Europe struggled for supremacy through centuries, and here are buildings, scenes,

and ways of life contemporaneous with Columbus and his mail-clad conquistadores.

Or, if one desires magnificent scenery; if luscious fruits, gorgeous flowers, marvelous plants, stupendous cataracts, lofty peaks, or sublime active volcanoes, appeal to you, the West Indies will provide them all. On the other hand, he who feels lost without all the comforts and conveniences, the news and the accompaniments and luxuries of twentieth-century civilization, he who seeks great cities, golf, horse-racing, dances, balls, society,—even the opera,—may find all these in the West Indies.

Here, almost at our doors—within from three to ten days' sail of New York—are some fifty islands varying in size from Cuba—vast and continental with its length of eight hundred miles—to tiny islet gems a few acres in extent. Here one may dwell amidst all the luxuries and modernity of up-to-date cities teeming with hundreds of thousands of inhabitants or one may live in sleepy, age-old towns and quaint villages quite out of the world. One may travel by Pullman express trains for day after day through a scenic wonderland, may whirr over perfect roads in luxurious automobiles, or, again, may follow narrow trails on horse or donkey back in lands where a wheeled vehicle was never seen.

Even climate may be found to suit the most

exacting. You may bask in the sunshine and bathe in the azure tepid water beneath waving palms if you love the ardent heat of the tropics; you may find a climate of perpetual June on the verdured hills where roses bloom forever, or, at a higher altitude, you may find an overcoat useful and will shiver under double blankets at night.

Perhaps the very diversity in the West Indies is their greatest charm, for the people are as varied as the scenery and climate of their island homes. Spanish, French, Dutch, British,—each island reflects, in a measure, the characteristics of its mother country and the customs, habits, language, and ways of each are adhered to most tenaciously.

It is like traveling from one European nation to another to tour the islands. One day you are beneath the white-crossed, scarlet flag of Denmark; the next, you are under the banner of old England. You fall asleep with the strains of "God Save the King" wafted to you from the British fort, and gaze shoreward the next morning to see the tricolor fluttering above a typically French town. You spend a forenoon strolling about a town which might be on Mediterranean shores and with the soft babel of Spanish in your ears, and, ere nightfall, look upon tiled roofs, chimney-pots, and dormer windows, with busy market-women clattering about in wooden shoes, while "Yah Mynheer" greets your wondering ears,

and you feel as if you had been whisked from Spain to Holland. You pay your boatman in shillings and pence, and, a few hours after, are bargaining with another in francs and centimes, and, ere another day has ended, you may be striving to mentally reduce guilders to dollars or patacon to centavos and pesetas. And if you don't like foreign ways, if you feel strange and ill at ease amid people whose speech you cannot grasp, you need not despair, for Uncle Sam also has a foothold in this polyglot archipelago, and of all the charming islands, few can boast greater attractions, more historic interest, or more numerous advantages than the isle above which waves the Stars and Stripes.

That Americans have not long ago more fully awakened to the attractions, advantages, and lures of the West Indies is amazing. Until the European War, thousands of our citizens went to the Riviera, to the Mediterranean, to the Orient, and elsewhere seeking the very climate, the same scenery, and the identical things to be found so much nearer to our shores. Even to-day, when the American tropics are more in the public eye than ever before, few Americans have a correct idea of what the West Indies offer or the truth about them.

But in a way our people cannot be too greatly blamed, for our British cousins are almost as

ignorant of their West Indian colonies as are Americans. Indeed the lack of knowledge, even among officials, is incredible, and the following anecdote, told to me by a government official of the British West Indies, may serve as an illustration of this. The official, a retired army officer, was appointed to a post in Nevis. Anxious to learn something of his new home he made many inquiries but no one could give him information. At last he sought a government gazette and found the following: "Nevis, one of the Leeward Islands. Subject to earthquakes, epidemics, and hurricanes. Chief town submerged."

Such misconceptions in regard to the islands have, no doubt, done much to prevent an interest in them and while a few, such as Cuba, Porto Rico, and Jamaica, are becoming popular winter resorts, yet the great majority of the West Indies,—the most beautiful, the most interesting, and the most delightful are *terra incognita* to most people.

Even those who have heard of the smaller islands have no tangible ideas in regard to them, until they have actually visited the islands. They appear so minute and unimportant on the maps—mere pin points in comparison with the mainland,—that it is difficult to realize that they are really large, that they are covered by mile-high mountains, that they support large towns and cities, or that they are worth visiting.

It is invariably a wonderful surprise to the stranger when he first sights these "specks" of land and finds the shore-line stretching away from horizon to horizon in a succession of towering mountains, broad valleys, and wide plains.

Still another popular idea is that the West Indies are unbearably hot; that because they are near the equator they must be torrid in temperature, and that they are hotbeds of disease and swarm with noxious insects and poisonous reptiles.

All this is absolute nonsense. The islands are far healthier than many of our Northern cities; yellow fever is unknown in most of them, and has not occurred for thirty or forty years in any of the smaller islands, and two of the West Indies—Cuba and Porto Rico—lead the entire world in point of health.

As to climate, the West Indies are *never* as hot as our own towns in midsummer. The temperature rarely rises above 85°, there is a variation of only a few degrees throughout the year, and sun-stroke and heat prostration are unknown. The trade winds blow ceaselessly, showers keep everything fresh and green, and, best of all, the houses, clothing, and life are all adapted to a warm climate.

Insect pests are far less abundant than in the North, flies are not as troublesome, there are few mosquitoes—save in swampy districts where no visitor is likely to live—and only in one or two

islands are there any poisonous snakes, and, where these *do* occur, they are extremely rare—far rarer than the venomous reptiles in the vicinity of New York City. It is to destroy such erroneous ideas of the West Indies, to paint them in their true colors, to point out their manifold attractions, charms, beauties, and peculiarities, and to provide a reliable, concise, and yet complete handbook on the West Indies that this book has been written.

My greatest regret is that space is so limited, that little can be said of some of the most delightful and loveliest of the Caribbees; but perhaps it is just as well that everything is *not* described; that all the charms and interests of the islands are not mentioned. There is all the more incentive for my readers to visit the islands, to learn and discover for themselves, and, in doing this, they will come to love and appreciate the West Indies the more.

HYATT VERRILL

*September First,
Nineteen Seventeen*

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The Book of the West Indies

PROLOGUE

INTRODUCING THE WEST INDIES

A GREAT many people—the majority one might almost say—have but a very vague idea of the West Indies. Nearly everyone knows they are “somewhere down South”; many are aware that they are north of South America; a large proportion can name Cuba, Jamaica, Haiti, St. Thomas, and Porto Rico; a few may be able to add Martinique and Barbados to the list, but scarce one in a thousand can recall the names of the other islands or can give any accurate information in regard to the climate, people, nationality, products, or other features of the islands; their size, or their relative positions.

In some pigeon-hole in the minds of most people is a dim and hazy recollection of school-day knowledge of the West Indies,—a half-forgotten memory of a scant page in the geography devoted to the

islands, a brief statement that they were hot, pestilential, peopled by negroes, subject to earthquakes and hurricanes, and that their sole contributions to the world's wealth were sugar and rum. As to their appearance, a few rude woodcuts come to mind; pictures of half-naked negresses dancing to the strum of banjos in rubbish-littered, squalid streets; of broad-hatted, besashed, fierce-whiskered horsemen holding menacing whips above black minstrel-like laborers; of frantic people, rushing through a chaos of flashing lightning, inky clouds, and flying, shattered trees, or perchance, even a small map, whereon were numerous pink, yellow, and green dots collectively labeled "The West Indies."

With such meager knowledge of these islands and with such erroneous ideas in regard to them, it is something of a shock to learn the truth, to visit the islands, and to find our half-formed conceptions totally shattered and cast to the winds.

As one steams, day after day, along a coast stretching inland to distant mile-high mountains it is indeed difficult to believe that the seemingly interminable shores are those of one of the "specks" on the map and not of a continent. As we travel in luxurious Pullman express trains through marvelous scenery, past palatial homes and vast cultivated fields hour after hour,—for a day

and a night and more,—it seems impossible that we are on one of these colored dots of our geographies. And when, instead of gamboling negroes in filthy mudholes, we see trolley cars and motor cars, perfectly dressed men, and women who might have stepped from the latest Parisian fashion-plate, broad asphalt boulevards and huge department stores, we begin to realize how little we really know of the world beyond our narrow sphere of daily life.

To many it will come as a distinct surprise to learn that Cuba, placed upon the map of the United States, would stretch from New York to Indianapolis and would cover a space the entire width of New Jersey; that Santo Domingo is as large as the State of Maine, is three times the size of Belgium, and only a trifle smaller than Portugal; that more shipping enters and leaves the harbor of Havana than any other port in America, with the exception of New York; that two of the "pestilential" West Indian islands rank first and second of all the countries in the world in point of health; that the first university in America was in the West Indies and that students were taught and graduated from this college a hundred years ere the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, and, finally, that to visit all the islands, without making a stop or going over the same route twice, would mean a voyage of twelve thousand miles

and would require over a month of steady steaming day and night!

Ordinarily the West Indies are divided into two groups, the Greater and Lesser Antilles, but in reality they are separated into several divisions, known as, the Greater Antilles, the Bahamas, the Virgin Islands, the Leeward Islands, the Windward Islands, and the Coast Islands, some of which are political divisions and others geographical, but which are well-defined, well-recognized, and serve to obviate confusion.

From Cuba, barely ninety miles from Key West at the tip of the Florida Keys, the islands stretch in a broken, irregular semicircle to the northern coast of South America, and, within the barrier thus formed, enclose the vast, almost land-locked, Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico,—a body of water, to cross which, one must sail as far as from New York to Liverpool. And of vital importance to us is this great expanse of enclosed sea. In fact, the very life and existence of our country and our people depend upon it, for this is the source of the Gulf Stream, that stupendous, ever-moving, ocean river of warm water which flows northward off our coast and makes life and vegetation possible in a land which otherwise would be a frigid waste.

Through the narrow openings between the Lesser Antilles the ceaseless trade winds and the

revolution of the earth force the waters from the broad Atlantic, and, finding no other outlet, the water rushes out between the Greater Antilles and through the Straits of Florida. Immeasurable in its immensity and resistless force, is this greatest of streams, but some faint conception of its volume may be gained from the fact that through the Florida Straits alone there flows each day a mass of water equal to three hundred thousand Mississippi Rivers!

Yet, despite this stupendous overflow of water which escapes, the sea, within the chain of islands, is ever piled higher than the ocean without, and thus we have the strange phenomenon of islands on whose one coast the tide rises and falls six feet or more, while on the other the rise and fall is not as many inches. Ages ago, no doubt, the Caribbean was an inland sea and the string of islands was a continuous mountain chain, connecting the two Americas, studded with volcanoes vomiting flame, smoke, and ashes, and of height beyond the power of imagination. Even to-day, countless West Indian mountains tower a mile or more into the air, and Loma Tina, in Santo Domingo, lifts its cloud-wreathed head eleven thousand feet above the sea. And yet these would be but insignificant hillocks compared to the serried crest of the prehistoric borderland of the Caribbean, ere some awful cataclysm of the past lowered

that array of sky-piercing volcanoes and allowed the sea to flow above the submerged land to form the West Indies. Many of the islands rise four miles from the sea floor; off the northern coast of Porto Rico are depths of 27,000 feet and more, and, if the ocean should be swept back or the sea dried away, the Bahamas and Cuba would appear as a terrific, precipitous plateau 20,000 feet in height and stretching for over 700 miles, its sheer face cut and seamed by awful rifts, in which the Grand Canyon might be hidden, and sweeping southward for 200 miles to where the Sierra Maestra would tower to the dizzying height of 28,000 feet.

But, perchance these submerged mountains, these titanic precipices, and these vast, coral-covered plains, now miles beneath the sea, have never seen the light of day, for there are those who claim that the islands have been separated since the world began, that they are merely isolated volcanic cones, pushed up from the ocean's bed to belch forth molten, incandescent material, which, through countless ages, has decomposed to form the rich and fertile lands now luxuriant with vegetation and pleasant for man to dwell upon. Which theory is right we may never know, but it is certain that all of the West Indies are not volcanoes. The Greater Antilles—Cuba, Jamaica, Santo Domingo, and Porto Rico—are as

ancient in formation as our own granite hills and are continental in fauna and flora, while Tobago, Trinidad, Curaçao, and the Coast Islands are merely detached bits of South America separated from the mainland in the dim forgotten ages of the past. Still others of these isles, such as the Bahamas, St. Croix, Barbados, and others, are of limestone—"coral islands" so-called. But in reality they are not coral at all in the true sense of the term, for they are merely masses of wind-drifted shore sand,—composed of wave-worn, broken shells and fragments of coral,—which, through the centuries, have become firmly cemented together by the percolating rains. Firm and solid as granite, fine as marble, are the rocks and cliffs of these islands, and it is difficult to believe that they are simply hardened sand hills, but if he who doubts examines a section of the rock beneath a microscope, he will find the bits of shells and coral still intact and embedded in the crystalized lime deposited around them by the evaporating water.

The present is of more interest than the past, however, and whatever the origin of the islands, whether partly sunken continent, protruding, isolated peaks, or petrified sand dunes, they are all wonderfully beautiful, riotous in color, marvelous in scenery, and veritable Edens of tropic loveliness, luxuriant vegetation, and balmy air.

Here nature flaunts every tint and shade in lavish abandon; here sun and cloud vie with each other to produce magical effects of light and shade; here the unsullied air glows luminous as though filled with floating gold dust, and sky and sea seem as of another world than ours. Glorious as are the days in these lotus-eating, dreamland isles of perpetual summer, even more enchanting are the nights. Above, arches the velvet sky, sprinkled with myriads of scintillating, twinkling stars, like the riding lights of fairy ships afloat upon a purple sea. Luminously black is the air, sweet with the sensuous odor of jasmine, orange flower, and gardenia, and, borne on the balmy, caressing breeze, is the soft swash of gently lapping waves, the sleepy tinkle of fountains, the querulous cry of night-birds, the distant sound of laughter and song, and the languorous music of guitars. From the mysterious shadows of the mountains comes the weird boom of a tom-tom, filling the world with dull reverberations like the staccato beats of a gigantic pulse. Against the inky background of trees and shrubbery gleam countless fireflies, flitting aimlessly, erratically,—like tiny stars gone astray and seeking to find their way to the vault of heaven from which they fell. Above the dim horizon blazes the Southern Cross and, over all—calm, serene—like a mellow, golden globe, floats the great tropic moon, outlining each rus-

tling leaf, each swaying bough with a tracery of silver, transforming the housetops to sheets of burnished metal, filling the scented air with effulgent light, and silhouetting the nodding palms that stand, like plumed sentinels, above a wave-washed beach of diamond dust.



CHAPTER I

BERMUDA

HUNDREDS of miles from any coast, surrounded on every side by the restless surges of the great Atlantic—a mere speck in a waste of sea—lies Bermuda. While not strictly one of the West Indies, yet its fauna and flora, its products and its formation, are so similar to many of the Antilles that we may well consider it as a West Indian island gone astray, and set down,—or rather pushed up,—a thousand miles and more from its fellows.

If the ship arrives at Bermuda by daylight there is ample opportunity for the visitor to view the islands, as the vessel steams slowly along the northern shores and threads her way through the tortuous channel between sharp-fanged reefs towards Hamilton.

And vastly disappointing is this first impression of the Bermudas. You have looked for a bit of Eden,—a palm-fringed isle such as those pictured atolls in the geographies perhaps,—and, instead, you gaze upon a low-lying waste of white, topped

and broken by stunted, dull-green cedars; a landscape as bleak and sterile as the granite-ribbed sheep pastures of New England.

Here and there glaring white buildings stand sharply forth against the monotony of the cedars, gradually the foliage increases and loses some of its dull, half-dead appearance, and when, at last, the steamer passes between the verdured islets in Hamilton Harbor and nears the docks, much of the hills and vales is well-clothed in greenery.

But with all its charms, and they are many, Bermuda is far from truly tropical and if you seek the luxuriant vegetation, the gorgeous coloring, the balmy, voluptuous air, and the sights and scenes of tropic lands, Bermuda will prove far from your ideal. You must travel farther, to the Caribbean isles, to find such sights and scenes, for the natural vegetation of Bermuda is not rank and colorful, the life and customs are similar to our own, and only where introduced by man are there palms, flowers, and fruits typical of the real tropics. And this is not surprising, for Bermuda is far north of the tropics—the farthest north of any spot where tropical life and plants exist in a natural state—and its semi-tropical climate, where snow and frost are unknown, is due to its location in the Gulf Stream beyond the reach of wintry winds and Arctic Current.

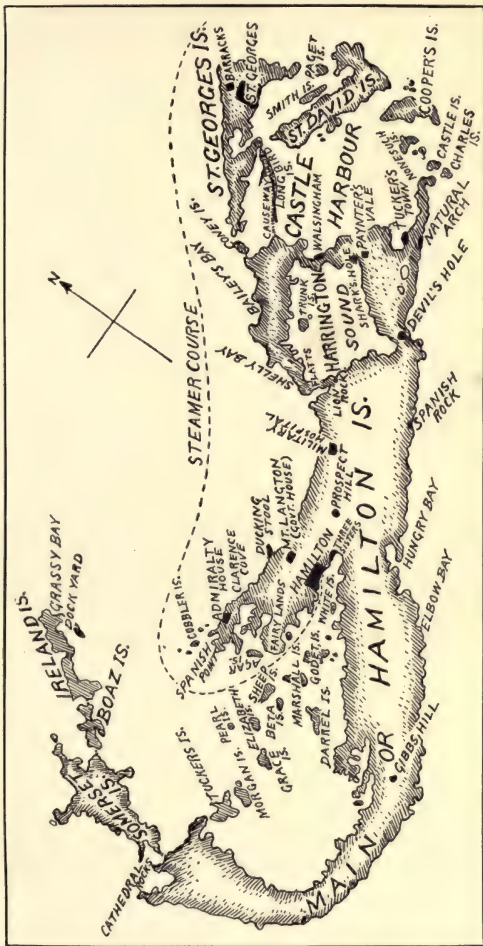
We speak of Bermuda as of a single island, but,

in reality, it is a group, or cluster, of more than one hundred islets,—a bare half-dozen of which are worthy of the name,—and which are so connected by bridges, causeways, and roads as to form, to all intents and purposes, a single island, the whole scarce twenty-five miles long, less than three miles wide, and with its loftiest hill rising a scant three hundred feet above the sea.

But what Bermuda lacks in size and grandeur is made up for in attractions, and to visit this sea-girt, mid-ocean isle is to love it, for it possesses a charm and fascination all its own.

In form the Bermudas are commonly likened to a fish-hook, but one facetious visitor noted their resemblance to an outstretched hand, with expectant open palm and crooked fingers, waiting for American dollars; a happy similitude so symbolic of Bermuda's greatest revenue that it cannot pass unnoted.

A dozen years ago Bermuda was scarcely known to Americans at large, and only the fortunate few who had learned the secrets of its charms visited its shores. But once the islands were discovered by the American public its rise to popularity and fame was swift, and to-day it is thronged with thousands of visitors; palatial hotels and innumerable boarding-houses are crowded throughout the winter seasons and into Bermudian pockets flows a steady stream of American gold.



MAP OF BERMUDA

And speaking of "discovering" Bermuda it may be of interest to note that the islands were repeatedly discovered, and usually by accident, which is scarcely to be wondered at when we consider what a mere speck they form in the waste of waters of the North Atlantic; the wonder is that they were ever discovered at all. There is some doubt as to the actual and original discoverer of these islands, but it is usually conceded that one Juan Bermudez was the first European to land upon them, in 1515, and it was in his honor that they received their best-known name. But to Bermudez and his Spaniards the islands were of little moment, and, a gale arising, the Dons sailed away, glad to escape in safety from the reef-filled, treacherous spot. Twenty-eight years later a Portuguese, Ferdinand Camelo, touched at the Bermudas or "Isles of Devils" as they were then called, and after carving his initials upon the famous "Spanish Rock" and leaving a few hogs upon the islands, he followed the example of his predecessors and sailed off to more promising lands. For half a century the isles were left to themselves, until in 1593, a pirate vessel, homeward bound from the Indies, was wrecked upon isolated North Rock. A number of the crew reached the shore in safety, among them an English mariner, Henry May, and to him we owe the little we know of the islands at that time.

May and his comrades lived in Bermuda for five months, subsisting upon the descendants of Camelo's hogs and wild berries, until, having constructed a shallop of Bermudian cedar, they set sail for Newfoundland where they arrived in due time.

But even May's accounts of Bermuda aroused no interest in England and it was left to Sir George Somers to really bring the islands to the attention of the world. Like the others, Sir George discovered Bermuda by accident, for while en route to Jamestown, Virginia, his ship was disabled in a storm, and, being on the point of foundering, was run ashore on Bermuda in the hope of saving the lives of those on board. In this they were successful and from July, 1609, until the following May, Somers and his companions lived on the islands and constructed two vessels in which they sailed to Virginia.

Unlike those other "discoverers" who had landed at Bermuda, Somers realized their value and his reports led to the establishment of the first colony on the islands. He can truthfully be called the Father of Bermuda and the name of "Somers Islands" seems far more appropriate than the more familiar name. He died in Bermuda, while conducting an expedition for the relief of Jamestown, and his heart lies buried in the ancient cemetery at St. George.

Bermuda, like many another isle, has had a turbulent, a varied, and an interesting history and while space forbids a complete *résumé* of her past there are certain events of interest to Americans which should be noted. Such was the famous gunpowder plot, whereby no less a personage than George Washington secured one hundred barrels of powder from the sympathetic Bermudians. It was a most daring and barefaced deed, for the powder destined to drive the British from Boston, was stolen from the British magazines on the island and, to add insult to injury, the barrels actually were rolled through the Governor's grounds!

Again, during our Civil War, the Bermudians entered prominently into the limelight of our land, for here foregathered the reckless blockade runners and the sleepy, mid-ocean isles awoke to the golden opportunity afforded by the struggle between North and South. The long-deserted harbors of Hamilton and St. George became once more alive with ships, a forest of masts rose above the docks and warehouses, and wealth, such as had not been known since the old days of pirates and buccaneers, filled Bermudian coffers. But such prosperity was but fleeting, and not until the Bermudians started raising early vegetables and Easter lilies for the Northern markets did the islands really come into their own. These,

with the tourists, are Bermuda's mainstay and reliance and, of the two, the tourists are doubtless the most profitable. Of all the attractions of which Bermuda can boast, perhaps the greatest is the climate, for it is wonderfully equable, seldom falling below 60° or rising above 80°, even in midsummer. But it is not favorable to those affected with asthma, tuberculosis, or pulmonary or throat troubles, or to those suffering from rheumatism, for it is wonderfully damp and at times chilly and as no provision is made for artificially heating the majority of dwellings one may suffer abominably from cold during a period of rainy stormy weather,—and there is a superabundance of such. Moreover, the houses are built of porous limestone, which absorbs moisture like a sponge, and when the rain is over and the sun comes forth the dampness is driven inward and the rooms become tomb-like in their clammy chill, and everything mildews and molds. A small oil or alcohol heater will readily overcome this, however, and there is no reason for any one being uncomfortable, if prepared for the climate in advance.

Moreover, life in Bermuda is primarily and preferably an out-of-doors existence, and a little discomfort at times is as nothing compared to the pleasures and enjoyments one finds at every turn. There are miles of magnificent beaches of creamy coral sand, some bordering sheltered coves and



CUT CORAL READY TO BE USED AS BUILDING STONE

bays, others ceaselessly pounded by great foam-crested ocean rollers. There are countless islet gems studding land-locked lagoons and inviting one to row, fish, or sail. There are marvelous caverns filled with pendant stalactites and with many a subterranean pool whereon one may navigate far under ground. There are a hundred miles and more of perfect roads leading to every part of the islands. There are golf links, tennis courts, and race courses. Even those fond of society are provided for and there is no end of balls, dances, receptions, teas, and other social entertainments.

There are but two real towns in Bermuda; the one, Hamilton, near the center of the islands; the other, St. George, at the extreme northeastern end, but throughout the Bermudas are little villages and residences; hotels and native huts are scattered here, there, and everywhere, so that there seems one continuous settlement. Hamilton, the capital, is a large, busy, modern town wherein are the principal stores, the largest hotels, and the Government offices, and most of the steamers make Hamilton their port of call. St. George is as different as though in another land. It is hilly, old-fashioned, quaint, with narrow, walled lanes and alleys, ancient buildings, and a sleepy, old-world atmosphere which is most fascinating. With all its charms it is unfortunately in the most

barren district of the island. While all parts of Bermuda are within easy reach of either town it is far wiser to select a residence in the outlying districts rather than to live in Hamilton or St. George.

Wherever one goes in Bermuda there is vivid color and intense light, too intense and vivid if anything, for the roads are white, the stone buildings are whitewashed, the rocks, the reefs, the sand,—everything save the crystalline waters, the verdure, and the colored folk are white, and from every side the sunlight is reflected in a dazzling, blinding glare that makes blue or amber goggles a necessity.

But the very whiteness and glare serve to accentuate the cool and restful greenery of the vegetation and the marvelous colors of the sea. Perhaps nowhere else in all the world is there such gloriously tinted water. Indigo where deep, azure and sapphire nearer shore, opalescent turquoise in the shallows, and marbled with royal purple and amethyst where reefs and corals dot the white sand of its bed, the sea that laps Bermuda's shores is an ever-changing, ever-fascinating marvel; a thing of wondrous beauty impossible to describe in words or to reproduce in pigments.

No less wonderful, no less colorful, than the water itself, is the bottom of the sea which lies revealed to wondering eyes through many feet

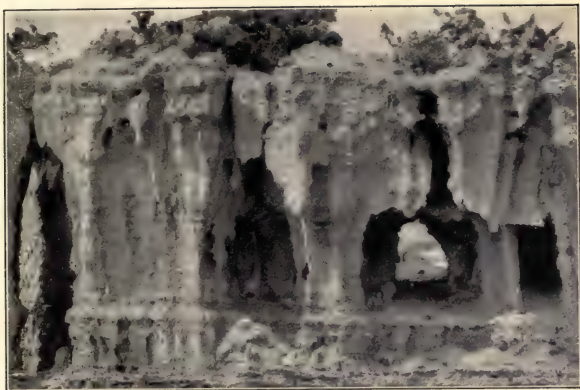
of the crystalline liquid. Floating upon the surface of the sheltered bays and lagoons one seems suspended in midair, so glass-like in its transparency is this mid-ocean water, and, gazing into the depths one looks upon a new strange world. Here are broad patches of smooth-swept sand, tinted to delicate malachite-green by the intervening water, and, sharply outlined upon it, great uncouth sea-puddings move slowly about, like some strange submarine pachyderms browsing on pale-green pastures, while opalescent hued fishes dart and flit about like dainty, swift-winged birds. Here and there, great masses of submerged rocks rise upward from the sandy floor, but such rocks! Surely nowhere outside of fairyland were ever such forms and colors seen. Everywhere marine life teems and each rock and reef is covered with myriads of living corals,—emerald, orange, ochre, brown, and lavender; broad purple sea-fans wave gently to the current; slender sea-rods and inky-black gorgonias rise like gaunt trees from the mysterious, shadowy crevices; gigantic sea-anemones spread their olive and magenta tentacles like gorgeous flowers; sponges, brilliant scarlet and vermilion in hue, form masses of vivid color, while back and forth among them move rainbow-tinted fishes, great peacock-colored lobsters, and grotesque crabs, or, sprawling across the patchwork of colors, one sees an octopus, its

pulpy body and eight squirming arms gay with ever changing, chameleon-like hues.

Even such wonders pall, however, and when tired of these sights, or when the winds ruffle the surface of bay and lagoon and hide the world beneath, there are the highways and byways of the land where one may drive, cycle, or walk for days and ever find new sights and new scenes of beauty and interest.

From Hamilton eastward to St. George there are three highways known as the North, Middle, and South Roads. All are good, all offer innumerable attractions, and each is distinct and different from the others, and as all converge and join at the Flatts one may go forth by one route and return by another.

The North Road leads past Victoria Park and through shady Cedar Avenue and, as its name implies, follows the northern contour of Hamilton Island. Soon after leaving the city Woodlands is reached, with its waving cocoa palms giving a tropical touch to the scene. Just beyond are quaint old Pembroke Church and beautiful Mount Langdon, where is Government House. Then the roadway approaches the shore, and, turning to the right, passes an overhanging rock known as the "Ducking Stool" where, in early days, scolds and gossips were dipped in the sea to still their wagging tongues.



CATHEDRAL ROCKS, BERMUDA



NATURAL ARCH, BERMUDA

Thence, following the coast, the highway sweeps on, bordered on the water side by pink-flowered, heath-like tamarisks, on the other by cedars, shrubbery, and green hills, and ever with the lovely, brilliant-colored waters gleaming in the sun and washing beach-lined coves and rock-walled inlets. Now, passing through deep cuts in the solid rock, now topping low hills, anon swinging close to the water's edge, the way continues; every turn, each view affording new and more charming views. But if you would enjoy this North Road by all means select a pleasant day, for when the wind is strong from the west the spray flies across the road and one is likely to be both cold and wet.

At Flatts Village Harrington Sound lies spread among its bold verdured shores and dotted with its picturesque wooded islets. Across the narrow inlet is a bridge and here the road may be followed to Bailey's Bay by the north shore to St. George, or, by turning to the right, the Sound may be circled, and the main road again reached. Either way is delightful, but of the two perhaps the latter is the more interesting. Near at hand, close to the water's edge, is a strangely formed mass of stone known as "Lion Rock" and a short distance farther on is the famous "Devil's Hole." No visit to Bermuda would be complete without seeing this large, water-filled grotto, containing

thousands of multi-colored fish which crowd to the edge of the pool to receive their customary donation of food from the stranger.

Beyond the Devil's Hole the highway climbs over cedar-clad hills to Shark's Hole and Paynter's Vale. Once a splendid estate, with a spacious mansion house, Paynter's Vale has now fallen into neglect, but it still remains one of the islands' beauty spots where many rare and unusual forms of vegetation thrive in luxuriant profusion and form a miniature forest. All along this road is a wealth of vegetation. Dense thickets, gaudy with convolvulus and lantana; heavy woods where lofty cedars bend under their curtain-like drapery of odorous wild jasmine, and patches of banner-leaved bananas alternate with cultivated fields redolent of onions or snowy with Easter lilies. Altogether it is one of the most beautiful and attractive spots in Bermuda, for Harrington Sound and Castle Harbor are scarcely a stone's throw apart; separated only by this narrow wooded ridge, the views are magnificent and there are many great caves and historic landmarks in the immediate vicinity.

Close at hand lies Walsingham, famous as the one-time residence of Thomas Moore. Despite tradition the Bard of Erin never dwelt in the ancient house half-hidden amidst the trees and shrubbery of the ample grounds, but it loses none

of its interest thereby, for he often visited Walsingham, many of his verses were written there, and the calabash tree, immortalized in his poems, still stands in his secluded shady glade.

Beyond Walsingham the main road is reached and one comes to the immense causeway which bridges the inlet to Castle Harbor and connects Hamilton Island with St. George.

The causeway,—completed in 1871 at a cost of nearly \$150,000,—was demolished in a single night, when the islands were swept by a hurricane on September 12, 1899. As originally constructed, it was of stone and masonry, but it was rebuilt largely of timber. It is nearly a mile and a half from end to end, but this includes Long Bird Island which forms a considerable portion of the entire length.

From the causeway there is a most charming view of Castle Harbor, on the south, its marvelously blue waters stretching seaward to the outlying islands with the Atlantic surges churned to foam about their frowning, wave-worn cliffs. They are wild, deserted spots to-day, their summits crowned with ancient, crumbling forts and battlements. Once peopled with red-coated soldiery and bristling with cannon commanding the entrance to the harbor, they are now forsaken, the empty casements overgrown with brush and creepers, the gun platforms and magazines the

haunt of basking lizards and scuttling land-crabs, while in the rock-hewn dungeons and embrasures long-tailed tropic birds raise their young in peace.

To the north is an equally lovely vista,—a tranquil, cærulean lagoon, its narrow seaward opening all but barred by little islets and stretching eastward to the drawbridge which spans the entrance to St. George's inner harbor.

Crossing this bridge St. George Island is reached, and while this island is barren and yuccas, cacti, and giant agaves grow thickly along the roadside, yet the view of the land-locked harbor, St. David and the lesser islands, and the shipping mirrored on the glassy water, fully compensates for the lack of beauties on the land.

In the quaint old-world town one can find much of interest. The St. George Hotel, facing the open plaza-like square and built two hundred years ago, is one of the oldest buildings in Bermuda, and its massive cedar beams,—over fifteen inches square,—testify to the size of the trees which once covered this portion of the islands with a veritable forest. But everything in St. George is old, or appears so, for this was the first settlement,—founded in 1612—and for two centuries it was the capital, and it has changed but little in the past three hundred years.

Wonderfully narrow crooked lanes climb up and down hill between the high stone walls and

buildings,—many scarce wide enough to permit a carriage to pass through,—for St. George's streets were made ere wheeled vehicles were known in Bermuda, and under the old laws a twelve-foot thoroughfare was considered amply broad.

The town boasts a charming public garden and here, beneath an inscribed tablet, the heart of St. George Somers still rests, and, in the shady old churchyard and the crypt, lies many a famed personage of days gone by.

A walk or drive up the winding, hilly road to old Fort St. George, is well rewarded by the extensive view obtained, for, from the heights, the sea, the harbor, the outlying islands, and the main islands are clearly visible for miles—spread like a multicolored map beneath one's feet. It was this beautiful vista which so charmed Thomas Moore and, viewing it to-day, one cannot wonder that he perpetuated it in his poems.

On the return to Hamilton 'tis well to turn aside near Devil's Hole and take the road to Tucker's Town, a tiny village near the southern shore of Castle Harbor and of interest because of the Natural Arch which spans a stretch of ocean beach near by. Here, on the southern coast, one also may see the "boilers," miniature atolls projecting above the surface of the sea and on which the long rollers constantly break in mighty cataracts of boiling foam, hence the native name.

And, speaking of these atolls, it may be well to state that Bermuda is *not* a true "coral island" as many people suppose.

From beating surf to wind-swept hilltops the Bermudas are composed of drifted shore sand which consists entirely of broken sea-shells and a few fragments of coral. Although in many places the sand has been solidified to the hardness and fineness of marble, yet the transition may readily be traced, step by step, from the loose sand of the dunes to the hardest building stone, for in many places the layers of sand and rock grade one into the other and it is difficult to say where one begins and the other ends. It is a simple process of nature, for the sand, packed tightly by the wind, becomes saturated with rain, the carbon dioxide in the water dissolves a portion of the lime, and this, in turn, hardens and cements the separate grains of sand into a compact mass. It is the same lime in solution which causes the beautiful stalactites and dripstone formations in the caves and in many of these the process may actually be watched as, drop by drop, the water oozes from the rock and leaves a tiny deposit of lime to mark its passage. Often, in the hardest stone, may be found strata or accumulations of loose sand which, for some unknown cause, has remained unaffected by the percolating water, and when these are exposed to the elements and



SHARK'S HOLE, BERMUDA



the loose sand washed or blown away, caves or caverns remain. Then, when through countless ages, the softer rock is worn away and only the harder dripstone remains, such picturesque formations as the Natural Arch and Cathedral Rocks result; or, if the roofs fall in, grottos such as the Devil's Hole are produced. Indeed Harrington Sound itself is supposed to be but a stupendous, water-filled cave whose roof, in prehistoric times, collapsed.

Another peculiarity of the Bermuda rock is that when first cut or quarried it is very soft but upon exposure to the air it hardens rapidly until like granite. Often one may see colored men cutting the chalky white stone into neat square blocks by means of hand-saws and chisels, and, as the houses are built of stone obtained on the spot, the builders kill two birds with one stone, the cavity left by quarrying serving for a cellar to the building erected with the stone taken from it; a most economical method of construction.

In the center of the islands, sheltered from the wind and spray by the surrounding hills and cedars, the vegetation is far more luxuriant and attractive than near the coast, and to drive over the Middle Road will at once dispel one's first impressions of the island's barrenness. Here, for miles, the highways are bordered by close-set hedges of oleanders, glorious with pink, white, and

red flowers in season. In the grounds and gardens of country homes grow nodding palms, great rubber and fig trees, gorgeous purple-flowered pride of India, fragrant frangipani and golden-yellow locust, while oranges, lemons, papaws, and bananas rise above the blooming shrubbery, and great feathery bamboos arch above the smooth white roadway. Everywhere in swales and "sinks" are fields of rich red earth, enclosed in neat stone walls and filled with potatoes, onions, garden truck, or snowy white Easter lilies. But the onions are more in evidence than the lilies in Bermuda nowadays and, as one visitor remarked, "You see the lilies and smell onions."

Even more beautiful are the drives westward from Hamilton. Not far from the town are the famous "Five Sisters," a row of graceful royal palms, their symmetrical gray-white trunks rising like granite columns beside the road and their plumed tops swaying in the breeze against the deep blue sky. They are regal trees, but mere pigmies compared to their fellows in the Antilles, and are notable as being the most northern out-of-door specimens of their kind. Just beyond here, in Paget and Warwick parishes, are some of the most beautiful drives and most entrancing scenery of Bermuda, the road, bordered and shaded by giant bamboos and high-wooded hills, affording magnificent views; that from Gibb's Hill Light

being the best and most extensive on the islands. Here, as to the east of the capital, are three main roads, but the best is the north road along the coast which presents a constant, ever-changing panorama of islets, sea, and shore, with Hamilton gleaming like a snow-drift against the dark background of its encircling hills.

Following this road one may continue on to Somerset or even to Ireland Island with its immense dockyard and naval station and gigantic floating dry dock. But if you visit this western portion of Bermuda do not fail to see the famed *Cathedral Rocks* or "*Old Church Rocks*" on the shore of the "Scaur" between Somerset and Hamilton Islands. The remains of an ancient, partly destroyed cavern, Cathedral Rocks appear almost as if carved by the hand of man, and while disappointing in their size—they are scarcely a score of feet in height—yet they are so remarkable and unique that they are well worth a visit.

But the same may be said of many another spot in these mid-ocean isles. There are the numerous caverns; Spanish Point with its perfect beach strewn with bright-hued sea-shells; Fairylands, a spot of unrivaled, dainty beauty most appropriately named; Prospect Hill with its parade-ground, bright with red-coated "Tommies" and society on Sundays; Elbow Bay where cedars and deserted houses are being overwhelmed by

the irresistible drifting sand; Hungry Bay, with its weird mangrove swamp, its snowy white herons, and its puzzling "fossil palm trunks"; isolated North Rock on which the *Bonaventura* went to pieces so many years ago; Castle Island with its ancient forts; St. David's, Smith, and Cooper's Islands once famous for their whale fishery and where a vast treasure is reputed to be buried; Spanish Rock with its strange, carved inscription attributed to Ferdinand Camelo; Tucker's Island where the prisoners of the Boer War were confined; the Biological Laboratory on Agar's Island; the ancient, age-gray churches and moss-grown tombstones with their amusing epitaphs; Coney Island with its land-locked lagoon and bathing beach. All these and many more are within easy reach and all may be visited in ease and comfort by boat or carriage or on foot,—surely enough, with deep-sea fishing, boating, yachting, out-door sports, and social events, to justify Bermuda's ever-increasing popularity.





CHAPTER II

THE VIRGIN ISLES

THE "Saints and Virgins," Columbus called them, as, sweeping westward before the trade wind, he gazed upon their forest-clad heights from the deck of his caravel, in 1493.

And through the centuries the names he gave them have remained unaltered, albeit they have been tossed like shuttlecocks from nation to nation, and have been fought over by Spanish, French, Dutch, and British, to fall, for so many years, to the lot of Denmark, whose white-crossed, scarlet banner waved above St. Thomas, St. John, and Santa Cruz from 1666 until 1917.

Wonderfully beautiful appears St. Thomas, when first seen rising above the sapphire rim of sea and with the hazy, cloud-like mountain peaks of Porto Rico looming against the western sky.

From palm-fringed coves the green hills sweep upward to cloud-draped mountain tops, and sandy beaches alternate with wave-worn cliffs until, rounding a jutting headland, the perfect harbor of Charlotte Amalie is reached.

At the head of the bay the picturesque town spreads upward from the water's edge upon three steep hills; to the left is the great floating dock and the huge coaling station of the Hamburg-American Line; to the right are the larger government coal docks and on every hand, save seaward, rise the verdured mountains.

Long ere the anchor chains roar through the hawse holes the ship is surrounded by brightly painted boats, their negro crews clamoring for patronage, while naked, brown diving boys beg for coins to be tossed overboard that they may exhibit their wondrous diving and swimming powers for the benefit of passengers. And it is small wonder that the good-natured, ragged crowd throngs about each ship which enters the lovely harbor, and that each man and boy vies with his fellows for the favor of visitors, for the natives have hard work to keep soul and body together in this isle. Never an agricultural island,—for it was long ago deforested, and is too hilly for the use of modern farming methods and machinery, St. Thomas prospered and fattened on her commerce. It was a free port; a safe and commodious harbor invited countless ships to enter and trade or refit, and the coaling stations and dry dock brought a princely income to Charlotte Amalie and afforded an abundance of employment to the people. But with the opening of the Panama



LANDING PLACE, ST. THOMAS



SUGAR ESTATE, ST. CROIX



Canal, the taking of Porto Rico by the United States, and the cessation of German shipping and the closing of the coaling station, due to the European War, ill times came to St. Thomas. To-day there is little commerce there, business is almost at a standstill, and, save for the bay rum industry, an occasional vessel forced to refit or make repairs through stress of storm, and the microscopical local trade with the neighboring islands, there is little opportunity for the islanders to earn a livelihood.

There is not much to be seen in St. Thomas, although the spot has a beauty, a fascination, and an atmosphere which invariably appeal to visitors. There is but one really level street, which leads east and west near the waterfront and from this, narrow side streets lead sharply up the hillsides, in many places carried in flights of steps up the steeper slopes.

Bordering this Main Street are the stores and shops, where one may purchase bay rum, Panama hats, and similar goods at very low prices; near the western end is the market-place, and at the eastern extremity, close to the landing-place, is a tiny, palm-bordered park and a quaint old fort. This pink, picturesque fortress seems far more toy-like than real even now that the Stars and Stripes are flying over it. The names of the streets are the only remaining traces of the former Danish

ownership. Everyone speaks English, many of the boatmen and storekeepers speak a dozen or more languages, and coins of currency of any nation pass readily, for St. Thomas has dealt with every race and nationality, her harbor has sheltered ships flying the flags of every maritime power, and her people have become cosmopolitan in speech and money matters.

Among the first "sights" pointed out to the visitor to St. Thomas is "Blackbeard's Castle," a stone tower at the summit of the central hill on which the town is built, while on the hill to the right is a similar structure known as "Bluebeard's Tower." It is very doubtful if the notorious pirate, Teach, ever held sway in the stronghold bearing his more popular name, and certainly the cærulean-whiskered wife-killer of childhood's days never dwelt here, but the two buildings crowning the town are well worth a visit for the views obtainable, and Bluebeard's Tower has been transformed into a delightful residence by the American scientist who has purchased it. But if you would see St. Thomas at its best, climb to the lofty summit of "Ma Falie," and select early morning or late afternoon for the undertaking, else you will call it "My Folly," as the way is steep and the path none too good. Once the hilltop is reached all will be forgotten, however, for the panorama spread below is marvelously

beautiful. At one's feet lies the red-roofed town with its gardens, palms, and steep lanes, looking as if about to slip into the blue waters of the tranquil harbor. To the west, and separated from the harbor by a narrow, hilly peninsula, is a great harp-shaped lagoon of gleaming sapphire,—once the haunt of pirate and of buccaneer, but now deserted save by picnickers and bathers—while, stretching away to the shimmering horizon, sparkles the Caribbean with the wraith-like forms of the other “Saints” upon its azure bosom. To the west, Porto Rico breaks the purpling rim of sea; far to the southward hangs a faint, gray cloud that marks St. Croix, and eastward—seemingly close at hand—lies St. John with the faint outlines of the other “Virgins” beyond.

ST. JOHN

St. John, also formerly Danish, is of little interest to tourists, and is seldom visited, but it is a wildly beautiful isle,—a rugged, forest-clothed spot with scarce two thousand inhabitants nearly all of whom are blacks. But it is deserving of being better known, for there are few more charming islands in all the Caribbean and it can boast of a deep, safe harbor—Coral Bay—which has scarcely an equal, although few are the seamen who have ever seen it.

In former times the island was a famous haunt

of pirates, and in its forests, fragrant with pimento, spice, and coffee trees, one may often stumble upon the crumbling forts and rusting cannon of the old sea rovers who once made merry in this secluded rendezvous.

To-day St. John is famous only as the source of more than half the bay rum of the world, a statement that may surprise many, for bay rum and St. Thomas are almost synonymous and the name of St. John is never heard. But the most extensive bay-tree groves in the Antilles are here, and the bulk of the St. Thomas product is made from leaves grown in this forgotten, out-of-the-way isle.

ST. CROIX

Very different from St. Thomas or St. John is the third of the Virgin Isles—St. Croix or Santa Cruz, the island of the Holy Cross—and which is nearly fifty miles south of Charlotte Amalie.

When sailing along its coast, Santa Cruz reminds one of nothing so much as an island cut from green plush, for, from palm-fringed coral beaches to loftiest hilltops, it is one glorious mass of green; but green of a thousand shades, from the pale and tender tint of waving cane to the deepest *terre-verte* of bay trees and the emerald hue of logwood. A land of rolling hills, rich valleys, and

serene, park-like beauty is St. Croix, and but a single glance is needed to tell the visitor that here sugar is king, for, over hills and across valleys, stretch the vast cane fields. Brown where freshly planted, delicate green where bearing, and sere and yellow where the harvest has been garnered, the fields appear like a gigantic patchwork quilt covering the land.

Here and there the monument-like towers of old windmills rise against the greenery, houses and buildings peep from groves of palms and shade trees, and gleaming roads wind, like white ribbons, over the hills.

Before the town of Frederiksted the ship drops anchor in a bay of vivid turquoise rimmed by a crescent of snowy sand. Intensely tropical and very foreign-looking is the town, with its low buildings with massive arched doorways, its innumerable palms, and its vivid coloring of sea, sky, and verdure.

But with all its beauty Frederiksted is of little interest. The dazzling glare from its white coral roads and buildings is blinding, it is undeniably hot and the visitor to Santa Cruz will do well to make for the outlying country as soon as he arrives. There are numerous public carriages and many automobiles for hire; the roads are magnificent, and, away from the town, all is restful, cool, and beautiful.

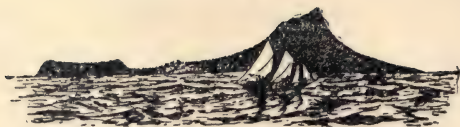
There are the great sugar estates to be visited; the capital, Christiansted, on the opposite end of the island, is worth seeing; there are innumerable bathing beaches everywhere along the coast; gorgeous flowers, strange tropical trees, blooming vines and creepers, vast pineapple fields, fruit-laden orange groves, acres of bananas, and mile-long avenues of stately royal palms greet the visitor at every turn, while far and near, stretch the endless fields of cane.

Wonderfully happy and good-natured seem the barefooted colored folk one meets, albeit they are but a shade better off than their St. Thomas neighbors; wonderfully pleasant and hospitable are the whites, and, as in St. Thomas, there is scarce a trace of Danish ownership. The most prominent planters are Americans, the island's trade is almost entirely with the United States, the inhabitants are far more familiar with New York or Boston than with Copenhagen, and they are far more interested in American than Danish news and doings.

Several times have these Virgin Isles sought to come under the Stars and Stripes and for innumerable reasons. To Denmark they were a liability, to Uncle Sam they will prove an asset. At 4 P.M. on the 31st of March, 1917, Old Glory fluttered upward on the staffs which for near three centuries had flaunted the banner of Denmark, and these

beautiful islands came into their own. The signing of the Treaty of the Cession of the Islands was proclaimed in Washington on January 25th. Commander E. T. Pollock, U. S. N., received the sovereignty of the islands as the representative of our country and was named Governor *pro tem.* till the arrival of Rear Admiral J. H. Oliver, U. S. N. Their one-time fame as health resorts will return, the harbor of St. Thomas will once more teem with shipping, the fertile soil of Santa Cruz will add its bounty to our wealth, and employment and prosperity will replace idleness and poverty.





CHAPTER III

ISLANDS QUITE OUT OF THE WORLD

EASTWARD from the Virgin Isles,—like skirmishers thrown out to guard the Caribbean from the fury of the Atlantic,—a number of small islands stand. Some are British and some are Dutch, while one is jointly owned by France and Holland.

Mere specks on the map and seldom visited by steamers, they are so little known that even their names are unfamiliar to most people, although many of them are mountainous, forest-covered, fertile, and gem-like in their beauty. Anegada, Virgin Gorda, Tortola, Sombrero, Anguilla, with many a lesser islet and cay, fly the flag of England; Saba, St. Eustatius, and St. Bartholomew are under the banner of the Netherlands, while St. Martins flaunts the Dutch colors from one half of its area and the tricolor of France over the other half.

Of little importance to-day, quite out of the world as far as visitors and commerce are concerned, abandoned for the most part to the blacks,

and with no accommodations for strangers, yet time was when these islands were a power in the Antilles and their wealth was the envy of kings.

Here, in the bygone days of piracy, flocked the wild sea rovers of the broad Spanish Main, and in many a safe and sheltered harbor of the "Virgins" the "Jolly Roger" was more familiar than the banner of any European nation. Upon their shores the swift, armed craft were careened, repaired, and refitted; in the tiny towns the freebooters drank, gambled, and caroused away their ill-gotten gold, and the islands,—immune from the raids of their bloodthirsty guests for sake of the asylum they afforded,—waxed rich and prosperous.

Countless millions in treasure have these now forsaken islands seen; vast sums no doubt still lie securely hidden in their forests, and, amid their uncharted reefs and unfrequented waters, many a corsair ship lies rotting and coral encrusted to-day, for among these islands many a pirate craft was sent to the bottom, when Commodore Porter hounded the last of the freebooters up and down the Antilles and wiped piracy from the Caribbean forever.

Privateers too found these outlying islands most convenient for their needs, and St. Bartholomew, or St. Barts as it is more often called, became a

famous resort for free-lances of the sea during our Revolutionary War.

Then a colony of Sweden,—under whose dominion it remained until 1878,—it was attacked by Admiral Rodney who sacked the port, Gustavia, and captured merchandise worth over two million dollars. To-day scarce that many cents could be found on the island, for the good old golden days have passed, never to return, and fishing, salt-making, and a half-hearted cultivation of the soil are all that serve to keep the islanders alive.

SABA

Farther to the south than the true Virgins and lying midway between St. Croix and St. Kitts, are two islands well worthy of more than passing notice.

Massive volcanic cones, they rise abruptly from the sea, the most westerly called Saba; the other St. Eustatius, or Statia, and both belonging to the Dutch.

No other spot in all the world is quite like Saba; of all the islands it is the strangest, and of them all it is in many ways the most interesting. Sheer, conical, forbidding, and frowning, this island rises from the waves; its base in water thousands of feet in depth; its topmost pinnacle veiled in drifting clouds three thousand feet above the sea;

its coast rock-bound and precipitous. Passing it on the south no one would ever dream that Saba was inhabited, but when sailing past it on the east one may glimpse a few houses, and a church or two, nestling in the greenery of the heights, for, strange as it may seem, some two thousand souls dwell on this lonely volcano's summit.

A thousand feet or more above the beating surf is the town, snugly hidden from passers-by in an extinct crater, and appropriately called "Bottom." No harbor breaks Saba's rock-bound shores; there is no safe anchorage and no good landing-place, and, if one would visit this unique town, one must step ashore from a small boat upon a shingly beach and either climb a steep stairway of eight hundred stone steps, or toil up a narrow, difficult trail through a ravine on the other side of the island. Bad as it is to make the ascent empty handed, yet the Sabans think nothing of climbing to their aerie with a barrel of flour or similar burden on their heads, for they are a sturdy race and every article brought to Saba from the outer world must be "headed" up the heights.

Most of the men are sailors, as they have been since earliest times, and sail all the seven seas, although they invariably return to their beloved island home to pass their old age, when possible.

And indeed they could scarce find a lovelier spot, for Saba possesses a temperate climate like perpetual spring and the town is as neat, tidy, clean, and trim as Dutch industry and thrift can make it. Many of the Sabans are black, but a large proportion are white, and as flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, and pink-cheeked as any denizens of Holland, and there are few people of mixed blood.

Aside from the incomes earned by their sailor men, the Sabans depend for a livelihood upon raising garden truck, making delicate and beautiful lace and drawn work, and building boats. Probably of all the strange things of this strangest of strange places this last is most remarkable, for here, in a crater one thousand feet above the sea are built boats which for seaworthiness, staunchness, and speed are famous throughout the Caribbean.

ST. EUSTATIUS

St. Eustatius is Saba's nearest neighbor, twenty miles distant and in plain sight; but there is little resemblance between the two islands or the ways of the people, for Statia possesses a large area of fairly level land, sloping downwards from its lofty crater to the beach upon the western coast and here, in quite conventional manner, squats old Orange Town with a safe anchorage ready for

any vessel which sees fit to enter. To-day there is little business in Statia, little of interest to be seen, for Statia's greatness is of the past; but in the heart of every patriotic citizen of the United States the name of St. Eustatius should live forever, for 'twas here the Stars and Stripes were first saluted by guns of a foreign power.

It was in November, 1776, that the guns of ancient Fort Orange roared out their salvo to the new flag bravely fluttering from the masthead of the *Andrew Doria*, a rakish privateer of Baltimore. No doubt the Statians, and sturdy old Governor De Graaf, repented most heartily of this honor paid to the new-born republic, for it brought their British neighbors down upon them and Lord Rodney sailed forth from humbled Statia with booty to the value of three million pounds sterling.

A vast garden, producing cane, tobacco, indigo, coffee, and cotton, and supporting a population of nearly twenty-five thousand people, Statia in the eighteenth century was one of the most important of West Indian ports, and the harbor of Fort Orange was filled with countless ships drawn here by the immense stores of supplies in this free port, and which proved a veritable blessing to the Continentals.

But to-day the water-front is all but deserted, the great warehouses are in ruins, the once pros-

perous estates are grown up to weeds and brush, the population has dwindled to a bare two thousand souls, and the guns of old Fort Orange are rust-covered and mute.





CHAPTER IV

ST. KITTS AND NEVIS

AFTER five days of naught but sea and sky, St. Thomas and St. Croix appear verdant, lovely spots; the first magnificent and lofty; the other rich, colorful, and tropical, but they both pale into insignificance when one first looks upon St. Kitts, the most northerly of the Leeward Islands.

Stretching for miles to north and south, lies this sun-bright, smiling isle, its massive mountains cloud-draped and forest-covered, its hills, valleys, and tablelands golden with vast areas of cane, and everywhere the palms. Rimming the beaches above the slender thread of foam, they grow in countless thousands; they border the perfect winding roads in colonnades for scores of miles; they cluster above imposing plantation homes or tiny negro hovels with equal impartiality, and, clear-cut as silhouettes against the wondrous sky, they stand like giant sentinels upon the hilltops.

St. Thomas seemed lofty as the steamer slipped along its coast and we gazed upwards to its heights, but compared to St. Kitts the Virgin isle is merely

hilly. Mountains after mountains lift their majestic bulks from the cultivated lands in one stupendous rampart of green, culminating in Mount Misery, a dormant volcano, whose crater rim is shrouded in perpetual clouds four thousand feet above the sea.

Continually changing is the panorama presented by this lovely British isle. One moment it gleams and scintillates with effulgent sunlight; the next a passing cloud drifts on the wings of the trade wind from the east and instantly the mountain slopes of green grow black and somber, the island seems to frown, and a veil of driving rain shuts mountains from view as by a curtain drawn before them. A minute more, and the downpour ceases as if by magic, the curtain is swept aside, and valleys and ravines are purple with the moisture rising from their depths. Here and there wisps of cloud-wrack still cling lovingly to the mountainsides, the sun bursts forth once more, and St. Kitts smiles a welcome.

Now we are close enough to distinguish the various units that make up the island as a whole. To the north is Sandy Point, sloping gently from the sea to Mount Misery's heights, and, close under the shadow of the volcano, and near the shore, snuggles a steep-sided, detached hill standing alone above the level cane fields round about.



BASSETERRE, ST. KITTS



THE CIRCUS, ST. KITTS



Once a strongly fortified spot, Brimstone Hill as it is called, is now abandoned and its crumbling forts deserted, save by troops of wild monkeys which haunt the forests of St. Kitts,—descendants of the soldiers' pets brought years ago from Gibraltar. From Brimstone Hill southward the mountains diminish in size, while broad cultivated fields and valleys increase, until, just back of the town of Basseterre, the backbone of the island ends in a low, rounded, mound-like eminence in a broad cane-covered plain and known as Monkey Hill.

Wonderfully pretty is Basseterre viewed from the sea,—the final touch needed to complete a perfect scene of tropical beauty. Red roofs and multi-tinted buildings gleam amid waving palms, brightly painted sloops and schooners ride at anchor on the wonderful water, and scores of gaudy-hued row boats and launches swarm about the newly arrived ship, their chattering negro occupants filling the balmy air with a babel of soft, throaty English.

Near the center of the water-front, a long iron pier juts seaward and at the head of this looms the customs house, a roomy building and the most conspicuous structure in the town.

Landing at the pier, and emerging from the customs house, one comes at once to the "Circus,"

a small circular open space or plaza from which several streets radiate, and surrounded by towering royal palms shading an ornamental fountain. About the Circus, and in the vicinity, are the best stores, shops, and business houses, and near at hand are the most interesting and attractive sights of St. Kitts's capital.

A few steps to the right is a lovely little park, with well-kept lawns bordered by gorgeous flowers and blooming shrubs, and shaded by magnificent fig trees, mahoganies, cedars, tamarinds, and palms. About this park are many residences of well-to-do Kittefonians in the midst of lovely grounds ablaze with flowering vines and trees, for tropical vegetation runs riot in St. Kitts and everywhere the town teems with wonderful trees, brilliant flowers, and great palms. It is a strange sensation for a Northerner, who visits these islands for the first time, to see rare orchids and strange exotics,—of priceless worth and confined to green-houses in our own land,—blooming and growing uncared for and unnoticed by the wayside. Flaming poincianas and heavy-scented frangipanis spread their gorgeous branches overhead, night-blooming cereus sprawls over fences and roadside walls, roses grow to tree-like proportions and bloom continuously, gardenias, crotons, and jasmine crowd one another to find roothold in the crevices of paved courtyards, orchids deck trees

and ruins, while amaryllis, portulaca, thunburgia, lantana, and many another of our prized flowers, are troublesome weeds.

But if you would obtain a good idea of St. Kitts's flora turn to the left at the Circus and visit the Public Garden, or, better still, hire one of the waiting public carriages or motor cars and go where you will in ease and comfort about the town and to the outlying countryside as well. The roads of St. Kitts are excellent and reach all points of interest and importance and the island may be entirely encircled in a day. The outlying sugar estates may prove interesting, if one has not seen such places in St. Croix or elsewhere. There is a beautiful waterfall at Wingfield; there is a large cavern known as Lawyer Steven's Cave; from the summit of Monkey Hill a superb view of the surrounding country and the sea may be obtained while, if the visitor is fond of scaling mountain heights, the ascent of Mount Misery may be made.

It is a wonderful trip,—up from Sandy Point through the “high bush,” as the primeval forest is called,—with the gigantic trees rising for a hundred feet and more on every hand, a maze-like network of lianas binding trunks and branches together, and the whole forming a dense canopy—cool, damp, and silent—where the sunlight never penetrates.

Above the forest proper is the world of mountain palms and giant tree ferns, a land of wind-swept drifting clouds which bathe the mountain in perpetual mist, and then, at last, one comes to the crater. From rim to bottom the crater is nearly a thousand feet in depth, its sides in many places sheer precipices of scarlet and yellow, at other spots covered with trees and vegetation, while far below are innumerable boiling springs and fumaroles from which sulphurous vapors are ever rising.

There is no record of an eruption in St. Kitts in historic times, but the crater is still active, though it slumbers, and at any moment it may burst forth and wipe the fair island from the face of the earth.

With all its luxuriant tropic beauty, its fertility, and its possibilities yet St. Kitts is of little importance commercially and its inhabitants are far from prosperous, for the Kittefonians have never learned to meet conditions and wean themselves from the sugar which made fortunes for their ancestors. Although, during the European War, the price of sugar has risen by leaps and bounds and St. Kitts planters are doing well, there is little hope for continued prosperity, once peace is declared and sugar falls to its wonted value.

NEVIS

In even worse shape is Nevis, whose perfect, symmetrical towering cone sweeps upward

from the sea five miles southward from St. Kitts.

Once the favorite watering place and health resort for the élite of Europe, America, and the Indies, Nevis has fallen to poverty and decay. Once princely mansions have gone to ruin and now shelter sordid negro hovels. Where revelry and music once echoed in marble halls and the lights shed by a thousand candelabra gleamed on laces, silks, and priceless jewels there are now but weed-grown piles of crumbling masonry. Formerly known throughout the world as The Gorgeous Isle, the birthplace of Alexander Hamilton, the spot famous as the scene of Lord Nelson's marriage, it is now forgotten, neglected, and of so little importance that few ships ever drop anchor in Charlestown harbor.

But it is beautiful despite all this. Its climate is as perfect as in its most glorious days, its thermal baths, medicinal waters, and fertile soil still remain, and there are many places worth visiting on the island.

Hamilton's birthplace still stands upon a hill near the town, although in ruins; in the old Fig Tree Church one may still see the marriage register recording Nelson's wedding to the Widow Nisbet, and submerged Jamestown—destroyed by the earthquake of 1680—may yet be distinguished, coral encrusted, beneath the waters near the shore.

No one can look on Nevis without a thrill of admiration for its beauty; no one can visit its historic spots without a pang of sorrow for its present state. It is but a corpse of Nevis of the past,—pathetic, passed away forever perhaps, but beautiful even if dead.



CHAPTER V

ANTIGUA AND ITS NEIGHBOR

AFTER the lofty mountains of St. Kitts and Nevis, with their rich green forests, Antigua seems low and bare,—an endless succession of dull, gray-green hills above the sea and backed by higher hills of softer, brighter hue, but with little sign of the luxuriant vegetation of the other islands.

Antigua, however, is really much higher than it appears and some of its interior hills rise to nearly 1000 feet above the sea. But in every way it is very different from the volcanic islands of the Lesser Antilles, for it is mainly of limestone formation and lacks the grandeur, the scenic beauties, the tumbling cataracts, and the roaring mountain streams of its neighbors.

Moreover, Antigua has long been denuded of its forests; for centuries its fertile lands have been given over to cane, it has grown dry and sterile in many places and there is scarce a square foot of its arable land which is not under cultivation, or has not been cultivated in the past.

Outside the harbor of St. John the ships anchor

nearly five miles from the town, for bars prevent large vessels from entering the inner harbor, and little can be seen of the capital from the steamer. By means of a launch, passengers are carried to and from the shore, but it is a long inconvenient trip and many visitors to the islands never step ashore at Antigua, and, to tell the truth, they miss but little. But there are certain interesting things to be seen and, as Antigua is the capital of the Leeward Island Confederation, it is worth visiting.

Just at the entrance to the harbor proper the boat passes beneath a low headland crowned with an ancient picturesque fort and farther up the harbor is Rat Island with its Leper Hospital, neatly kept and pleasantly situated and where those afflicted with the loathsome disease seem quite happy and contented.

Formerly leprosy was all too common in the West Indies and lepers mingled freely with their fellow men and women, and even took employment as servants and peddled fruits and vegetables in the markets. To-day, however, they are segregated for life and in many of the islands there is not a single known case of leprosy.

Fortunately for the West Indies, members of the white race were very seldom affected by the disease and it seemed to increase or spread but little, and the number of cases remained almost

constant, even when no systematic efforts were made to keep it under control.

But it was unpleasant, to say the least, to find that the "boy" who had been engaged to carry one's purchases to the ship was a leper. Fortunately such things are of the past and there is no more danger of contracting leprosy, yaws, or any other disease in the Antilles than in the North.

St. John is beautifully situated at the head of its harbor and surrounded by rolling hills; the streets are straight and the town is well laid out and, with a little care and expense, it might well be one of the most attractive spots in the islands. But, unfortunately, the average British West Indian has no conception of the "City Beautiful" and appears to take no pride in the appearance of his towns.

St. John has a few good buildings, such as the government offices and court-house, and an excellent market; but the bulk of the town is made up of frail wooden shacks, ramshackle, unpainted, down-at-the-heel shops, and hovels, which crowd between the better buildings and obtrude themselves along every sidewalk. But we should not blame the Antiguans or their neighbors too severely for this state of affairs. Through shortsighted policy the powers that be tax improvements,—even to a coat of paint on a house,—and to avoid assuming burdens they cannot bear, the people let their houses and shops go unpainted, uncared for,

and neglected. A fire, which would sweep the town from end to end, would be a blessing in disguise in St. John, as in many other of the British islands, as, from the ashes, a new and better town would no doubt arise, as occurred in Port of Spain. Such a beneficial conflagration is not likely to occur, however, for St. John possesses a fire department and the firemen are as zealous of saving a shanty as a government building.

At the rear of the town the great yellow Anglican church rises far above all else, its twin towers the most prominent landmark to be seen, and from them a superb view may be obtained.

In the churchyard are many ancient tombstones of once prominent Antiguans, and at either side of the gateway are statues said to have been taken from one of Napoleon's ships.

Perhaps the church itself is as curious and interesting as anything in St. John. Externally the church is of massive stone construction, but within it is of wood, for it is really one church within another,—a unique method of construction designed to protect the congregation from the effects of earthquakes. Although not volcanic, yet Antigua is frequently shaken by earth tremors and once, during an unusually severe quake, the old church tumbled about the ears of a wedding party. Observing that the stones fell inward the Antiguans ingeniously built a wooden church and sur-



VIEW OF ST. JOHN, ANTIGUA

rounded it with a shell of masonry. Now, should a similar catastrophe occur, the wooden structure will protect any worshipers within from falling stones, and if the outer church is destroyed a complete wooden edifice will still remain standing.

Back of the church, and beyond the town, is the Government House surrounded by beautiful grounds and lovely gardens, and near at hand are tennis courts, cricket fields, and a broad, smooth-swarded savanna surrounded by avenues shaded by double rows of mahogany trees.

Near here is the Botanic Station,—small but charming,—and filled with a wealth of palms, flowers, trees, shrubs, and rare tropical plants, orchids and cacti, and so crowded with vegetation, so cool and shady, and so lacking in artificiality, that it is even more attractive than many of the more pretentious gardens in the other islands.

When visiting this garden the stranger is invariably surprised to see a lighthouse standing upon a low hill above a tiny pond, as if placed in this out-of-the-way spot for the sole benefit of voyagers on the miniature lake. As a matter of fact, the light is visible from the sea and serves as a guiding beacon to vessels approaching the harbor.

Aside from the places mentioned there is little else of real interest in St. John and still less of attractiveness, but the island is traversed by splendid roads and a ride, by carriage or motor

car, may be taken to advantage. The scenery is nothing to boast about, but there are many large and fine estates, charming beach-rimmed bays and coves, and last and by no means least, the Valley of Petrifications, where one may gather specimens of fossil trees and wood from the petrified forest. Then there is English Harbor, formerly an important port and naval station, where once was a great dockyard, and famous as the spot wherein Nelson refitted his fleet ere sailing forth to the Battle of Trafalgar.

Taken as a whole, however, Antigua possesses few real attractions for visitors. The scenery is monotonous and reminds one of a vast, well-cultivated, but unattractive, farmland. From earliest times Antigua has been a sugar island; the thin soil and lack of water prevent many other profitable crops from being grown and while, under war conditions, sugar pays handsomely, yet Antigua's prosperity is of the past and its outlook for the future is far from bright.

BARBUDA

Northeast thirty miles from Antigua is the little island of Barbuda, low, flat, out of the beaten track and once a veritable garden spot.

Here, in former days, lived the Codringtons, owners of the islet and literally monarchs of all they surveyed. To this island manor they brought

slaves from Africa, they imported cattle, sheep, goats, and hogs from England and, to afford sport and recreation for themselves and their guests, they stocked Barbuda with fallow deer, Guinea fowl, pheasants, and other game.

Long years have passed since the "Great House" was tenanted by the feudal lords of Barbuda; Codrington Village has dwindled to a few wattled negro huts; the island has been left to nature and the blacks, and only the wild beasts and birds have prospered and increased. Where broad fields once bore rich crops, are now dense thickets of chaparral and jungles of scrub; crumbling walls and ruined buildings are buried under creepers and vines, and the once well-cultivated isle has become a wilderness abounding in wild cattle, deer, and feathered game. If fond of hunting, a visit to Barbuda is worth making, for there is sport in plenty and pigeons, ducks, plover, and wild fowl add their quota to the introduced game. In order to hunt on Barbuda a permit must be obtained from the agents in Antigua and everything one may require must be carried, for there are no accommodations for visitors at Barbuda and only by a small sailing vessel can one reach this Caribbean game preserve.

MONTserrat

West of Antigua, and some fifty miles to the

south of St. Kitts, is Montserrat, a spot most beautiful to look upon,—a veritable emerald gem in a sapphire setting.

Although a small island, only twelve miles long and seven miles wide, yet its mountains tower for three thousand feet above the Caribbean Sea and within its limited confines is at least one active volcanic crater.

But so perfect is its composition, so admirably proportioned its mountains, hills, and valleys, that Montserrat appears more like an artist's masterpiece than the reality, although no painter could ever hope to transfer such color, light, and atmosphere to canvas. Dominating the island, a massive, flat-topped, pyramidal mountain rises grandly against the sky, while, flanking it to right and left, are two stupendous bowl-like craters, their sides,—seamed, scarred, and riven by long-forgotten eruptions, now hidden beneath a rich mantle of verdure. Forest-clad are the higher mountain sides, but on their lower slopes are great orchards of limes, groves of cocoa, and neat terraced gardens which gradually give way to fields of waving cane stretching downwards to the thread of surf along the ebon beaches.

Across the fields, and winding through the fertile valley towards the mountains, gleam white ribbons of roads while, half-hidden among countless palms, the little town of Plymouth nestles beside the sea.



MONTSERRAT FROM THE SEA

No doubt the Irish colonists, who first settled Montserrat, were reminded of their beloved Emerald Isle when they gazed upon this lovely spot with its rich and fertile valleys, its rippling streams and velvety green verdure. Indeed, Montserrat may well be called a West Indian Erin, for not only was it settled largely by the "Wild Irish" but the most striking peculiarities of the place are the brogue upon its peoples' tongues and their Celtic names.

It seems strange indeed to find coal-black negroes bearing such names as Patrick Donovan, Michael O'Hara, and Edward Mulcahy, but though their skins are dark these natives of Montserrat are as quick-witted, easy-going, and as prone to "Blarney" as their Irish ancestors. Even the physical characteristics of the Celts have been inherited by many of the Montserratans, and red-headed, freckle-faced negroes are by no means uncommon, though far less often seen than formerly, for the island has passed through many lean years and large numbers of the people have migrated to more promising lands and the neighboring islands.

To-day, however, Montserrat's one-time prosperity is in a measure returning, for limes and cocoa have supplanted cane to a large extent. Montserrat lime juice is known throughout the world and many planters are doing wonderfully well. But there is little to interest the casual visitor to Montserrat. Much of the town is dilapidated, broken down, and

in semi-ruins; vines, creepers, and gorgeous flowers clamber riotously over the crumbling walls of once beautiful mansions and imposing buildings, and shanty-like, flimsy huts crowd weed-grown courtyards and fill the gaps of tumble-down walls.

Many of the streets are well kept and smoothly paved, the roads in the outlying districts are excellent, and a drive into the country and across the hills is the most enjoyable means of spending one's time in this tropical Erin.

There are many beautiful views, several fine estates, groves of cocoa and lime orchards to be seen, while the active crater, known as the "Soufrière," is the most interesting spot on the island.

Here are steaming-hot beds of sulphur and sand, streams of boiling water, hot springs and fumaroles, —the whole forming a miniature inferno surrounded by a wealth of tropical foliage and within easy access from Plymouth.



CHAPTER VI

GAUDELLOUPE, WHERE WAVES THE TRICOLOR

FROM horizon to horizon stretch the shores of Guadeloupe, upward to the drifting clouds soar its scores of peaks, and, gazing upon its countless valleys, its endless hills, its succession of mile-high mountains and its interminable shores, one feels as if looking upon a continent, rather than an island, and all preconceived ideas of these "small islands" are cast to the winds.

A mere speck on the map, the bulk of Guadeloupe overwhelms the stranger, as the ship steams along the coast for hour after hour; for all the islands already visited, if rolled into one and multiplied a hundredfold, would suffer woefully in comparison with this glorious, majestic island above which flies the tricolor of France. In bold, verdured headlands the island rises from the sea, and, by stupendous ridges, massive foothills, and abysmal purple-shadowed rifts, sweeps back and ever upward to the central mountain range, where, enthroned among the clouds, Soufrière lifts its regal head five thousand feet above the encircling sea.

Almost awe-inspiring in its magnificent grandeur is this northern portion of Guadeloupe,—a sublime panorama of forest-clad, mountainous country seemingly untouched by hand of man. But in reality much of the land is under cultivation and cocoa groves fill many a valley and clamber up the mountain slopes, and the foliage of coffee, spice trees, limes, oranges, and gardens mingles with the natural verdure of the bush and is unrecognizable from the passing ship.

Here too, in the shadow of the mountain ranges, is Basseterre, the capital; but steamers seldom stop there, for the commerce, trade, and industry of the island center at Pointe-à-Pître, the chief port of Guadeloupe and situated near the southern mouth of Salt River on Grande Terre.

In reality Guadeloupe consists of two islands, the more westerly and northerly being rugged, magnificent, and lofty,—a scenic wonderland,—and known as Guadeloupe proper, while to the east, and separated only by a narrow creek known as Salt River, lies Grande Terre, comparatively low and level and with little in the way of scenic beauties. In addition to these two main islands there are the "*Saintes*,"—three small, towering islets off the southwestern coast; "*Marie Galante*," like a massive, terraced pyramid, and bulky "*Désirade*" with its sliced-off summit, the whole covering an area of over seven hundred square miles.

In contrast to the superb mountain scenery of the northern half of Guadeloupe, Grande Terre seems even more dull and uninteresting than it is in reality, but it is wonderfully rich and every available inch of its surface is under cultivation,—largely sugar cane,—and close to the port is one of the largest sugar mills in the world,—the Usine Arbousier.

Pointe-à-Pître presents a busy, bustling scene and seems a great city after the decadent, poverty-stricken aspect of Montserrat, Antigua, and the northern islands. There are commodious stone docks, puffing tugs with strings of lighters ply back and forth, numerous steamers, schooners, and square-riggers swing at anchor or are moored at the piers, the landlocked harbor teems with life, and the waterside streets of the well-built town are noisy with industry.

Pointe-à-Pître is badly in need of a street-cleaning department, for it is none too tidy—a fault of many French towns—but it is far better kept than a few years ago and is well laid out; its streets are wide, smooth, and straight, and one looks in vain for the miserable huts so typical of the British islands. To find such eyesores one must go to the poorer quarters and the suburbs, for, in the city itself, the buildings lining the streets are neat and brightly painted. They are mainly of wood, however, for fires, earthquakes, and hurricanes have

swept Guadeloupe repeatedly, and the inhabitants have learned by experience that it's cheaper and easier to rebuild with timber than with stone and concrete.

Typically French is the atmosphere of Pointe-à-Pître,—the colors are brilliant almost to garishness, the women rival the glory of Solomon in their quaint, gay costumes and everywhere a chatter of French is heard. Everyone seems busy, prosperous, and energetic; drays creak and lumber along, laden with produce or hauling cargo from the ships; motor trucks thunder by, and, about the market-place, the din is deafening.

Around the great roofed market centers the life and business of Pointe-à-Pître and on a Saturday, when the country people flock to town from far and near to sell their produce, the place is ablaze with color and packed to overflowing. Here, for the first time, one sees the picturesque costumes of the French West Indian women,—the dress which has made the women of Martinique and Guadeloupe famous for their beauty and which makes them appear as of a distinct race from the ragged, slovenly, unattractive females of Antigua, St. Kitts, or the other northern islands.

In each of the French islands the costume varies in minor details, but in general effect it is similar, whether the wearer belongs to Guadeloupe, Martinique, or Dominica,—for the latter island is more

French than British in manners, customs, and speech, although an English colony. The chief characteristic of the Creole woman's costume is the turban or "Madras," a gorgeously striped and checked cloth manufactured and sold for this special purpose, and tied in a coquettish, jaunty manner. In each island where the Madras is worn the method of tying it is distinct, and by the form of the turban the womenfolk's native island may readily be known. The dress itself is short-waisted, with enormous, trailing, stiffly-starched skirt,—preferably of glaring colors and large design,—and, to finish off the whole, a brilliant silk kerchief or "*foulard*" is worn folded across the shoulders while strings of massive gold beads encircle the neck and enormous earrings and bracelets adorn wrists and ears.

It is to be regretted that this picturesque costume is rapidly giving way to more conventional garments, and only among the older conservative set, and on Sundays and holidays, can the visitor see the Creole "filles" in all their glory, although some are always in evidence.

With all its life, color, and bustle, and its charming foreign atmosphere, Pointe-à-Pître is unbearably hot at midday and there is comparatively little to be seen in and about the town.

There is a massive cathedral in the center of the city, with a little open plaza before it; there are

a few handsome residences in the same neighborhood, and there is a large square, or savanna, bordered by a shaded promenade leading to the inner harbor. There is also an attractive public garden, a theater, a museum, and a chamber of agriculture, but the principal public buildings, the government offices, and the residence of the governor are at Basseterre.

The drive from Pointe-à-Pître to the capital is charming and, as an automobile line makes regular daily trips between the two towns, the visitor may obtain an excellent idea of the island without the least inconvenience or exertion.

Basseterre, as a town, is less interesting than Pointe-à-Pître and is scarcely half the latter's size. Its chief importance lies in the fact that it is the capital and seat of government, and it makes no claim to being of commercial importance. The French very wisely separated commercial and political centers in their islands, thus inducing a more even distribution of wealth and population and compelling travel from place to place, with the result that their colonies are far more thickly settled than those of Britain, while excellent highways connect all important places. To this foresight the prosperity and progress of the French islands are largely due, but the French West Indians have placed less faith in sugar than their English neighbors and have never been given to

“putting all their eggs in one basket,” so to speak, and they have won out by providing a variety of resources to fall back upon when sugar ceased to pay an enormous profit. They have prospered where the British have gone bankrupt, good-sized towns and villages are scattered over the land, and their ports are busy, provided with modern appliances, and are well filled with shipping.

Perchance character and temperament have had much to do with this, for in the British islands, where French blood and traditions predominate, conditions are far better than in the strictly English islands.





CHAPTER VII

DOMINICA, THE CARIBBEAN WONDERLAND

LARGEST of the Leeward Islands, loftiest of the Lesser Antilles, and loveliest of the West Indian isles is Dominica.

Twenty-five miles south of Guadeloupe it looms against the sky, a shimmering, opalescent vision, ethereal, hazy, and unreal,—like the dream castle of a fairy tale. And none of the enchantment of distance is lost on nearing Dominica, for it is doubtful if anywhere in the whole wide world can be found an island more beautiful.

It seems as if nature had done her utmost, had exerted her every effort to produce a masterpiece, and Dominica was the result, for, as one travels north or south along the crescent of the Caribbees, the mountains become higher and higher and the beauties and luxuriance of the islands increase, until altitude, scenery, vegetation, and grandeur culminate here.

From sea to sky the island is one towering, majestic mass of mountains. Upward from the azure sea they spring in sheer dizzying precipices

and soaring peaks. They overhang the passing ship and stretch in endless succession to distant summits lost in blue haze amid the clouds. Between them yawn stupendous clefts, black cañons and mile-deep gorges. Foaming torrents dash through broad fertile valleys towards the sea and flashing cataracts spring from the dense verdure and fall, like molten silver, into unseen shadowy depths. And over all is spread a wealth of vegetation, a mantle of forest, inconceivable in its luxuriance, its color, and its variety. In one vast sea of infinitely tinted green it sweeps from beating surf across valleys, hills, tablelands, and mountains, to the very summit of sky-piercing Diablotin which towers, sublime, massive, titanic, above all else,—the highest peak in the Lesser Antilles.

For mile after mile, for hour after hour, the ship steams along this coast and ever the wondrous panorama of scenery stretches to north and south and from beach to clouds. Many a tiny village is passed, many a broad river-filled valley is opened to view, cocoa groves, lime orchards, and golden patches of cane are seen breaking the deeper tint of forest, until, at last, the steamer comes to rest off the port of Roseau.

Fortunate indeed is the voyager who first looks upon Dominica as the sun glows like a ball of molten metal on the western rim of the sea. When the sapphire surface of the Caribbean is transformed to

a sheet of polished amethyst; when, through the soft, effulgent glow of waning daylight, the naked cliffs are touched with burnished gold, the verdure gleams with coppery hues and the trade-clouds wreath the mountaintops in diadems of pink and rose. At any hour, at any time from dawn till dark, Dominica is beautiful beyond compare, but when the visitor steps ashore at Roseau comes disappointment, for the capital is the one blot upon this perfect island, where only man is vile.

Picturesque to a degree, marvelously neat and clean, yet Roseau is scarce more than a town of hovels. Unkempt, unpainted shanties are built upon and within the ruins of fine stone buildings long since fallen to decay; they stand in scores along the best streets and obtrude themselves on every hand, and the few really good and substantial stores and residences are almost lost to sight amid the omnipresent, shabby, flimsy structures. It is the same ridiculous tax on improvements which exists in all the Leeward Islands which keeps Roseau in this disgraceful state, for Dominica is the most prosperous of the Confederation, its people,—albeit almost wholly of the colored race,—are industrious, intelligent, and comparatively well-to-do and they realize the shortcomings of their capital. Not until improvement and progress are fostered, rather than discouraged, will the British West Indian towns become worthy of their name



SOUFFRIÈRE, DOMINICA



and their surroundings, and until that time, Roseau will remain as it is,—an eyesore, an ulcer, and a disgrace.

But with all its faults one can find much to admire in Roseau. There are many spots of interest and beauty about the town, and, once first impressions are overcome, the visitor will find Roseau is not so bad as it looks.

Every street within the town, whether quaint, cobbled lane or broad smooth macadamed thoroughfare,—and there are many such,—is swept and scoured daily and every street is edged by open gutters ever filled with rushing water from the hills, for Roseau has a water supply unequaled in the West Indies. Indeed, the stranger is apt to think Dominica is over supplied with water, for the greatest drawback to an otherwise beautiful and healthy climate is the superabundant rain. Of all the West Indies, Dominica can boast of being the wettest and, for that matter, there are but few places in the world where more rain falls during the year. In many of the mountainous districts over three hundred inches of rain is the average. Think of it! over an inch a day year in and year out. No wonder the natives say that in Dominica they measure the rain “by yards, not inches.”

But this is only in the highlands, where the clouds from the Atlantic drift against the cool,

forest-covered peaks and bathe the land in a continual heavy mist or light rain. Along the coast the rainfall is much less—only a little more than one hundred inches at Roseau—but there are no distinct “dry” and “wet” seasons, rather a “wet” and a “wetter.”

Scarce a day passes without rain, but, as a rule, the showers are of short duration. They often fall from a blue and cloudless sky, no one pays any attention to them and, inconvenient as they may be when sightseeing, yet they are necessary. The luxuriance, fertility, and beauty of the island depend upon the seemingly excessive rainfall; without it, Dominica would be but a barren waste and even a comparatively short drought plays havoc with the crops and results in untold losses to the planters.

If the visitor wishes to see the interior of Dominica, or plans to go any considerable distance from the town, it will be necessary to travel on horseback, for there are few roads suitable for wheeled vehicles on the island, and while there are many carriages and motor cars in Roseau their sphere of usefulness is very limited.

Luckily for those who cannot ride, there is enough of interest to occupy one's time for several days in the town and within easy walking or driving distance. There are numerous well-stocked stores, several excellent boarding-houses, a good hotel,



CARIB GIRL, DOMINICA

an ice factory, a museum, two clubs, Anglican, Methodist, and Catholic churches, a convent, the Government House, the ancient historic fort with its empty embrasures pointing over the town and speaking eloquently of slave insurrections in the past, and a Carnegie library, not to mention the jail, the hospital, and the various government buildings.

The crowning glory of Dominica's capital, the most beautiful and interesting spot to be seen near town, is the Botanic Station or Public Garden and scarce five minutes' walk from the landing-place. Here, at the foot of Morne Bruce, and some fifty acres in extent, is a veritable wonderland of tropic vegetation. Broad velvety lawns are dotted with rows and groups of palms of every known kind and from all corners of the world; trees, wonderful with gorgeous flowers or marvelous in habit, border the smooth gravel drives and paths, and an endless variety of blooming shrubs and brilliant flowers fill innumerable beds. Stretching up the hillside, and filling the shady dale at its base, are nutmeg and cocoa groves, orchards of fruit trees, hedges of vanilla, and an infinite number of timber, rubber, and otherwise commercially valuable trees, while, surrounded by gigantic bamboos and rank foliage, are great thatched sheds which shelter hundreds of rare and wonderful orchids. No other botanic gardens in the Antilles

can compare with it, and if the visitor to Dominica sees nothing else on the island his trip will be well repaid.

From the summit of Morne Bruce,—an easy climb,—a superbly beautiful view may be obtained. At one's feet lie the gardens and the town,—looking very pretty from this height,—to the west stretches the illimitable blue Caribbean and, inland, is the magnificent Roseau Valley with the flashing, foaming river winding through the vast lime orchards which cover hill and dale to the steeper mountainsides which rise in wild, forest-clad heights in every direction.

Near the gardens, but a step from the entrance in fact, is the Bath Estate, the headquarters of the lime industry of the world, for it is the largest lime estate in Dominica and this island is the greatest lime-producing country on the globe.

Also within easy reach of Roseau are the hot springs of Wotten Waven, or a launch trip may be taken to Soufrière and its crater harbor, where boiling streams, steaming fumaroles, and vast sulphur beds cover the mountainsides of a valley indescribably beautiful. Another wonderful trip is by horseback up the Roseau Valley to and through the cool, shady forests of the mountains to the famed Mountain Lake, a lonely cairn filling the crater of an extinct volcano among the



ENTRANCE TO BOTANIC GARDENS, DOMINICA

perpetual clouds on the roof of the island. Still another trip, but one requiring strength, endurance, and strenuous work, is that to the Boiling Lake, a vast, active crater wherein is a great lake of bubbling, boiling water and worthy of being classed among the wonders of the world.

Weeks might be spent in Dominica without seeing half its wonders, whole volumes might be written on its beauties, its marvels, its resources, and its people, for much of its vast primeval forests is still unknown, its mountains hold many a phenomenon undreamed of by the outside world, its possibilities are almost limitless, its history is fascinating and romantic, and among its people are numbered the few survivors of that once powerful and warlike race which roamed the Caribbees ere Europeans ever set foot upon their shores,—the yellow Caribs. Once bloodthirsty, indomitable cannibals, the Caribs fought Spanish, French, Dutch, and British in turn, waging a relentless, though hopeless, struggle against terrific odds for centuries, until at last, beaten but unconquered, their numbers decimated by massacre and butchery, robbed of their lands and homes and many of them sold into slavery, they were given tiny reservations on St. Vincent and Dominica. But even nature seemed to conspire to destroy them, for those on St. Vincent were practically swept from

existence in the eruption of 1902, and to-day the only pure-blooded aborigines of the Antilles live quiet, peaceful, law-abiding lives at Salybia on the windward coast of Dominica.





CHAPTER VIII

MARTINIQUE, THE LAND OF JOSEPHINE

FOURTEEN years have passed since Morne Pelée burst forth and with its blazing gases, scalding mud, and white-hot lava bombs, swept Saint-Pierre from off the map, and, in an instant, destroyed the work and growth of centuries, together with forty thousand human lives.

To-day, where stood this fairest city of the Caribbees, only a blackened skeleton remains, while, above the ruin that it wrought, looms grim Pelée, menacing, forbidding, sinister, like some frowning, monstrous ogre gloating over the dead bodies of its victims.

But from the passing ship one would scarce realize that here was enacted one of the most awful tragedies the world has ever known, for nature has striven to hide the scars of her destructive rage, and brush, vines, and creepers screen the grisly evidences of Pelée's fury.

Once famed for the life, gaiety, wealth, and wickedness of its capital; noted far and wide for the beauty of its women; raved over for its scenic

attractions; praised for its progress and its splendid roads, and known to all as the birthplace of the Empress Josephine, Martinique sprang into world-wide prominence on that fateful May morning in 1902. But after the destruction of Saint-Pierre the island sank into oblivion, its fame departed and its past was forgotten, and yet, Martinique is as beautiful as ever; the wondrous scenery and luxuriant vegetation still remain; perfect highways, thread fields, and forests, mountains and valleys; the women are as comely as of yore, and Fort-de-France is a big, busy, modern, attractive town. To the world at large Saint-Pierre was Martinique, and many seem to think that in the fearful eruption the entire island was devastated. As a matter of fact, only a few square miles were laid waste,—a mere microscopical portion of the island,—and Martinique, as a whole, still remains the same queenly island from whose shores the one-time Queen of France went forth, to return, cast aside and broken-hearted, to rest forever in the lovely tropic land of her birth.

Wonderfully alluring is Martinique from the sea,—not so wild, majestic, and awe-inspiring in its grandeur as Dominica, not so lofty in its mountain heights,—but marvelously varied in its surface, luxuriant and green beyond belief and with a strange indefinable atmosphere of peace, brightness, and promise peculiar to itself.

Southward from the ruins of Saint-Pierre the shore rises from the sea in a series of sharp ridges, their seaward faces sliced abruptly off and giving a strange, unique effect of innumerable sugar-loaf-shaped cliffs along the shore. Back towards the central mountain range the hills rise in great green billows, in places forming broad fertile tablelands, in other spots cleft by dark gorges or rich smiling valleys, while, here and there, steep-sided towering peaks jut abruptly upward to the clouds. And varied as the surface of the land is the verdure which clothes it from surf to topmost wind-swept pinnacle. Dark with growth of forests wherein ax has never rung on wood, coppery with cocoa groves, golden with cane fields, emerald with bananas, and velvety with orchards of oranges, limes, and lemons, the sea of green stretches as far as eye can see. In deep sheltered coves between the pyramidal headlands little towns and fishing villages nestle by the sea, their white buildings and red roofs ever topped by a gleaming church spire, and looking like clusters of flowers amid the palms. Bright-hued boats bob and curtsy to the dancing waves, more and more frequent grow the settlements, farther and farther from the sea recede the mountains, wider and more numerous are the cultivated lands, until, beyond a red-cliffed headland, the harbor of Fort-de-France is reached. Upon the shores of the great, almost

landlocked bay, brilliant in its coloring, flanked by verdure-clad hills, and ancient age-gray Fort Royal frowning from its headland, and with a background of lofty green mountains, Fort-de-France makes a wonderfully pretty picture.

There are no really striking buildings in the town,—the most notable being the church with its curious open iron-work spire designed to withstand earthquakes and hurricanes,—but there are numerous well-built, large, and prominent structures, and houses, shops, stores, and other buildings are far superior in appearance to the majority of the towns in the Lesser Antilles. The streets are straight and smoothly paved—albeit none too cleanly—the gaudy costumes of the women lend an air of brightness, life, and vivacity to the scene, and architecture, colors, people, gendarmes, manners, and language are unmistakably and typically French.

The Mecca for every visitor to Fort-de-France is, of course, the statue of the Empress Josephine. With her beautiful head turned towards her birth-place at Trois Islets across the bay, the girlish queen stands carved in snowy marble, surrounded by a circle of towering royal palms in the center of the broad savanna. It is a magnificent monument to Martinique's most famous daughter,—the Creole maid who, born in an overseer's shack and reared to womanhood in a sugar mill,—for the

home of her parents had been destroyed by a hurricane,—rose to the supreme height of Empress of the French as wife of Napoleon.

About the savanna are broad avenues shaded by enormous trees, and just beyond is the secluded inner harbor behind the fort and with docks crowded with shipping.

The Fort-de-France market is large and well kept and should by all means be visited, for here one may see all the many types that go to make up the population of Martinique, while other notable places of interest are the Canal de Gueydon, with its cascade flashing down to the river below; the Government House on the hill overlooking the city and harbor; old Fort Royal, and Trois Islets, where the ruins of Josephine's birthplace may still be seen, as well as the mill wherein she dwelt until fifteen years of age, and the church where she was baptized and which contains a picture presented by Napoleon and a memorial tablet to her mother.

But to enjoy Martinique, to gain an idea of the beauties, luxuriance, and scenery of the island, the visitor should drive through the interior by motor car. The roads are magnificent, every town and village is connected with the capital by beautiful highroads and wherever one goes he may be sure of the best there is, of unbounded hospitality and of French courtesy. By wonderful curves and easy grades the roads scale the mountain heights;

for mile after mile they skirt the brinks of sheer, dizzying precipices; they follow the banks of roaring mountain torrents in shadowy gorges; they thread their way through the dim, cool aisles of primeval forests and they stretch across countless acres of waving cane fields.

Only by such a trip can one appreciate this tropic isle; only by such means can the visitor obtain an insight of the size, the fertility, and the scenic wonders of the West Indies, and only by actually seeing them can the stranger know what the tropical forests are like or realize the gigantic size of the trees, the wonderful maze of lianas, the infinite variety of strange air plants and orchids, and the rank, riotous growth of the "high bush."

It is something impossible to describe, for words are inadequate to convey the remotest conception of scenes so totally different from anything one has ever seen. It must be viewed, experienced, visualized, to be appreciated. Then, and not till then, will you know the spell of the tropics, the subtle charm these islands hold, the irresistible fascination they possess for those who know them well.

Seductive, languorous, voluptuous as her daughters, is fair Martinique and,—unless care is used,—as dangerous, for, like Eden of old, this Caribbean Paradise is the home of a deadly serpent,—the dreaded fer-de-lance, the only poisonous snake

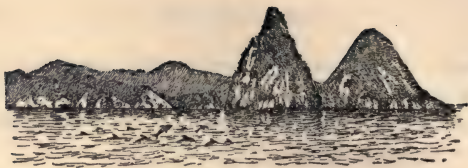


FORT DE FRANCE, MARTINIQUE



COALING A SHIP, ST. LUCIA

found in the Antilles,—with the exception of Trinidad,—and confined solely to Martinique and St. Lucia, and the greatest drawback to these two charming isles.



CHAPTER IX

ST. LUCIA, AN ISLAND STRONGHOLD

LAND is never out of sight as one sails up or down the Lesser Antilles, for they are strung like beads along the edge of the Caribbean Sea, and scarce a score of miles of water lies between any two of the islands.

Always, as one lovely spot is left astern, another equally beautiful looms above the horizon ahead and, in the days when France and England struggled for supremacy in the West Indies, this proximity of the islands proved a blessing and a curse to the rival powers.

A French colony sandwiched between two British isles, or *vice versa*, afforded an opportunity for constant attacks and it is little wonder that the islands were constantly changing hands, or that the inhabitants never knew,—from day to day,—to which flag they owed allegiance.

But on the other hand the warring nations found it most convenient to be able to establish naval stations and garrisons and to build powerful forts, within easy striking distance of their foes, and to

maintain a constant espionage over their neighbors' fleets and strongholds.

Such was the case in St. Lucia, which the British fortified so strongly that it became known as the "Gibraltar of the West Indies," and from whose northern coast old Admiral Rodney watched the powerful French fleet at anchor in the harbor of Fort-de-France. Here, in the great sheltered bay of Gros Islets, the British frigates lay at anchor, cables ready to slip, guns shotted, and men at quarters, until the unsuspecting French sailed forth from the protection of Fort Royal. Then, from St. Lucia's shores, the British followed in pursuit, and off Dominica's coast was fought the terrific battle which made England mistress of the Caribbean.

But an even more interesting spot than the rendezvous of Rodney's fleet lies just off the southern shore of Martinique and in plain view of the ship as she leaves the birthplace of Josephine astern.

This is *Diamond Rock*, a sheer, towering pinnacle rising abruptly from the sea to a height of six hundred feet. It seems impossible that any human being could surmount this precipitous fang-like crag, but not only has it been scaled, but its summit actually has been fortified. This happened in the eighteenth century, when a party of British bluejackets clambered up the perpendic-

ular sides of Diamond Rock and, by almost superhuman efforts, hoisted cannons to its top.

Here, for months, the handful of men defied all attempts of the French to dislodge them and from their lofty fortress commanded the seas for miles about, and shelled every enemy ship that ventured within range. Only when their provisions and supplies were exhausted did they surrender and, in token of their gallantry and their remarkable feat, the lonely sea-girt pinnacle was entered in the official lists of the admiralty as "H. M. S. Diamond Rock"—the only rock in the world to become a ship of war.

Like all the volcanic islands of the chain, St. Lucia is rugged, broken, and mountainous, but in comparison with Guadeloupe, Martinique, and Dominica, it appears scarce more than hilly as one approaches its coast.

But while St. Lucia's mountains are not as lofty as those of her northern sisters, they are far more varied. Serrated, jagged, needle-pointed, knife-edged, rounded, conical, and precipitous, they appear as though picked up at random by some giant's hand and tossed helter-skelter into the sea to form St. Lucia.

Between the jumble of mountains and hills are dark, deep cañons, yawning chasms and narrow valleys, while over all is spread a robe of forest, filled with dye and cabinet woods, spice trees and

gorgeous flowers and through which plunge cataracts and foaming mountain torrents.

Beautiful and fertile is the island, wonderfully picturesque and varied in its scenery, but St. Lucia's chief importance lies in its strongly fortified harbor with its great coaling station. Fittingly was it called the "Gibraltar of the West Indies," for when a ship steams between Vigie Head to the north and Cocanut Headland to the south, she must run a gauntlet of massive forts and great guns commanding a harbor entrance scarce five hundred yards in width. Two miles into the land the narrow strait leads, hemmed in by hills on which is the Insane Hospital,—so close to the channel that the inmates' voices are audible to those on the passing ships,—while hidden on the southern ridge are masked batteries which command the land and sea for miles in every direction.

Only by reducing these forts could an enemy approach and, even then, the entrance to St. Lucia's harbor could be barred by a single sunken hulk or made impassable by a few well-placed mines. At the head of the great, semicircular harbor, to which the fortified channel leads, lies Castries, stretching along the water front and clambering up the steep, verdured hillside beyond. Little idea of the town can be obtained from the ship, however, for streets and buildings,—even many of the roofs themselves,—are hidden behind

miniature mountains of coal which is piled everywhere on docks, wharves, and along the waterfront streets.

Deep water extends up to the substantial stone docks and here, for the first time, the vessel is moored to the land and passengers may step ashore. But, before doing so, the visitor's attention will no doubt be attracted, and his interest held, by the hurrying, noisy, black women who, like busy ants, pass ceaselessly back and forth between the coal piles and the waiting ships. These are the human machines which load the vessels with fuel from St. Lucia's supply, and no one has yet been able to devise any mechanical means of coaling as rapidly, as surely, and as economically in St. Lucia as by women's heads. To Northern minds it may seem inhuman, abhorrent, debasing, for women and girls to toil for hour after hour in the broiling sun with coal-laden baskets, weighing more than an able-bodied man can lift, upon their heads; but no pity need be wasted. The women are as happy, contented, and light-hearted as possible; they sing, dance, and skylark while waiting for their baskets to be filled by the male workers,—whose task is to shovel the coal into the baskets,—and they would laugh to scorn any suggestion that they were suffering or were even working "too hard."

To them it is the easiest and most congenial of

tasks, a source of good wages at which they can labor as they see fit, and the person who attempted to introduce a mechanical coaling device would stand a good chance of being mobbed by the black Amazons for taking away their means of livelihood.

We hear much of the West Indian negroes' laziness, but he who sees the St. Lucia women,—and men for that matter,—toiling at coaling a ship will never accuse them of laziness thereafter. The fact is, the West Indian colored man, or woman, is not lazy, as we know the term, but they cannot bring themselves to work regularly. When they work, they work with a will and with tremendous energy and never seem to tire, but they cannot be bound to regular hours, they labor as humor or necessity moves them, and, between tasks, enjoy to the utmost the delightful sensation of doing absolutely nothing. Taken all in all they are a good-natured, happy-go-lucky, peaceful, harmless, usually honest lot and childlike in their ideals and temperament. As nature has done everything for them, as food may be had almost for the trouble of picking it, as shelter is unnecessary and clothing is required only to comply with the law, why, after all, should they wear themselves out by working?

The town of Castries is not of great interest, for it is as flat as a table and there are few attractive or prominent buildings, but the streets are smooth,

straight, and laid out at right angles, the place is clean and neat and, as a whole, is far more attractive and well kept than the ports of the other British islands to the north. Most of the houses are of two stories, with overhanging balconies formed by the projecting upper floors; they are in good repair and well painted and there are no obtrusive, ramshackle huts save in the outskirts and the slums of Castries.

Even these are a vast improvement over dwellings of the same class in the other islands and many of the poorest houses are brightly painted, well built and toylike in their attractive design. Back of the town towers a wooded hill, known as "The Morne," where, embowered amid shade trees and palms are the residences of the government officials, prominent merchants, and well-to-do citizens, while on the very summit are the big, breezy barracks of the garrison.

In the center of the city is a shaded, pleasant park or plaza; a picturesque canal, fringed by great royal palms and spanned by artistic bridges, runs beside the street in the rear of the town at the foot of the Morne, and there are several fine churches, some excellent schools, a large market, and a library to be seen. A short distance from the docks is a charming botanic garden, beautifully situated on a level patch of land in the shelter of a lofty hill, and while not so large or complete as the

gardens at St. Kitts or Dominica, it is even more attractive in some ways.

But, as in all the islands, the most interesting sights are in the outlying country, and, as St. Lucia's roads are excellent and public motor cars and carriages are numerous, a drive should be taken by all means.

Very different from the other islands is the scenery of St. Lucia. There are no great cane fields and huge sugar mills and few large estates or extensive areas of cultivation, but everywhere are open meadows, rich valleys, wooded mountains, green hills, and luxuriant verdure scarcely touched by the hand of man. Extremely fertile and with boundless agricultural possibilities, yet St. Lucia is woefully neglected and even the natural resources are undeveloped.

Cabinet and dyewoods abound in the forests and along the highways; cocoa, spices, fruit, limes, and other valuable tropical products grow to perfection, and yet, were it not for the coaling station, the island would be bankrupt and poverty-stricken.

It might be an excellent thing for St. Lucia if the coaling station *was* abandoned and the garrison removed, for then the people would be compelled to take advantage of the blessings bestowed upon them by nature and their island would be developed as it deserves.

But this will probably never take place and no

doubt the St. Lucians, as a whole, will continue to live,—like parasites,—upon the British troops and will toil and sweat at the filthy, black coal piles rather than lead a freer, better, and more prosperous existence in the fresh air of their lovely land. It must not be assumed, however, that St. Lucia does not produce anything. Many limes, a great deal of fruit, and quantities of cocoa and spices, as well as some sugar, are raised and exported and there are many beautiful, well-cultivated and well-paying estates on the island.

Like Dominica, Montserrat, and many other volcanic islands, St. Lucia possesses an active, though dormant, crater which is known as the "Soufrière," but which, unlike many of the others, is within easy reach and may be visited with little exertion or trouble.

For over two centuries this crater has been famed for the curative properties of its hot, impregnated waters and it is well worth a visit, if only to see the Pitons, at the entrance to Soufrière Bay near whose shores the crater is situated.

Of all things in St. Lucia the Grand and Petit Pitons are the most interesting, the most wonderful, and the most noteworthy, and nowhere else in the West Indies,—or in the world for that matter,—is there any natural formation like them.

In twin, gigantic cones they rise for near three thousand feet directly from the sea, their precipi-

tous sides clothed with plush-like green, their summits needle-pointed and, despite the vulgar comparison, reminding one of "Donkey's Ears," a name bestowed upon them years ago by mariners.

To see the Pitons at their best, one should look upon them as they loom black and titanic against the lurid western sky at sunset, or, better still, sail close to their bases in the little coastal steamer that plies between Castries and Soufrière. Thus viewed they are sublime in their tremendous grandeur, their great height marvelously magnified by their isolation from surrounding hills. One feels awed and overwhelmed when gazing directly upward at the sky-piercing summits of these terrific monoliths, forced, by some fearful cataclysm of the past from the ocean's depths, to stand, forever, as titanic guardians of the sea-filled crater which forms the bay.

CHAPTER X

BARBADOS:

THE TIGHT LITTLE, RIGHT LITTLE ISLAND

So impressive, rugged, rankly luxuriant, and colorful are the Leeward Islands that, by contrast, it is almost a relief to look upon Barbados, low, flat, dull, and commonplace from a distance. Uninteresting, unattractive appears this most easterly of the Lesser Antilles from the sea and with no hint, from its exterior, of the charms and beauties concealed within its bosom.

The town presents an uncompromising row of buildings behind the docks; smoking factory chimneys rise here and there; steamers, ships, and small craft swing at anchor; a maze of spars and rigging forms a network of black tracery above the waterfront and, behind all, are rolling, dull-green hills.

Aside from an occasional palm, the ardent, blazing sunlight, the bright tints of buildings, and the gaudy colors of the fishing-boats, there is little hint of the tropics in the scene,—save the water.

And, looking upon this, the visitor forgets all else and gazes spellbound, fascinated, bereft of words to voice admiration.

Against beaches of dazzling white, it laps in lazy, caressing waves of even whiter foam evolved from a marvelous, pellucid stretch of turquoise so clear and ethereal it seems to have no body, no substance, but rather a film of transparent crystal. Blotched with claret, mauve, even magenta,—the turquoise deepens to malachite, to cobalt, to hyacinthine tints, until it merges in the indigo of the open sea; with each ripple, each tiny wave upon the glassy surface, a tracery of lapis-lazuli or sapphire.

Above it wheel the snowy-breasted gulls, dropping like meteors and scattering showers of prismatic spray and flashing drops like priceless jewels, to rise on dripping pinions with breasts transformed to soft moss-green by the sunlight, reflected upwards from the coral sand through fathoms of liquid emerald.

And, looking downward from the ship's rail, one gazes, not at the surface of the sea hiding its secrets from human eyes, but into immeasurable depths of blue-green atmosphere through which move spectral, half-distinguishable shapes gaudily riotous with color,—strange, unbelievable tropic fish, as brilliant in their rainbow hues as the feathered denizens of equatorial jungles,—veritable butterflies of the sea.

Across this fairyland water one must needs travel by small boat to gain the shore, for the ships anchor a mile or more from land in Carlisle Bay. But there is no trouble in securing transportation, rather is it difficult to avoid being carried shoreward piecemeal. Scarcely does the vessel's screw cease churning the harbor into pistachio suds ere scores of negro boatmen clamber up dangling ropes, or by meager toe and finger hold on the edges of steel hull-plates, and, like a crowd of pirates, take possession of decks; struggling, shouting, chaffing, and vilifying one another in their frantic efforts to secure the confused passengers as fares for their craft. Each and every one, to judge by their statements, is the only responsible, honest, reliable boatman of Barbados and all others are thieves, cut-throats, and irresponsible black vagabonds. Each, according to his own story, is the runner and representative of the only desirable or possible hotel or boarding-house on the island, and each thrusts greasy cards, circulars, and folders of restaurants, hostelries, garages, livery stables, and curio dealers into the hands, laps, or pockets of every passenger within reach. But they are a good-natured, laughing, happy lot and we can hardly blame them for their insistence, when we realize how keen is competition for a livelihood in Barbados. Here, where two hundred thousand people dwell upon less than two hundred



GATHERING SEA EGGS, BARBADOS



THE WIND-SWEPT MAHOGANY TREES, BARBADOS

square miles of land; here on an island more densely inhabited than any spot in the world,—save China,—there is no place for the indolent, lackadaisical, easy-going, come-day, go-day, God-save-Sunday negro of the other islands. It is a case of work or starve for every man, woman, and child and, as the man of color has an inborn horror of an empty stomach, he chooses the lesser of the two evils and works.

As a matter of fact it makes little difference which one of the boats one takes, which darkey one chooses as porter, boatman, or man Friday; their charges are fixed by law, the boats are all under inspection by the officials, and every man Jack of the crowd is licensed. In case of overcharge, insolence, or any other shortcoming, a word to the black "Bobby" at the landing-place will meet with prompt and decisive action, for, by bitter experience, the Barbadians have learned that white supremacy is the only solution of the racial problem, and that only by keeping their black brothers' noses to the grindstone, can that supremacy be maintained.

Stretching far into the bay, parallel with the waterfront of the town, and but a few rods distant, is a long stone breakwater or pier and, rounding this, one comes into the real harbor or "careenage" of Bridgetown. Probably the first object which will attract the observant stranger is,—or at least

was when this was written,—a strange jumble of slender objects projecting from the surface of the careenage and resembling a cargo of Brobdingnagian toothpicks tossed helter-skelter into the channel and on to an anchored barge. To reach the landing-steps the visitor must pass close to these puzzling objects and then he discovers that they were placed here purposely and with malice aforethought, for the titanic toothpicks are steel rails driven into the bottom of the fairway in a bristling *chevaux de frise*, while those upon the barge are fastened securely in place, like a skeleton roof with projecting steel rafters. Did you not seek information from your boatman you would never guess the real import of this astonishing affair, for it is Barbados' sole and only "fortification" and was designed with the purpose of preventing wandering German warships, or raiders, from entering Bridgetown and making off with the coal supply at the upper end of the careenage.

Apparently it never occurred to the ingenious originator of Bridgetown's "defense" that an able-bodied boat's crew could pull up the rails, that a well-placed charge of dynamite would clear the channel in an instant, that a vessel lying in the offing would have the town at her mercy under her guns, or that nearby beaches, the Royal Mail Dock, or even the outer side of the breakwater, beckoned invitingly for any one to come ashore when and

where they saw fit. No indeed; in the minds of Barbados' preparedness experts the enemy must row into the carenage after the manner of all law-abiding visitors when, presto! they would find their way barred by the crisscross rails and the narrow passageway shut by the "armored" barge hastily drawn into the gap. But all joking aside, it is a splendid illustration of the terror which filled the West Indians when Germany's raiders cruised the Caribbean in the early days of the war, and it no doubt served to quiet the fears of the negroes. Moreover it offered an exceptional opportunity for some keen, shrewd 'Badian to unload a lot of old railroad iron on the government at a tremendous profit.

At the landing-place one steps directly into the streets of Barbados' capital. The first impression is of a blinding glare, for the streets are of white coral limestone, many of the buildings are as white as if built of snow and the pink, yellow, fawn, and pale blue tints of others do little to relieve the blast of light, which seems to rise up and strike one with the force of an actual blow. Along this scintillating roadway burly negroes are wheeling great hogsheads of molasses and cases of rum on two-wheeled "spiders"; half-naked stevedores are toiling like galley slaves at loading and unloading dozens of sloops and schooners; winches creak and groan; tackle-blocks rattle; steam derricks roar;

drays and carts rattle and rumble; raucous shouts and cries fill the white-hot air, and one seems to have stepped into a pandemonium peopled by denizens of Hades who have brought their own atmosphere with them.

Close at hand is a tiny, triangular park surrounded by trees and in the welcome, if meager, shade stand public cabs and motor cars, their black drivers snoring on their seats and the horses half-heartedly munching the Guinea grass spread before them on the pavement. Here too are women vending sugar cane, fruits, bread, and sweetmeats; here loll a few unemployed blacks, and here are gathered dozens of tiny donkey carts with the patient little beasts dozing in the shafts and with long ears occasionally flopping in mild expostulation at troublesome flies.

To Barbados donkeys are of vast importance and nearly all the transportation of the island depends upon them. One meets them everywhere; in the busy, traffic-congested city streets; on sun-baked country roads between tossing, rustling seas of cane; in the fields and by the sea. It makes little difference what is to be moved, be it grand piano, a load of grass or cane, a wedding party or a coffin, the omnipresent donkey cart provides the means and, aside from occasional lumbering ox carts or mule-drawn drays, one seldom sees any other freight vehicles on Barbados' roads.

On the farther side of the little tree-shaded triangle stands the Nelson monument, a well-executed, but by no means impressive tribute to England's greatest naval hero, and from this spot, known as Trafalgar Square, the various tramcars start forth on their journeys to outlying districts of the town. The Barbados tramcar is a unique and interesting institution. Mule-drawn, capable of seating a dozen or so passengers, the diminutive cars apparently fulfill all of Barbados' needs to the satisfaction of the islanders, for they have been in use for years and, despite frequent promises, the electric tram line seems as visionary as ever. Far more attractive than Trafalgar Square is the great embowered courtyard of the post office and municipal buildings opposite. It appears more like a medieval fortress than a place devoted to peaceful business, however, for antique cannon stand at the gateways in the massive iron fence, the outer windows are grim and barred, and uniformed sentries pace to and fro. Diagonally across the street is another little park, a charming place of flowers and palms and with a huge, sleepily tinkling fountain in its center. A few blocks away is Queen's Park, a well-kept, beautiful public garden filled with tropic shrubs, trees, palms, and flowers, green lawns and fountains, but patronized only when the band plays there of an afternoon.

Little else of interest is to be seen within the

confines of the town. There are many large, but not impressive, buildings, but the bulk of the town is made up of low, two-story structures and narrow, congested, busy streets, for an immense amount of business is transacted here; the stores are innumerable and well stocked, and there is little to be had in New York or London that cannot be found in Barbados' capital.

But with all due respect to Bridgetown it is palpitatingly, unbearably hot and trying on the eyes, and if one *must* see the town or patronize its shops, by all means select the early morning hours for the undertaking.

Outside of the city, however, there are delightful spots, charming residential sections, tree-shaded roads, and a climate delightful with the cool breath of the trade wind. Belleville, with its pretty villas and avenues of royal palms, is most attractive, but the suburb known as Hastings is even more desirable. Here one is ever close to the wonderfully tinted sea and its snowy beaches. Beautiful gardens and spacious grounds surround the wayside residences and the immense parade ground affords a wonderful opportunity for out-of-door life and sports, such as horseracing, tennis, polo, cricket, etc. Opposite the race course are the massive old barracks, and a short distance beyond are the Hastings Rocks with the charming seaside park where band concerts are given, and with the

big Balmoral and Marine Hotels, and innumerable smaller hostelries, boarding-houses, and furnished cottages for rent, all close at hand. Here too is the bathing par excellence, and bathing in Barbados is perhaps the island's greatest attraction.

But Bridgetown and its environs are not Barbados by any means. The low, monotonous western coast is as different from the rugged, lofty "Scotland" district of the windward coast as if on a separate island, and throughout the interior are places of interest, beauty, and attractiveness.

When one has seen the whole of Barbados, has learned its charms, has bathed in its tepid waters, has become acquainted with its people, and has partaken of their unbounded hospitality, then, indeed, can one realize why the 'Badians love their home above all other spots, why they have nicknamed it "Little England" and why the "Bims," as they are sometimes called, vow that no place in all the world can compare with their "tight little, right little island."

Everywhere on Barbados stretch perfect roads, like broad white ribbons across hills and dales of green, and, for those who prefer a railway journey to an automobile drive, there is the "Barbados Light Railway," a fascinatingly toylike railroad that carries one leisurely from Bridgetown to Bathsheba across the island with frequent stops at plantations and tiny hamlets. Well and most

appropriately named is this railroad, for everything about it is "light." The engineer, standing beside his "iron steed," appears a veritable giant, the cars, or rather "coaches," might serve for children's play-houses; the traffic is light and the train crews seem to consider their "runs" in the light of picnics rather than as serious affairs. But the strange little road has distinct advantages, even if its express trains seldom exceed fifteen miles an hour. Grades are of no importance and the road rambles up and down hill in a most casual manner, the puffing little locomotive struggling laboriously up each rise, to give a triumphant snort and coast blithely down the slope beyond. In case the train is derailed, as not infrequently happens, trainmen and passengers soon lift it bodily on to the "irons" once more and resume their interrupted journey as a matter of course. Often, at some open, shed-like station, a colored lad rushes breathlessly up and informs the conductor that passengers are coming, and the train obligingly waits for their arrival. Then handshakings and good-byes are in order, the passengers clamber leisurely into the cars, the conductor catches sight of some friend and joins him in the shadow of the station for a last word of gossip and a parting drink. The train at last crawls away, only to stop and back deliberately into the station again to accommodate some delayed friends of the passengers who are

anxious to give them a last message or commission to friends or shops in town. To the stranger, anxious to make use of each fleeting moment of his time, the Barbados railway is vexatious in the extreme, but it can't be hurried and one may obtain a far better idea of the island during the train's snail-like progress from coast to coast than if it tore across country like our own expresses.

But if you are wise you will see Barbados from a motor car and traverse its length and breadth by highway, for the greater part of the railroad lies through the most uninteresting of the island's scenery.

That time-worn adage, "As the twig is bent so the tree is inclined," is admirably illustrated and its truth convincingly demonstrated in Barbados, for nearly every tree upon the island is inclined exactly as its first tender twigs were bent. Along the white coral beaches long rows of cocoa palms edge the surf, their lank trunks twisted and contorted in a myriad of forms, but each and every one bent in the same general direction. About plantation houses and sugar mills, or standing in little knots or copses on the hillsides, the mahogany trees crouch one-sidedly, all with heads turned, like green-clad hosts whose shoulders are bowed by unseen burdens. Beside the glaring roads the mile-long rows of majestic royal palms raise their heights, like granite monoliths crowned with

emerald plumes, and ever their feathery banners stream towards the setting sun. Lowliest shrub, stoutest tree, or loftiest palm yields to the ceaseless, life-giving trade wind that sweeps, day after day, year after year, from the broad Atlantic and transforms the broad acres of ribbon-leaved cane into restless, billowy, undulating seas of tender green. And to the trade wind, that forces all growing things to bend ever towards the west, Barbados owes its wonderfully perfect climate, for despite the blazing tropic sun, the blinding roads and the woeful lack of shade, Barbados, outside of the town, is seldom uncomfortably warm, never prostratingly humid, and ever with the healthy tang of the salt sea in the air.

Everywhere, as one drives through Barbados, and more conspicuous than all else upon the landscape, are the windmills; great stone and wooden towers whose motionless arms stand, like gaunt crosses, against the fathomless blue sky, or revolve, slowly, indolently, impressively, like giants aware of their power and exerting but a tithe of their strength to crush the gold and purple cane within their vitals and set free the wealth of cloying juice upon which the island depends for existence. Here and there the towers stand stark, forlorn, and helpless, like derelict ships bereft of sails, for the wind, which served so well the planter barons of old, is inadequate for present-day needs, and many



A BARBADOS ROAD



BARBADOS LANDSCAPE

a huge steam mill obtrudes its unlovely, prosaic chimneys, with smoke-blackened summits overtopping even the tallest royal palms.

But everything must give way to utility and revenue in a land as densely inhabited as Barbados, and the wonder is that any spots of virgin beauty remain unspoiled by cultivation or habitations. Strange as it may seem there is yet a stretch of the original forest growth in Barbados, an area known as St. John's Wood, in the Scotland district near the eastern coast and, stranger yet, troops of wild monkeys, opossums, and parrots make this spot their home and play havoc with the garden truck of nearby estates. High, rugged, and bold is this windward coast, with great cliffs rising abruptly from beating Atlantic surges, with strange fantastic pinnacles and grotesque rock forms hewn by the winds and waves of countless ages from the solid limestone, with smooth sand beaches hemmed in by jagged reefs, with grassy flower-starred upland downs and brush-filled gullies. Well was it named Scotland and, to make the resemblance still more striking, upon the summit of a wind-swept cliff there stands a little church which, save for the palms and Bougainvillea about it, might well be some highland kirk. This is old St. John's church and in its quaint old-world graveyard, on the brink of the precipice, lies the last of the Christian Kings of Greece, one Ferdinando

Paleologus, who, exiled from his native land, settled down in Little England and, as stated on his tombstone, was a churchwarden of the parish from 1655-66 and a vestryman for twenty years. He died on October 3, 1678, to rest for ever in this old churchyard of his adopted land.

In this Scotland district is the highest land in Barbados, Mount Hillaby, with its summit 1104 feet above the breaking surf and affording the finest view in the island. In this district also are the petroleum and Manjak deposits, the former of little or no value, the latter having been worked sporadically for many years. Near at hand also are the clay beds and potteries, from which come the water jars and other earthenware utensils which are sold in Bridgetown and are in universal use throughout the island.

But aside from its lovely views, its exhilarating breezes and its wild, wave-beaten coast, there are few interests or attractions in this portion of Barbados, and a short visit will suffice.

Everywhere in Barbados the long, uninterrupted rule of Britain is in evidence. There is none of the cosmopolitan or polyglot in speech, manners, customs, race, or architecture, which is so typical of the other islands; no hint of French, Dutch, or Spanish occupancy, for the island has been strictly English from the date of its first settlement in 1625 and many of its buildings and its churches

seem transported bodily from the mother country. Such is Codrington College, a West Indian Oxford established in 1710 and connected with Durham College in England. Built in the heavy style of the Georgian period, within a grove of mahogany trees, and with its typically English students playing cricket on the "pitch," this two-century-old college seems strangely out of place and the visitor can scarce believe he is still within the tropics. So too, Farley Hall, about fifteen miles from Bridgetown, is a solid, dignified old British mansion, once the residence of Sir Graham Briggs, a West Indian baronet, and worthy of a visit on account of the art treasures it contains and the scenery en route.

Gun Hill, about six miles from the capital, is another spot which should be visited, for its summit offers a superb view of the greater part of the island, and half-way up its slopes is a gigantic stone lion carved from the solid rock by a Major Wilkinson who was stationed here when the hill was garrisoned. It has been likened to the Lion of Lucerne, but one must possess a most vivid imagination to see the resemblance, for the Barbados effigy appears as if afflicted with elephantiasis and reminds one more of a peevish kitten playing with a catnip ball, than of the majestic British lion holding the world beneath its paw. Allowances must be made for the amateurish skill

of its creator and the medium he had at his command, however, and, considering this, it was no mean achievement to have chipped away the cliff to leave the massive stone monument standing forth above the greenery of the hillside.

Looking down upon the widespread cane fields from such a spot as Gun Hill one searches in vain for a hint of sparkling lake or glistening stream, and then it dawns suddenly upon the stranger, that nowhere on the island has pond, brook, or river been seen. The fact is, there are no streams in Barbados, or at least not in sight, for the island's rivers flow underground through subterranean caverns to the sea.

From these Bridgetown obtains its ample and pure water supply and over one hundred miles of pipes carry the water from the unseen, unsuspected rivers to the towns. Near Gun Hill one may descend to one of the sources of this unique water system. This spot, known as Cole's Cave, is a deep wooded ravine from which leads an enormous cavern of unknown extent and through which flows a Stygian river which never sees the sun. Hung with stalactites, wonderful with strange festoons and veil-like drapery of creamy, translucent dripstone, this cavern might be made one of Barbados' greatest attractions, but it has never been completely explored, although known to extend many miles, and there are innumera-

ble other caves fully as large and even less known.

Indeed, much of Barbados is honeycombed with caverns, some of which may rival Mammoth Cave or the Luray Caverns in size and beauty, and yet no one has ever seen fit to investigate or exploit them.

Perchance, as you drive about the island, especially on the windward coast, your attention may be attracted to dejected, listless, ragged men and women who labor half-heartedly in their tiny garden plots, or loll about the doors of their hovels, and who would be passed by without a second glance, were it not for the fact that their light hair and fair skins give no hint of negro blood. It seems strange indeed to find whites on a social plane with the lowliest negroes in the West Indies, and the question at once arises as to who these people are, what their race, and why they are in such straits. Their story is a sad one, their history almost incredible, and their present plight pitiable. The fact is they *are* white,—untainted by negro blood,—the lowest, most worthless, most poverty-stricken of Barbadians, known locally as “Red Legs,” and despised by both negroes and the well-to-do whites, for incredible as it may seem, their ancestors were slaves. Victims of the bloody days of Cromwell’s time hundreds of captive Irish, Scotch, and English men and women were piled in

the noisome, stinking holds of convict ships and transported to Barbados, where, for the price of 1500 pounds of sugar per head, the survivors of the awful voyage were sold as slaves to the planters. In the islands were sympathizers of both the warring factions in England and, no doubt, many of the unfortunate "Red Legs" (so called as they were wearers of kilts with bare knees) fell into kindly hands, for many of them rose to affluence as planters, but the lot of others was pitiful. Branded and mutilated like cattle, they were treated with far less humanity and more brutality than their African fellows and, unable to withstand the hard field labors beneath the blistering tropic sun, they succumbed rapidly. But many survived and, after being freed from bondage, lived on, degraded, hopeless, spineless creatures, but ever maintaining their purity of race and retaining the good old family names of their ancestors. Two hundred years and more have passed, since white slaves were held in Barbados, and yet, to this day, the "Red Legs" remain, living examples of a disgraceful episode in Britain's history and a blotch upon her escutcheon.

And speaking of Barbados' past, perhaps no event is of greater interest—to Americans at least—than the visit paid to the island by George Washington. This happened in the winter of 1751-52, when Washington was a major in the

British Colonial army, and, for the sake of his brother's health, he made his first and only ocean voyage. Lawrence Washington was a victim of tuberculosis and Barbados' fame as a health resort led the brothers to seek the island's shores in the vain hope of curing the dread disease. While on the island our future first president contracted a mild case of smallpox which confined him to his bed from November 17, 1751—only two weeks after his arrival—until December 12th. As he sailed for home on December 22d, he had barely three weeks to devote to seeing the island, but he and his brother were royally entertained during their brief stay in Barbados and great hospitality was shown them,—especially by the British army and navy officers, for Lawrence had won fame in the battles of Carthagen and the Spanish Main. Just where the two brothers dwelt, while in Barbados, seems uncertain, but, judging by the description in George Washington's journal, it was in the vicinity of Hastings and close to the sea.

Another illustrious visitor to Barbados' shores was the one-armed idol of the British navy,—Admiral Lord Nelson. But the hero of Trafalgar was in "Little England" by necessity and not by choice and he chafed and fretted constantly. In fact he was wont to speak of the island as the "Barbarous" instead of Barbados, for, gallant sea-fighter as he was, he had been boarded and

conquered by one against whom all his fleet and guns were powerless,—the pirate Cupid,—and his heart was held for ransom by the widow Nisbet in distant Nevis.

But as a whole Barbados' history is most uninteresting and commonplace, for what struggles there were took place between men of one race. Foreign foe has never invaded the island and, save for the bitter quarrels between Jamestown and Hometown men in the early days, occasional negro uprisings, and a hurricane now and then, there has been little of the stirring times which add so much of interest and romance to the other islands. But there is one date which will ever live in the annals of Barbados,—the day when the sun stood still. It was in 1812, that on a Sunday morning in May, the Barbadians awoke to find no sun rising above the eastern sea, but instead, the darkness of midnight overspread ocean and land. At first dumb-founded, then terror-stricken, the people gathered in knots and groups, shivering as with cold, cowering together for protection from some unknown awful doom, whining, weeping, wailing, praying, for, to their minds, the end of the world had come.

And, to add to their overwhelming terror, a fine, impalpable, unseen something filled the black air, choking, blinding, sifting through every crack and crevice and even through garments, and

covering houses, streets, lands, trees, people, everything, with a thick, deadening, silencing shroud.

As the day wore on and still no glimmer of light broke through the awful blackness, overwrought nerves gave way, superstitious negroes went raving mad, and, for hour after hour, the sounds of human misery, a babel of lamentations, the shouts of exhorting preachers, the fretful cries of children, the incoherent babbling of those driven insane by the awful strain, were the only sounds that rent the all-pervading, suffocating pall of black.

The hour of noon passed and still inky darkness wrapped Barbados in its folds until, at last, in the early afternoon, a spot of light showed in the west. Rapidly it grew and, ere sundown, the clear, bright, blessed sunlight streamed over land and sea, and marvelous was the scene revealed to the still trembling, wondering Barbadians.

No sign of green, no hint of color, no gleam of white road was visible. From highest hilltop to whispering surf, all was one uniform expanse of ashen gray. Not until a sailing vessel cast anchor in Carlisle Bay and brought the news of the awful eruption of St. Vincent's Soufrière did the Barbadians know the cause of the terrifying phenomenon. Marvelous as it may seem, the force of the volcano's outburst had hurled hundreds

of thousands of tons of dust directly *against* the full force of the trade wind, to darken the sky, blot out the sun, and fall upon Barbados one hundred miles distant.



CHAPTER XI

ST. VINCENT, A NEGLECTED EDEN

TERRIFIC as was the eruption, widespread as was the destruction, and great as was the loss of life during Soufrière's outburst in 1812, it was insignificant as compared to that of 1902. Coincident with the eruption of Mount Pelée in Martinique, St. Vincent's Soufrière awoke from its ninety-year sleep and with redoubled fury devastated over one third of the island and wiped out over two thousand lives. Great estates were buried scores of feet beneath seas of red-hot mud; vast forests were utterly destroyed; whole mountaintops were blown into space; broad roaring rivers were turned to steam in an instant and their beds left dry and bare; houses, mills, and towns, with all their inhabitants, were overwhelmed with ashes, mud, and laval bombs; fires lit the black chaos with their awful glare, and the ground rocked, shook, and swayed to the deafening detonations and earthquake shocks. The land, in places, sank; the sea broke in tumultuous waves against shores that had been mountainsides, and the ocean swept

above villages forty feet beneath its storm-lashed surface.

To-day, as one sails past the northern shores of St. Vincent, one looks upon a waste scarce less gray and barren than when the volcano had exhausted its infernal wrath fourteen years ago.

Here and there, bushes, vines, and shrubs have struggled upward through the mud and cinders and have done their best to hide the dead, mutilated, ghastly land. A few trees, whose life was not quite extinguished, have again donned robes of green, but everywhere stand the gaunt, naked skeletons of once luxuriant forests, the blackened, deserted wrecks of mills, and the yawning chasms, washed by the rains of years, in the caked black mud that overwhelmed hill and valley, field and forest.

But it is only a question of time ere the jungle will come again into its own, ere nature will clothe the forbidding waste with a mantle of verdure, ere well-tilled gardens and cultivated fields will take the place of cinder-beds and mud-flows, ere mountain streams will tumble through long-forgotten, mud-choked courses to the sea. Then man, forgetful of the past, unmindful of the lesson taught, will once more dwell above this vast graveyard of his fellows, will rebuild mills, houses, villages, above the ruins of those destroyed, to meet, per-

haps, the same fate as those who lie forever buried under countless tons of ashes and of mud.

It is indeed a pleasant change from the sad, corpse-like northern district to the serene, green, luxuriant mountainsides, the smiling valleys, and the palm-fringed shores beyond the area of destruction. Few islands are lovelier than St. Vincent, but where there is such a plethora of beauty it is difficult to make comparisons and, where nature has been so lavish as in the Antilles, words become inadequate. Every island is distinct from its fellows, each has attractions, charms, an individuality, all its own, and yet 'tis impossible, by mere description, to visualize their differences or do justice to their wondrous scenery.

We may say they are rugged, mountainous, marvelous with color; richly luxuriant, fascinatingly tropical, glowingly beautiful; but these terms apply with equal truth to them all. Only by seeing them, by knowing them, can one realize how pitiful are all attempts to picture them on paper, to convey even a remote idea of their appearance to those unfortunates who have never gazed across the blue waters of the Caribbean upon these island gems.

Guadeloupe is stupendous in its bulk, frowning and gloomy; Dominica is sublime in its wild untouched forests, its awful precipices, and its mile-high mountains; Martinique is queenly in its

dignified, cloud-crowned mountains and its vast fair valleys; but St. Vincent appears as if some master hand had selected the best and most beautiful portions of all these and had combined them with consummate skill to form a perfect whole.

It is not so lofty as its northern sisters,—the highest peak, Morne Agarou, rising to a bare four thousand feet,—and it is not so large,—only eighteen miles in length by eleven miles wide,—but within its area is an array of mountains, valleys, hills, and plains such as would be a credit to a good-sized continent.

Of all the islands of any size or importance St. Vincent is the only one which cannot be reached by direct steamers from New York, a curious situation brought about by competition and jealousy, for in the shuffle by which the various islands were allotted to the rival companies St. Vincent was left out in the cold. Fearing to make it a port of call for dread of the others retaliating and infringing on their monopoly of other islands, each line avoids St. Vincent as though 'twere plague-ridden and, as a result, the island stands isolated,—a neglected Eden,—only in touch with the outside world through small boats and the intercolonial steamers.

But, despite this, St. Vincent holds much of interest; scenery of indescribable beauty abounds, and the climate is both healthy and delightful.

Kingstown is the capital,—the inhabitants are most punctilious as to the “w” in the name,—and a pretty, well-kept, tidy little town it is, in a setting unsurpassed. To the north rises a frowning headland, capped by a crumbling age-gray fort; in the background, soft cultivated valleys and verdured hills stretch back in a vast green amphitheater to the blue and misty mountains, and above the lazy surf, that breaks upon a sandy crescent beach, stands the red-roofed town, shimmering like burnished metal in the sun. Picturesque, quaint, fascinating as it is, yet there is little of real interest in Kingstown itself, but all about are splendid roads through the loveliest of scenes, and within a mile of the town is the famous Botanic Garden, established in 1763 and the first of its kind in America.

Well may this garden be called the cradle of tropical agriculture in the New World, for here, for the first time, were introduced and grown the fruits, vegetables, spices, and other tropical plants which to-day form the principal products of the West Indies and much of the two Americas in addition.

To this garden in St. Vincent, Captain Bligh of the *Bounty* brought the first bread-fruit plants from the South Pacific. It was here that nutmegs and cloves were first introduced to America and, despite the larger and more ambitious gardens of

Dominica, Trinidad, and other places, St. Vincent's garden still leads them all in the variety and perfection of its flora, in its beauty, and, most of all, in the important part it has played in the development of tropical agriculture.

If one wishes to visit the ruined district in the vicinity of Soufrière, a boat may be taken from Kingstown to Château Belaire, where guides may be obtained. But there is little to see: it is a dismal, depressing scene, and it is much more enjoyable to while away one's time by driving through the country about Kingstown, visiting the numerous estates, or exploring the half-ruined forts

To-day they are used only as signal stations; the ancient cannons stare mute and rust-covered from the vine-choked embrasures, and weeds, grass, and starry-flowered portulaca carpet the worn stone flagging. But many a fierce and bloody struggle have the old forts seen; the silent guns have oft belched forth their messages of death across the sparkling azure sea; the flagging has run red with human blood, and the narrow sallyports have been heaped high and blocked with corpses of the slain. Upon these heights Briton and Gaul have fought, and won, and lost, and fallen. Above the battlements have fluttered the lilies of France and the cross of St. George in turn, and for a space no banner snapped in the breeze from the lofty staff, neither British nor French held the fortress and

manned the guns. In place of uniformed soldiery a horde of naked savages swarmed upon the heights, fierce Carib warriors, who, striving desperately to win back their usurped land, were, for the moment, victors in the hopeless struggle.

Not until four thousand disciplined troops took the field, not until many lives were sacrificed on both sides, not until the green verdure of the hill was crimsoned with blood, were the Indians driven from the stronghold they had captured. And, even then, they were unconquered. Though their chief was gibbeted, though hundreds of the tribe were sent in exile to Honduras, yet the remnant of the indomitable yellow-skinned aborigines refused to surrender to Abercromby and took to their mountain forests. Here, defying the mighty power of Britain, they lived, harassing the settlers at every chance, making bloody forays on outlying estates, towns, and villages, until, at last, England was glad to sue for peace and signed a treaty with her savage foes, by which they were given perpetual ownership of 230 acres near Morne Rodonde. Here the last of the St. Vincent Caribs settled down and, laying aside the weapons of war, busied themselves in cultivating their gardens, weaving baskets, and fishing in the neighboring sea. But the doom of the Caribs, as a race, was sealed; it was the same old story of the red and white. Slowly, but surely, the original owners of the island died

out, negro blood was mixed with that of the once proud Indians, and nature itself seemed to conspire against them. The full force of the eruption of 1902 fell upon the Carib country, only a handful survived that awful holocaust, none of pure blood remained, and the pitiful remnant of the once great tribe became homeless, landless paupers, dependent upon the bounty of the government their forefathers warred with for so long.





ST. GEORGE, GRENADA



STREET IN ST. GEORGE, GRENADA



CHAPTER XII

GRENADA, THE ISLE OF SPICE

SOUTHWARD from St. Vincent stretch the Grenadines,—like beads of jade upon an invisible string,—to fair Grenada, an emerald pyramid looming against the sky.

Beautiful are the Grenadines, the tips of submerged mountain peaks, some sandy, low, and palm-covered, others high, rugged, and forested, some wild and uninhabited, others populated, cultivated, and prosperous, but none of great interest or of sufficient importance to draw steamships to their harbors.

Last of the Caribbees is Grenada, a superbly beautiful and fitting pendant jewel to the chain of island gems. Lofty it is and mountainous, a land so sharply defined, so clearly cut, that it seems hewn bodily from some monstrous crystal of green.

Very different is Grenada from all the other islands, and unlike any other town in all the West Indies is its capital. Along the shore one sees the clustering buildings, from the greenery of the hill-

side above peep red roofs, and at the summit of the rise a church tower stands outlined against the verdure, while to the right a squat old fort crowns the grassy headland. Nothing unusual about it, you may think, and you wonder why the steamer's speed is not slackened, why no vessels swing at anchor off the town, why no clustering shore boats are putting forth. Even as such thoughts cross your mind the vessel's course is changed, the ship bears towards the fort, and heads directly for the wooded heights beyond. Close beneath the old gray walls of the fortress on the cliff we pass, and then a cry of surprise and delight escapes our lips, for beyond the fort—hidden from the open sea and nestling among the hills—lies a land-locked, circular bay of purest blue, and, spreading fanwise from its shores, is St. George.

Upward from the neat stone docks that edge this snug harbor sweep the steep hillsides, and up their slopes clambers the town, rows of red-tiled roofs gleaming in the sun one above the other, nodding palms and flowering trees between them, and with sharply inclined, narrow thoroughfares dividing the step-like brick buildings. Tier after tier upward to the summit of the ridge and down the farther side the town extends, and far up the mountainside houses peep from the rich green verdure.

To the left the town ends at the ancient fort,

to the right it loses itself 'mid palms and foliage,—the oddest, prettiest, quaintest town in the Antilles.

So narrow is the tiny haven that when the great ship drops anchor her stern is moored to land and so close to the street that one might almost leap ashore, and lying thus the steamer all but bars the harbor entrance. And a wonderful harbor it is, too, for where now is tranquil water was once a sea of molten lava, and above the encircling hills poured fire, smoke, and cinders, for Grenada's harbor is but the crater of an extinct volcano, and no man can say that it may not yet burst forth and blow the town and all its people into atoms. Even within historic times great changes have taken place in St. George's crater harbor. In 1705, when Abbé Labat visited Grenada, a fort and many buildings stood upon a strip of land projecting from the eastern side of the harbor, and across the mouth of a lake which is now a lagoon, and, close alongside, was excellent anchorage for the largest ships of the time. The old maps show that this was so, records prove it, and yet, to-day, land, fort, buildings have disappeared completely, the shore ends in an abrupt cliff, a coral reef marks the site of the old town of Port Louis, and where the big bluff-bowed ships once swung to their moorings there are now scarce three feet of water. Of the convulsion which took place and destroyed the original settlement with its fort and buildings

there is no record, for, if any were ever made, they were doubtless lost or destroyed during one of the disastrous fires, in one of the many struggles between the French and British, or else were removed to Martinique, together with all other papers and documents prior to 1763, when Grenada was surrendered to the British.

But in more recent times, on November 18, 1867, to be exact, the subterranean forces again reminded the Grenadans that their charming harbor fills the crater of a volcano. Between 5 and 5:20 o'clock on the afternoon of that date, the calm and placid waters of the harbor suddenly receded for a distance of five feet or more and fully exposing the coral reef at the mouth of the lagoon. With a rumbling noise, the water over a deep area known as the "Green Hole" commenced to boil, and sulphurous vapors poured from it, and then, as if lifted from beneath, the entire harbor rose and rushed towards the shore, flooding the lower streets and docks to a depth of four or five feet. Once, twice, thrice, four times, the waters fell until the bottom of the bay was bare in many places, and each time it again rose like a wall above the docks, swamping and wrecking boats, stranding vessels, and undermining buildings, but fortunately with no loss of life.

And when at last the harbor resumed its normal tranquil state the people found that the Green

Hole had been filled up, reefs had risen from the depths, the shores had been altered, and former shallows had become deep water. Two severe earthquakes followed the outburst, like the last convulsive twitchings of the dying volcanic forces beneath the sea, and then the inhabitants again forgot the dangers that lurked beneath the harbor and resumed the even tenor of their lives.

The chances are that no serious outbreak will ever occur, that generations of Grenadans will live and die in peace and undisturbed by the slumbering volcanic forces 'neath the island, for there are no active craters on Grenada and no symptoms of activity were manifested during the eruption of St. Vincent less than seventy miles distant.

Aside from its quaint picturesqueness, there is little enough to be seen in St. George. The streets, save along the water-front, are so precipitous as to be actually forbidding, and in many places they are so perpendicular that they are constructed in the form of steps. The larger part of the town and most of the business section lie beyond the ridge-topped peninsula, and to make intercourse between the two sides of the hill less arduous a tunnel has been drilled through from side to side. This tunnel, known as the Sendall Tunnel, in honor of Gov. Sir Walter Sendall under whose administration it was constructed,

was not completed until 1895, although the first blast was exploded by Lady Sendall on Nov. 21, 1889. It must have proved an immense relief to the Grenadans, who were previously compelled to toil up one steep slope and down another to go from place to place in St. George, but the natives seem to give little heed to the roof-like character of their town and trip blithely up their toboggan-slide highways rather than take the trouble to go out of their way and use the tunnel. Indeed, after a short stay in St. George, the visitor is convinced that, through generations, the Grenadans must have developed superhuman, goat-like proclivities for climbing.

But the stranger will be wise if he refrains from attempting to emulate them and avails himself, or herself, of one of the public carriages or motor cars which may be hired, for, impossible as it seems at first sight, carriages and automobiles travel here, there, and everywhere in the town,—only balking at the flights of steps.

There are numerous stores in the town, one so-called hotel, two clubs, a public library and reading room, an interesting market, and several fine old churches, as well as a botanic station across the harbor, and the Queen's Park. But the most interesting structure in St. George is old Fort George upon its promontory. A finely preserved, stout old pile it is and its massive walls show little

effects of the two centuries and more of sun and storm, of calm and tempest, of peace and war, which have passed since the French owners of Grenada first manned its battlements in 1705.

Standing upon its parapets and looking forth upon the sparkling sea on the one hand and across the harbor and its encircling amphitheater of hills on the other, one marvels that any foe of olden days could ever have taken the town thus guarded, for the fort's guns commanded sea and shore in every direction and any vessel entering the port must pass within musket shot of its embrasures. No longer is it of any value as a fortress, no invading squadrons of wall-sided, bluff-bowed frigates menace the quiet of the island, the one-time enemies who struggled and battled for supremacy in the Caribbean are fighting side by side against a common foe. To-day, the grim old fort has fallen to the ignominious estate of a police barracks, and its silent, corroded guns serve as playthings for laughing children who fill the black muzzles with pebbles and flowers and chase the lizards over the grass-grown parapets.

Across the harbor, perched on the summit of a hill 750 feet above the sea, are Forts Matthew and Frederick, far larger and more powerful than that which guards the harbor entrance, and now used as prisons and insane asylums. From here one may obtain a superbly beautiful view, and the

visitor cannot cease to wonder why the convicts and idiots of the island are thus favored with the finest location on Grenada as their temporary residence.

Back of the town, also, there are forts, four hundred feet above the harbor, on Hospital Hill, and near them the roofs of Government House may be seen half-screened by the splendid gardens of its grounds.

Interesting sights may be scarce in Grenada's unique capital, but there is plenty to be seen if one rides or drives about the island. Everywhere are perfect roads, and, although the grades are prodigiously steep in many places, the highways are broad, smooth, well kept, and unbelievably beautiful as to surroundings.

At every turn, one looks upon deep rich valleys hemmed in by verdured mountain heights and, gazing down,—like eagles from their aerie,—we see the neat cultivated lands and gleaming buildings of estates, like toy houses on checkerboards of green. Through wonderful vistas of waving palms and flower-draped cliffs are glimpses of the sparkling sea, stretching like a blue-tile floor to the horizon. Flaming poinciana trees spread their scarlet-flowered branches above the road, or stand boldly forth against the dark foliage of the mountainsides, like the glowing coals of giant fires. Under sun-dappled arches of bamboo, with feathery

branches clashing softly in the breeze half a hundred feet above our heads, the road leads on. We rumble across bridges spanning precipitous ravines, with tumbling silvery streams cutting the purple-shaded depths a thousand feet beneath. Close under the overhanging cliffs the highway creeps, where trailing vines and fairy-like ferns are dripping with seeping moisture, like strings of priceless pearls. Ever the way winds past hillsides dark with the dense shade of cocoa and ever it passes through groves of nutmeg, fruit, and spice trees. Beside the highway are neat thatched huts embowered in palms and flowers and surrounded by vegetable gardens, and everywhere are signs of a prosperous, contented people, self-respecting, independent peasant proprietors who are able to make a good livelihood from their own lands.

But while the wisdom of inducing the natives to become self-supporting agriculturists has done much to make Grenada a well-cultivated island, there is still much of the interior which is wild, uncultivated, untouched by hand of man, and a visit to the Gran Etang will carry one through the primeval high woods of Grenada and amid scenery of surpassing grandeur. As the road surmounts the hills and leaves the lowlands behind, the air becomes damp and cool, the great rifts in the mountains' flanks are filled with a strange green-blue semi-twilight, and the vast silence is

broken only by the tinkling splash of an unseen waterfall, the soft dripping of moisture from the trees, and the far-off music of song birds hidden in the dense jungle.

Skirting the very brinks of dizzying precipices, where one may look down a sheer thousand feet to a far-away torrent in the dark bottom of the defile; hugging towering mountain sides, with stupendous forest trees rearing their mighty trunks a hundred feet and more above the sopping earth, the road winds ever toward the clouds. Great tree-ferns droop plume-like fronds above the path-way; wild plantain flowers gleam, like tongues of flame, in the shadows; wonderful begonias hide rotting stumps and jutting boulders with festoons of coral pink; orchids deck the trees, and gorgeous humming birds flash in the filtering rays of sunlight, like tiny meteors of sapphire, emerald, and ruby. For miles one travels through this wonderland where man seems dwarfed to pigmy size, so tremendous is the scale on which everything is fashioned. The trees tower to unbelievable heights; ferns grow to the size of palms; rank-growing plants flaunt leaves, each large enough to shelter a horse and rider from the heaviest shower; flowers as big as saucers, star beds of moss in which the traveler sinks to his knees; and, trailing from the tree tops,—encircling the trunks as though the forest giants were but bean poles,—are

gnarled and twisted vines as huge as ships' cables and bearing pea-like pods a yard in length. It seems unreal, dreamlike, preposterously magnified, as if one were looking at a forest through some giant's microscope, and it dawns upon one that thus must appear an ordinary wood to the busy ants and tiny insects.

And then, at last, the Gran Etang is reached, a little cloud-kissed cairn of liquid silver, gleaming amid the wondrous verdure eighteen hundred feet above the sea and filling the center of an extinct crater some thirty acres in extent.

Beside it is a rest house, where one may stop in comfort if not too firmly bound by conventions, and, upon the lake, are skiffs which enable visitors to paddle about this strange water-filled crater in the heart of the primeval wilderness. Cold as a bubbling spring is the water, unfathomable in depth, fed by tiny streams and the seeping, perpetual moisture of drifting clouds, and with no outlet to be seen. In the forests round about are wild monkeys, agouti, pigeons, and many other birds, but there are no venomous snakes,—few of any kind in fact,—no dangerous insects, nothing to fear, and the visitor, fond of nature wild and untrammelled, may well spend days in this out-of-the-world spot on Grenada's roof. Here the air is cool, fresh, and invigorating, and blankets are in order at night, for the temperature, even

at midday, rarely rises above 75° and often falls below 60° after sundown.

Near at hand is Morne Ferdon, where the French and negro insurrectionists intrenched themselves in 1795, and in view of the attacking British troops fiendishly butchered Lieut.-Governor Home and forty-seven white captives. To-day, a memorial pillar marks the scene of the historic atrocity, and many a picnic party makes merry on the lofty summit, where once the blood-mad horde tortured and slew the helpless prisoners.

But scenes of battle and of bloodshed of past centuries are often less interesting than scenes of peace and progress of the present, and to many visitors to Grenada a trip to a cocoa or nutmeg estate will prove far more satisfactory and worth while than the pilgrimage to the Gran Etang or to Ferdon Heights. There are plenty of such estates within easy reach of St. George, and the visitor may be sure of a hearty welcome by the owners or managers, who will be only too glad to show the stranger every step in the interesting process of curing both the cocoa and nutmegs.

Those who have never seen nutmegs, save in the dried commercial form in which we use them, would never recognize the growing spice. Hanging from the tips of the glossy-leaved branches of the female trees, are salmon-colored fruits much like nectarines or apricots in appearance, and as

these ripen they split open and expose a shining dark brown seed, or stone, covered with a network of intense crimson.

When fully mature the fruits fall to the ground and the two halves separate and release the nutmegs within. Highly ornamental are the glossy nuts with their vivid scarlet, lace-like covering, which is the mace of commerce and the most valuable product of the trees. The preparation of the nuts is very simple, the mace being carefully removed and dried in the sun, when it assumes a dull brownish-yellow hue, and the nuts themselves being cured in the shade for a few days and then in the bright sunlight, after which they are cracked open and the internal kernels or real nutmegs are removed and packed for shipment. Little goes to waste in the preparation of nutmegs, for even the pulpy fruit itself is used and in Grenada is made into jams and jellies, which are delicious and with a sweet, spicy, aromatic flavor very different from anything else.

Much more complicated and more interesting is the preparation of cocoa, the most important of Grenada's crops. Growing directly from the trunks and branches of the trees, the big, roughly corrugated purple, red, and yellow pods present a very strange appearance, looking, as one visitor remarked, "like squashes growing on trees." The pods are cut from the trees with knives at the

ends of bamboo poles and, as fast as picked, are collected in baskets by the women laborers. From the baskets they are emptied into huge piles beneath the trees and are opened by men who are so expert at the work that eye can scarce follow their motions as, with a single blow of a machete, the pods are split open and tossed aside. Within the pods is a mass of thick, whitish pulp containing numerous rounded brown seeds,—the cocoa beans of commerce. But with the extraction of the messy pulp and its wet seeds the preparation of the cocoa has just commenced and many processes must be undergone ere the beans are ready for market.

First, the mass of pulp and seeds is dumped into boxes with perforated bottoms and over them is placed a layer of plaintain or banana leaves. The building within which the boxes are placed is known as the "Sweating House," and upon the care taken in "sweating" the quality of the beans largely depends. Within the covered boxes the beans are left to ferment for about three days, and are then transferred to other boxes and allowed to stand two or three days more when, by the fifth or sixth day, the slimy pulp will have disappeared and the brown color of the seeds will have changed to purple.

The beans are then spread evenly in great drying trays, which are arranged to run on rails beneath

a roof, for rain is most injurious and the trays must be run under cover at the first hint of a shower. Here, in the bright sunshine, the beans are raked about and shuffled by barefooted laborers until thoroughly cured, rubbed, and polished and ready to be bagged for shipment. On many of the larger and more modern estates the cocoa is dried by hot air under cover, while, on the other hand, many of the smaller peasant planters cure their crops on trays or hides placed upon the ground or by the roadsides, and where cows, pigs, children, dogs, chickens, and other live stock wander and play among them at will. No doubt the visitor will look with undisguised disgust at the negroes treading the drying beans in the trays and at the miscellaneous assortment of birds and beasts nosing and scratching among those of the more impecunious peasants, and many a traveler has vowed never to partake of cocoa or chocolate after viewing such sights. But only the inner kernel is used in manufacturing cocoa and chocolate, and no one need forego beverage or confection for fear of accumulated filth; all that is removed with the outer skin or covering which, under the name of broma or cocoa-shells, is advertised as the most healthy and nourishing portion of the beans!



CHAPTER XIII

TRINIDAD, THE MAGNIFICENT

A TURBID, coffee-colored sea and, to the south, a line of jagged soft blue mountains stretching to east and west to where they blend and are lost in the haze of distance. The one, the muddy waters from the mighty Orinoco; the other, the coast of South America and Trinidad.

From a distance the land seems continuous, unbroken, but, as the blue indistinct mountains resolve into forest-clad slopes, frowning precipices, and deep ravines, openings appear between the peaks,—narrow straits of water,—the famous bocas that connect the Gulf of Paria with the open sea.

To the right are the sierras of Venezuela, massive, dark, forbidding; to the left the mountains of Trinidad, richly, gloriously green, and between the two, the lofty islands, like Titan's stepping-stones from shore to shore.

It is a strange sensation to pass through the bocas for the first time, and few are those who can refrain from gazing in wonder at the sight, even

though they have made the passage many times. On either hand tower the stupendous cliffs, seamed and scarred, worn into uncouth forms and great caverns by the restless surges ever dashing about them, covered with dense green verdure to their summits and peopled by countless sea birds which wheel and scream as the passing ship rouses them from their wave-washed roosting places.

Like great walls of red rock and green forest the islands rear their heights far above the mastheads, seemingly about to topple over on the puny vessel as she follows the narrow channel beneath the cliffs and so close at hand it seems as though one might almost leap ashore. And then the boca is passed, the guardian islands of Trinidad's portals are left behind, and before us stretches the tranquil lake-like Gulf of Paria with Trinidad, vast, colorful, magnificent, stretching in a thousand hills to the southern horizon.

For an hour or more the ship steams swiftly down the gulf, past the tiny "Five Islands," with their brightly painted bungalows amid the verdure; past the great gray prison on its little isle; past an endless succession of mountains, hills, and valleys rising from the water's edge in tier after tier to distant, shadowy, cloudlike forms of hazy blue, until, at last, anchor is dropped in the harbor of Port-of-Spain.

Three miles or more from land the ship swings to

her moorings amid a fleet of steamers, sailing ships, and coal hulks, for the harbor is shallow and freight and passengers must be transported to the town in tugs, launches, and lighters.

Beneath the shadow of the mountains, upon a gently sloping plain, lies Port-of-Spain, its buildings stretching for miles along the shore, but with little of the city itself visible amid the waving palms and clustering verdure, and, seeing it from a distance, no one would dream that here is a town of seventy thousand inhabitants, the largest, busiest port in the British West Indies and the second largest city in the Antilles.

Serene and peaceful the vast green island sweeps from horizon to horizon: to the north, lofty, rugged, crumpled in countless ridges and massive peaks, slashed and hewn with black defiles and shadowy valleys; to the south, dropping from rounded hills to rolling plains and broad savanna lands, low, flat, and shimmering with a golden haze.

Largest of the Lesser Antilles and most southerly of West Indian isles is Trinidad, fifty-five miles long and forty miles in width, and so immense in area that it seems a hilly rather than a mountainous land, although Tucutche towers for over three thousand feet above the sea and many lesser peaks are half a mile or more in height.

Much of the impressive grandeur and the sublime scenery of the smaller volcanic islands is



OPENING COCOA PODS, TRINIDAD

lacking, but none can surpass Trinidad in luxuriance of vegetation, wonderful cataracts, richness, resources, and progress. Within its pathless forests of rare and valuable woods teems strange wild life. Monkeys and parrots scream and chatter in the tree tops, ant-bears, sloths, ocelots, and pecaries haunt the jungles, alligators sun themselves on banks of estuaries and lagoons, and birds of brilliant plumage flit amid the foliage. Its resources are marvelous, inexhaustible, its fertility incredible and its fauna and flora that of the South American wilderness, for Trinidad is but a detached bit of the Southern continent separated from its parent only by the narrow bocas. Here is one's ideal of the tropics, the realization of youthful dreams of dark jungles, strange beasts and birds, intense color, vast morasses, trackless forests, unknown caverns, and a wilderness of mountains. Its only drawback is its climate, for with all its attractions and charms—and they are manifold—Trinidad is hot, damp, and oppressive on its westward slopes, for the trade wind never reaches here,—the mountains encompass the town as with a stupendous wall,—and no life-giving breeze comes from the great landlocked gulf. But it is not unhealthy, and on the hills—even at the slight elevation of the savanna—one may find cool nights and bearable days, while on the windward slopes the air is cool, breezes blow

ceaselessly, and save at midday the climate is all that one could wish.

When the visitor steps ashore at Port-of-Spain he steps into a big, modern, bustling town. At the large, commodious, well-built docks which line the water-front are scores of sailing vessels, countless lighters and barges, dozens of coastwise steamers, and innumerable launches, tugs, and miscellaneous craft.

The broad, smooth thoroughfares are crowded with moving vehicles of every description, from humble donkey-carts to huge motor-trucks, and the nearby railway yards are filled with lines of freight cars, coaches, and locomotives. Parallel with the shore, a great double avenue runs from end to end of the town, its central portion swarded and shaded with rows of spreading mahogany trees, beneath which are well-kept paths and neat benches. This splendid, park-like thoroughfare, known as Marine Square, would be a credit to any city, but there are few streets in Port-of-Spain of which the same could not be said with equal truth. All the streets are beautifully paved with asphalt, as are many of the remote country roads as well,—for Trinidad is the source of the greater portion of the world's asphalt supply and it is the cheapest road-making material on the island,—and all are wide, straight, well kept, and so clean they would put the best of New York's avenues to shame.

The city is well laid out, nearly all the streets running at right angles, there are numerous shaded parks and breathing spaces, trolley cars run everywhere, and the whole aspect of the town is one of progress, modernity, prosperity, and neatness. About Marine Square, Broadway, and Frederick Streets, are most of the large stores and wholesale houses, the banks, clubs, and steamship offices, but there are stores and shops everywhere and the strictly residential portions of the town are in the suburbs.

The buildings are nearly all of stone or concrete, well built, brightly painted, many very artistic, and all, save the government buildings, with a decidedly tropical, foreign appearance.

The shopping district fairly teems with pedestrians and vehicles throughout the business hours, and Frederick Street, which is perhaps the busiest in the city, is a gay and interesting sight, kaleidoscopic in color, crowded with life, and a very beehive of activity. Here are stores after stores of every kind, many modeled on the plan of our own department stores, and here one may find anything and everything the markets of the world afford.

Bright-hued—even gaudily painted—are the buildings, and with canvas sun awnings bearing advertisements, the names of stores, or ornamental designs hung above the sidewalks, while passing to and fro in an ever-flowing stream are people

of a score of races, and a dozen tongues greet one's ears. Exquisitely gowned French ladies, dark-eyed Spanish and Venezuelan señoritas, pantalooned Chinese women, buxom negresses, statuesque quadroons, swarthy Portuguese, pink-cheeked English girls fresh from home, pale-faced English women who have dwelt long in the tropics, nervously hurrying tourists from the States, and dark-skinned, dog-eyed coolie women in filmy lace, with rings in noses and laden with massive silver anklets and bracelets galore, all jostle one another on the crowded sidewalks and in the busy shops. And liberally represented are the masculine members of Port-of-Spain's polyglot population. Half-naked, spindle-legged Hindus with huge turbans, stolid Chinese, herculean negroes, fiercely mustached Latin-Americans, French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, English, Americans, Dutch, Irish, Scotch, Norwegians, every race and nation, save Germans, are there, as well as innumerable, unidentifiable individuals in whose veins runs the blood of half the nations of Europe and a varying quantity of Africa.

Wonderful linguists must be the clerks in Trinidad's stores, for within a space of ten minutes the man behind the counter may be called upon to wait on customers in as many tongues. Spanish is spoken everywhere and one hears it quite as often as English, for Trinidad was long under

Spanish rule and its proximity to Venezuela results in an enormous Spanish population and trade. French runs Castilian a close second and Italian, Portuguese, Creole patois, and Hindustani are all in the day's work.

And, speaking of Hindustani, here in Trinidad for the first time the visitor to the islands sees the picturesque East Indians, the coolies, who, brought over as indentured field hands to solve the labor problem, have prospered and increased and add a delightful Oriental touch to the island's attractions. One sees them everywhere, the men, thin almost to emaciation, clad in the briefest of cotton garments consisting, like Gunga Din's costume, of "Nothing much before and rather less than half as much behind," yet, despite their attenuated figures, such tireless, ever-toiling workers that the stranger wonders if they can be creatures of flesh and blood. The women, on the other hand, are plump and often comely and are attired in bright-hued jackets, white petticoats, and flowing silken scarfs and fairly scintillate with barbaric jewelry, some selling sweetmeats or fruits by the wayside, others nursemaids with fair-haired children in charge, and still others menial laborers like their turbaned better halves. But the coolies are not seen at their best in Port-of-Spain, they are merely incidental, and to study them amid all the accompaniments and atmosphere of transplanted

India, one should visit their settlements in the outlying districts, on the estates, or in San Fernando down the coast.

Port-of-Spain is so large that the visitor, whose time is limited, should avail himself of one of the numerous, or rather innumerable, public "cabs"—which are really ramshackle victorias,—or, if preferred, a public motor car, and "do" the town in comfort. Trolley rides will carry one to most of the places of interest, but they have their limitations, and cab rates are very low, for the one "improvement" to which the Trinidadians have not awakened is the bankrupting taxi. You won't need a guide, your black jehu will be guide, philosopher, and friend in one, and no megaphone-equipped conductor of a metropolitan "rubber-neck" auto can compare with the Trinidad cabby when it comes to showing one the "sights" of his beloved capital. But, before engaging him, be sure of your bargain: if merely hired by the hour you may find he is a firm believer in the old adage that "the longest way round is the shortest way home," and will drive through half the streets of the city to go a couple of blocks. His tariff is regulated by law, and a card with the rates is hung up in every public vehicle; but if the cabman cannot charge more than the legal price there is nothing to prevent him from taking less, or to enter into a bar-



A COOLIE GIRL, TRINIDAD



gain to visit certain stipulated places for a definite sum.

There are many places of interest to be seen in and about Port-of-Spain. Facing Brunswick Square, with its broad lawns, its dense shade trees, and its fountain, are the massive red government buildings, a splendid edifice, and opposite are the police barracks and the court house. Near at hand, and also on Brunswick Square, is the beautiful Anglican cathedral of the Holy Trinity. At the southern end of the town is the Catholic cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, with many notable paintings, a Florentian pulpit, and beautiful stained glass windows. There is an excellent Public Library, a fine hospital, and street after street of lovely villas in the midst of gardens which seem veritable bits of fairyland. But the center of interest, the *chef d'œuvre* of Port-of-Spain's attractions, is the savanna or Queen's Park.

At the summit of the slope on which the city stands is the savanna, a broad oval stretch of greensward some two hundred acres in extent, bordered by spreading saman trees and flaming poincianas and encircled by a splendid boulevard. About it, on three sides, are magnificent mansions in gardens worthy of an Oriental potentate; nest-like bungalows and villas half-hidden in climbing gorgeous-flowered vines, giant rose trees, and

graceful palms; and the great Queen's Park Hotel, with its open-air dining-rooms, its broad verandas, and its beautiful surroundings. On the fourth side stands the Government House,—a stately structure that reminds one of an old château,—in the midst of spacious grounds ablaze with flowers, surrounded with palms and rare trees and with a wonderful background of lofty rich green mountains, and adjoining it are the public gardens which are, in themselves, worth going far to see.

Upon the savanna, sleek cattle graze, races are held, and polo, football, cricket, and other games are played, for it is large enough for all, and here, of an afternoon, come all the wealth and fashion of Port-of-Spain, to see and be seen, to indulge in the outdoor sports,—which no true Britisher can forego, regardless of climate or geography,—and to enjoy the cool evening breeze. And marvelously beautiful and enchanting is the savanna as the great red sun sinks behind the Venezuelan mountains across the gulf and darkness descends with tropic swiftness upon the land. From speeding motor cars and open windows bright beams of light glint through shrubbery and gleam on ghostly palm trunks, casting long mysterious shadows across the broad white road. Upon the soft scented breeze are borne the merry sounds of laughter and of music. Over the dusky, dim savanna the fireflies dance like troops of elves, and

against the star-studded, velvet sky the mountains loom—vast and black—like the massive battlements of an ogre's castle.

But Trinidad's greatest beauties lie without the town and, unlike many of the other islands' attractions, they are all easily accessible by railway, carriage, motor car, or coastwise steamer.

Within easy walking or driving distance is the capital's source of water supply, the Maraval Reservoir. Beautifully situated is the great artificial lake in a lovely valley at whose head stands the lofty "Silla," and whose natural attractions are enhanced a hundred fold by admirably placed groups of palm trees, great clumps of gigantic bamboos, brilliant flowering shrubs, hedges of multi-colored crotons, and rustic, embowered summer houses.

Less than ten miles from town is the famed Blue Basin, a sight without a counterpart in all the world. Here in the rich Diego Martin valley a flashing silver stream gushes from the green depths of the mountainside and, in a single unbroken cataract, plunges into a great bowl-like basin of rock, fringed with ferns and plant life wonderful to behold. And if this were all, the journey to the valley would be well repaid, but the crowning glory of the whole, the culminating wonder of the spot, is the rock-bound pool into which the cascade pours. Crystalline in its purity

the water issues from the verdure, but within the basin below, for some unknown cause, it is transformed into liquid sapphire, a pool of cerulean hue so intense, so artificial in its color, that it seems as if one's hand, if dipped within it, would be drawn forth dyed azure.

Even more beautiful in its surroundings, and far greater in height and volume, is the Maraccas Waterfall in the valley of the same name some fourteen miles from Port-of-Spain, and to reach which one passes through sleepy, restful, quaint, old St. Joseph, the original site of the settlement of the island and until the British occupation known as San José.

Luxuriant with vegetation, its slopes rich with cocoa groves and dominated by Tucutche, loftiest peak of Trinidad, the Maraccas Valley is one of the island's beauty spots and a fitting setting for the cataract that has made the valley famous. A sheer 350 feet the roaring mass of water plunges over the precipice, while from it ever drifts a filmy veil of mist and spray that bathes the delicate ferns, the flowering gloxinias, the delicate begonias, the strange orchids, and the trailing vines with a ceaseless shower. Like hoarfrost the moisture clings to blossom, leaf, and twigs, a gentle breeze ever stirs the seeping foliage and, spanning the silver torrent like a fairy bridge, arches a rainbow.

Even larger and more beautiful, if that were

possible, is the Caura Waterfall, a wild, impressive cataract in the midst of the virgin forest near Arima; but to reach it entails a horseback ride and a tramp afoot for several miles after leaving the railway.

Another trip of great interest and beauty is by boat to the Five Islands and the bocas. Like the Antilles in miniature the little islets dot the surface of the gulf, each verdured, each with charming bungalows and villas peeping from the foliage, each with its lilliputian beaches, its tiny coves, and its secluded nooks, and all charming, picturesque, delectable, seemingly created as ideal spots for picnics, lovers, and honeymoons and well patronized by the Trinidadians for such purposes. Upon the islands between the bocas are also many attractive bungalows and villas, and all about are charming bathing beaches, wild sea-washed crags, and great caverns into whose yawning mouths the visitor may enter by boat in calm weather. Here, in the bowels of the solid cliffs, dwell the guacharos or devil birds, the alleged nut-eating, bewhiskered birds of Rooseveltian fame,—a species of goatsucker beloved as tidbits by Trinidad epicures, and so reeking with grease that the natives use them as butter or, by running a wick through their bodies, convert them into ornithological candles.

But Trinidad's most famous sight—its greatest

wonder—is the Pitch Lake, and no visit to the island would be complete without a trip to this really remarkable and interesting spot. To reach the Pitch Lake from Port-of-Spain one must travel by rail to San Fernando and hence by gulf steamer to Brighton or La Brea.

Those who visit Trinidad by the ships of the Trinidad Line—the only line sailing for Trinidad from New York at present—will have unequaled opportunities for seeing this strange phenomenon, however, for the ships usually go to San Fernando on the outward voyage and stop for several days at Brighton, loading asphalt, on the return trip. But the journey by rail and steamer entails no hardships or discomforts and affords a splendid view of the low country south of Port-of-Spain, as well as a chance to see quaint, picturesque San Fernando.

And San Fernando is well worth seeing, albeit a few hours will suffice to “do” the town thoroughly. From the water front and railway station San Fernando climbs up a steep hill and, like the King of France and his men, no sooner does it reach the top than it marches down again. And, not content with struggling up and down the slopes, the queer little town has burrowed into the hill in spots and has hewn spaces for its buildings in the limestone rock of conical Naparima Hill which towers above the town.



THE BLUE BASIN, TRINIDAD

Sharply and at all angles run the streets,—as if some browsing goat had wandered aimlessly about and the streets had been laid out in the creature's tracks; most of the buildings are small, flimsy, and of wood, there are few large or impressive structures, and yet San Fernando is interesting, for it is the port of the sugar district and swarms with coolies until it appears like a bit of India rather than a town of the Antilles.

Everywhere the Hindus are in evidence, men, women, and children, of all ages and all degrees, from the half-clad field hand to the silk-robed nabob in his motor car. Every occupation, every trade of India is represented: silversmiths hammering coins into rough jewelry on tiny anvils in the doorways of their shops; vendors of fruits, vegetables, and what not squatting beside their wares at the wayside; shaven-headed fakirs in rags and tatters; holy men with painted foreheads and beards dyed scarlet; merchants with stores filled with Benares brasses, weird musical instruments, strange foods and spices, prayer-wheels, beads, charms, amulets, gay-hued cloths, wonderful embroideries, crude images of Buddha and Brahmin gods, and a thousand-and-one objects whose use is known only to the coolies; sleek, well-fed planters who have risen from lowly laborers to affluence and, robed in flowing, spotless silks, drive luxuriously in costly motor cars; spectacled gray-

bearded wise men teaching their brown-skinned pupils in the shade of roadside trees; priests reading aloud from the Koran to knots of the faithful who, grave-faced, listen in silence to the words of the Prophet; Parsees, Brahmins, Hindus, Mohammedans,—a score of races, hundreds of castes, a thousand types are to be seen. Unchanged by surroundings, uninfluenced by conditions, they live the same lives, follow the same customs, and wear the same garments as in far-off India. Across thousands of leagues of sea they have brought their beliefs, their religions, their goods, their manners, their foods, their gods, even the very atmosphere and mystery of the East. Peaceable they are, thrifty, hard-working, law-abiding, and to them Trinidad owes much of its prosperity to-day, for they solved the labor problem of the island. Few have returned to India when the term of their contracts ended and many have become well-to-do merchants and planters. Despised by and despising the negroes, looked down upon by the whites, yet serenely the coolies go their ways and mind their own business, unruffled, undisturbed, but in the hearts of one and all—from lowliest laborer, toiling in cane or rice field for a shilling a day, to merchant prince; from guttersweep to white-bearded Moslem priest—there is contempt and scorn for the Christians and the white-skinned race whose ancestors were naked savages when the

civilization of India was hoary with the weight of countless centuries.

Some twenty miles from San Fernando, a charming sail by the swift gulf steamers or an entrancing trip by motor car, the long pier at Brighton stretches for 1800 feet into the waters of the gulf. To this dock moor the great steamships of the Trinidad Line, while loading asphalt, and to it also come the ugly tank steamers to load with oil, for Trinidad is fast coming to the fore as a petroleum-producing land, and a number of the largest wells and many gigantic storage tanks are in the immediate vicinity of the Pitch Lake.

Along the pier, and up the hillside beyond, stretch wire cables and over these, slowly, steadily, travels an endless procession of great square iron buckets. Filled to the brim with asphalt, as they come rumbling seaward from the hilltop, each bucket is dumped with crash and bang into the hold of the waiting ship and, with scarce a halt, is sent swinging empty on its mile-long journey to be refilled. Almost in a steady stream is the asphalt poured into the ship, and a thousand tons a day are often loaded, with less than a dozen negro laborers required to accomplish the work.

To visit the lake it is only necessary to follow the cableway and its rattling buckets, but by all means choose early morning or late afternoon for the trip. During the day Brighton is hot beyond

words; the glaring asphalt roads reflect and radiate the blazing sunlight until the air is like a furnace, there is not a square inch of shade along the way, and a breath of air is rare indeed.

No sooner does one set foot on shore at Brighton than the presence of vast quantities of asphalt is manifest. Wave-polished lumps of asphalt strew the beach in place of pebbles, jutting reefs of the same substance project from the shallows, black ledges break the sandy stretch of shore and jut from the bluffs, and everywhere, among the scant herbage and coarse grass of the hillside, are seen the wrinkled, rounded, dull-black masses, like the dead bodies of huge pachyderms half-buried in the earth.

At the summit of the hill stand the big sheds of the refinery, the machine shops, the engine houses, the pumping station, and the other works of the asphalt company, and just beyond, in a slight hollow, lies the world-famous lake.

[Never was spot more misleadingly named, for the Pitch Lake has no resemblance to a lake, and neither is it pitch. Far more does it appear like a peat bog, or a partly dried swamp, for covering an area of some 125 acres is an uneven expanse of dull brownish black, partly overgrown with coarse dry grass, low brush, and weeds, and with pools of stagnant water filling the hollows and depressions of its surface.



ENTERING THE BOCAS, TRINIDAD



DIGGING ASPHALT, TRINIDAD

Across it meander uneven, wavering railway tracks, here and there groups of negroes are working busily with pick and shovel, and strings of cars stand waiting for their loads. As soon as the cars are filled they are hauled creaking and complaining towards the sheds, another train comes dashing down the incline with roar and clatter, and noisily the asphalt is tumbled into the cars by the black laborers. About the borders of the "lake" are the parched, sere hills, merging into thorny, scrubby jungle, above which rise groves of stunted palms, and, looming dark against the sky on the nearby ridges, are the great derricks and monstrous ugly tanks of the oil wells. No scene could be less attractive, less picturesque, or more prosaic, and yet the spot is one of the wonders of the world, a seemingly inexhaustible storehouse of one of civilization's most useful substances, a source of vast revenue for the company which controls it, and the most lucrative of Trinidad's resources.

Much to the surprise of many visitors, the surface of the asphalt is not soft nor sticky. One may walk across it in perfect safety, save for the danger of wetting one's shoes in the pools of water. It is firm and solid enough to support the weight of tracks and cars; when dug by pick and shovel, it breaks away from the mass in firm, hard lumps, with a bright, smooth surface like dull brown coal, and it may be freely handled without even soiling

one's hands. And yet the vast mass of asphalt is not solid. If left in one spot the rails soon sink from sight; if a man stands immovable for a short time his feet sink into the surface, and the holes and pits, from which the material is removed, soon disappear and are filled with fresh asphalt; even within the holds of the ships, the coarse separate lumps become transformed into a solid homogeneous mass ere the vessels reach New York; and which must be dug out by pick and shovel exactly as from the lake itself.

How deep beneath the surface the asphalt extends no one can say, but borings have been made for hundreds of feet without finding its limit. As fast as removed it is replaced by nature, and, for miles about, the asphalt crops up amid the jungle that covers the land, while across the gulf, in Venezuela, is another and even larger "lake," and it is not unlikely that the deposit extends beneath the water from shore to shore. Hundreds of thousands of tons have been shipped away annually for many years, with little or no apparent effect upon the lake, and even if not absolutely inexhaustible, yet there is enough asphalt in Trinidad to supply the world for many years to come.

But it is not, as many suppose, of volcanic origin. It is merely one of the products of nature's laboratory, a substance formed from vegetation that

grew and died in a morass when the world was young; a treasure hidden in the bowels of the earth, to serve man's needs, countless millions of years ere the first man trod our planet. The very presence of the asphalt proves the antiquity of Trinidad. There are no indications of volcanic activity,—even of extinct craters,—on the island, and the so-called “Mud Volcanoes” of Princes Town are merely the puny outbursts of natural gas from the petroleum-bearing beds beneath the surface of the earth. A few years ago the mineral riches hidden in Trinidad's bosom were undreamed of, but to-day oil wells by the score are pouring forth their riches to swell the island's wealth. Above the giant forest trees rise the black derricks, the wilderness echoes to the clang of drills and the clatter and clank of pumps, and pipe lines twist, like huge black serpents, through the jungles.

Yet the surface of this land has been barely scratched, only an infinitesimal part of its resources have been developed, and untold fortunes still lie unknown, unsuspected, in its hills and valleys, its mountains and its forests; it is a land of vast promise, of marvelous opportunities,—truly, the Magnificent Isle.

Aside from Trinidad's scenes and sights there are many other places of great interest and beauty within easy reach from Port-of-Spain.

Steamers run regularly to Ciudad Bolivar, in

the heart of Venezuela, and an excursion by one of these boats up the mighty Orinoco and through the midst of the untamed, primeval South American wilderness is a veritable trip through nature's wonderland.

Then there is Margarita, that little-known mountainous island off Venezuela, and from whose waters a million dollars' worth of pearls are taken yearly, while still more interesting is the Dutch island of Curaçao.

CURAÇAO

Like a bit of Holland whisked bodily over sea and dropped down in the Caribbean is Curaçao. Upon a landlocked, clover-leaf-shaped harbor stands the town of Willemstadt and reached only by a narrow strait between two ancient forts so close together that the woodeny Dutch soldiers of the garrisons can converse across the harbor entrance. But more interesting than the quaint old forts upon the bare brown hills is the bridge which bars the channel, for it is a bridge of boats, and, when a vessel leaves or enters the harbor, the novel causeway is moved aside by the simple method of towing one end of the string of pontoons with a steam launch.

Once within the harbor the bridge is forgotten at sight of the town. Pink, yellow, blue, green,



THE HIGH WOODS, TRINIDAD

red—all the colors of the rainbow—are the houses and buildings, whose steep, tiled roofs, dormer windows, and quaint ornamentation appear so incongruous, so out of place, so thoroughly Dutch, that the visitor is tempted to pinch himself to make sure he is really awake and in his right mind. All that is needed are a few storks on the rooftops and a windmill or two, but there is no work for windmills to do in Curaçao and ostriches are more useful than storks. In other words, Curaçao's manufacturing and agricultural resources are nil, and ostrich farming bids fair to be the island's most lucrative business. Barren, sterile, and dry, Curaçao offers no inducements to the husbandman and, aside from aloes, a few vegetables, and a little fruit, nothing is grown. Upon its trade and commerce Curaçao has always depended, for it is a free port, and its location and perfect harbor have made it a busy, important port, as well as a notorious spot for ambitious and disgruntled Latin-Americans to hatch out revolutionary plots in safety. Recently the ostrich farms have been established and are doing well, but the strangest of the island's industries—the last business one would look for in this out-of-the-way, picturesque town—is the big publishing house and book store of Betancourt. There is little to be seen in Curaçao outside of the town, for while forty miles long and eight miles wide it is sparsely

inhabited and its surface is, for the most part, most forbidding and unattractive,—a parched, sunburnt, mountainous land without stream, lake, or spring, and how the giant race of Indians, which old Amerigo Vespucci claimed to have found here, ever eked out an existence is a puzzle.

But the town is interesting, and as a diminutive tram-line, with donkeys for motive power, runs through the streets and to the suburb, known as Otrabanda, across the harbor, the visitor may cover most of the sights with little exertion. Many of the streets are wide and smoothly paved, but many more are quaint lanes with pavements of rough cobbles and so narrow that the projecting balconies of the houses almost meet above one's head. And if the picturesque Dutch town seems incongruous here in the tropics, even more strikingly out of place seem the people who throng its streets, for one looks in vain for the baggy pantaloons, the wooden shoes, and the stiff starched caps which befit Curaçao's byways. Dutchmen there are, and Dutchwomen too, but far more numerous are the black, brown, and yellow-skinned natives of African blood, in bright turbans, gaudy kerchiefs, and blazing colors, while the chatter one hears is not Dutch or English, not French or Spanish, but a marvelous jargon, a language peculiar to Curaçao, a mixture of Dutch, Spanish, English, Indian, and negro, known as Papiamentu.

TOBAGO

Far closer to Trinidad than Curaçao, only eighteen miles distant to be exact, lies another island which, if it lacks the quaint and "Dutchy" atmosphere of Willemstadt, is fully as interesting and far more beautiful.

This is Tobago, the scene of Robinson Crusoe's story, the one-time residence of John Paul Jones, and an island of supreme beauty whose stormy history is without a parallel in the blood-stained annals of the West Indies.

No doubt it will come as a surprise to many to learn that Tobago is the isle on which poor Robinson dwelt with Man Friday, for Juan Fernandez has been so long associated with Defoe's hero that it is hard to separate the real from the unreal, to disentangle the fiction from the fact.

But if those who are skeptical will but refresh their memories and read again the story of Robinson Crusoe, all doubts will be dispelled.

Does not our boyhood's idol relate how he set sail from Brazil for Africa? Does he not state that his ship was blown off its course and, after an observation, he learned he was in "Latitude eleven degrees north, beyond the coast of Guiana, toward the River Oronoque"? Does he not tell how he strove to reach the "English Islands," but was wrecked on his desert isle? Is it then con-

ceivable that the ship was blown completely around Cape Horn to Juan Fernandez, or that the land on which he was wrecked could, by any stretch of the imagination, be other than one of the Lesser Antilles? And, admitting this, what island could it have been but Tobago, the only isle from whose hills the castaway could have peered forth across the muddy waters of the "Gulph of the Oro-noque," to which he refers, and see the faint outlines of the "Island of Trinidad," as stated in his story?

Unquestionably Alexander Selkirk was marooned on Juan Fernandez—such is an historical fact—but Defoe, in writing his immortal tale, founded on Selkirk's life, placed his fictitious hero on a much more suitable and promising spot.

The justice of Tobago's claim to be called "Cru-soe's Island" is unquestionable; the natives can even show you the cave wherein he dwelt and the imprint of Friday's feet in the rocks, and the visitor to the lovely isle will wonder why the castaway ever deserted it.

Surely one who was "Monarch of all he surveyed" on Tobago and "Whose right there was none to dispute" could ask for no fairer kingdom in which to rule and pass his days in peace, even though his subjects were but naked savages, wild goats, and bright-hued parrots.

Like its larger neighbor, Trinidad, the island of Tobago is merely a bit of the South American continent and with much the same fauna and flora; but here all resemblance ends.

Neither lofty nor massive is Tobago, its highest peak, Pigeon Hill, rising scarcely two thousand feet above the sea, and it can hardly be called mountainous as compared to the other islands. From its low, sandy southern coast it rises by degrees, through level and undulating plains and conical hills amid bowl-like valleys, to the forested mountain-ranges of the north, and through nearly every vale there flows a stream of sparkling crystal water.

Wonderfully varied and attractive is its coast line, with crescent sand beaches bordering sheltered coves; outlying verdure-draped rocky islets and wooded cays; surf-washed reefs, protecting secluded lagoons with arching trees above the placid waters, and precipitous headlands, guarding hidden, landlocked harbors within which, in days long past, lurked many a fierce pirate and bold sea-rover. Even the size of Tobago adds to its charm, for it is neither so large as to be overwhelming nor so small as to be insignificant, and yet so admirably proportioned is the island, on such an extensive scale has nature molded the landscape, that it gives one the impression of a miniature continent rather than an island.

Its greatest length is but twenty-six miles; its greatest width but eight miles, and much of its 73,000 acres is still virgin forest teeming with furred and feathered life. Everywhere wonderfully luxuriant vegetation covers the land from sea to mountain top, and everywhere the fertile soil yields bounteous crops of cocoa, rubber, fruits, and cotton, while along the coasts and on the lowlands are countless thousands of cocoa palms, vast groves of smooth gray trunks and softly clashing fronds, like a labyrinth of columns supporting a canopy of green and gold.

Upon the southern coast is the capital and only town of any size or importance,—the port of Scarborough. Nestling at the base of a hill 450 feet in height and which is crowned with the ruins of Fort King George, is the town, a place of some 3000 inhabitants and a wide-awake, prosperous, self-respecting little spot. The government buildings are the most prominent and interesting buildings in the town and there are several notable churches and many well-stocked stores, but Tobago's attractions are in the country and not in Scarborough.

With a delightful, healthy climate; outside the hurricane zone; with no lurking menace of a volcanic outburst or destructive earthquake; no swamps; no poisonous snakes; its magnificent scenery and its air of quiet, restful peace, Tobago should

be an ideal spot for a winter resort, once its attractions are known.

From end to end, from coast to coast, one may wander in Tobago with perfect safety and security, although the roads are none too good, and many a river must be forded in going from place to place.

Fought over for centuries by French, Spanish, British, Dutch, and Caribs, and often deserted for scores of years at a time, it is remarkable that the early settlers found time to do anything, save spill one another's blood. Surely they must have been a stout, hardy, energetic, persistent lot, for, between battles, they tilled the soil, built roads, constructed forts, and accomplished much. To-day one may find the ruins of their forts and buildings, their houses and their mills, overgrown with brush and creepers, and sections still remain of the paved highway which once spanned the island from shore to shore.

Strange and thrilling indeed would be the tales these ancient ruins could tell, for many a fierce and bloody conflict raged about them, but the crumbling stones and the rusting guns are silent, the deeds of cruelty and valor, which reddened Tobago's soil, are but memories of the past, and such names as Bloody Bay, Man-o'-War Bay, and Englishmen's Bay are all that remain to remind us of the island's turbulent history.

CHAPTER XIV

SANTO DOMINGO, THE HISTORIC

MANY a name has this island borne. To the simple Indians it was Haiti—the “High Land”; to the Spaniard it was Hispaniola; in later years it became Santo Domingo; and, torn by revolutions, drenched with blood, and divided between French and Spanish, the western third assumed its ancient name of Haiti, while the other two thirds was christened the Dominican Republic. Also has it been called the “Isle of Misrule” and “The Land of Revolutions,” while it is commonly referred to as “The Black Republic.”

But most appropriately may it be called “The Island where Time has Stood Still,” for the visitor to Santo Domingo finds a land redolent of the distant East, scenes unaltered through four hundred years and more, and surroundings contemporaneous with Columbus and the conquistadores. We may gaze seaward from the very spot whereon the great discoverer sat and watched his flagship beaten to pieces on the reefs; we may push aside the brush and vines and find the crumbling founda-

tions of the first European settlement on American soil; we may land upon the sandy shores of the self-same cove where the first European blood was shed in battle with the Indians; we may wander through streets whose identical pavements have rung to the tramp of mail-clad men led by Pizarro, Balboa, Cortez, De Soto, De Leon, and many a famed hidalgo, and we may still see their emblazoned arms carved in the enduring keystones of their fortress-like houses. We may stroll through the ruined aisles of the first university in the New World, where youth was taught the three "R's" a century and more ere the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock; we may see the very dungeon wherein Columbus was cast, a prisoner in chains, and we may kneel on the same worn flagging pressed by his knees at many a mass in the great cathedral where his bones still rest in their leaden casket. Truly is Santo Domingo the most historic spot in America, the cradle of European civilization in the New World, and the theater of the most awful massacres, the most atrocious cruelties, the most appalling acts of barbarism, inhumanity, hatred, revenge, and fiendish savagery the world has ever seen. Second largest of the West Indies, richest and most fertile of the Antilles, is Santo Domingo. Marvelously beautiful is its scenery, stupendous its mountains, vast its plains, wonderful its valleys. Through it flow immense rivers, within its borders

are lakes like inland seas, immeasurable forests clothe its surface, about its shores are islets larger than many of the Lesser Antilles, its peaks are the highest in the West Indies, and its streams literally flow through golden sands.

But with all its beauties, its resources, its riches, its historic interest, much of Santo Domingo is as primitive, as backward, as crude, as four centuries ago. Few indeed are the spots where the stranger may stop—even for a night—without inconveniences, discomforts, or even hardships. But fortunately this is not necessary; he who would visit Santo Domingo need not forego the pleasure and the interest for lack of accommodations, for the steamers of the Clyde West Indian Line visit every port of importance, they remain long enough in each to permit the passengers to see all the sights ashore, or even make railway journeys to inland towns, and the traveler who makes the round voyage is independent of life ashore and dwells in comfort and ease aboard ship.

Monte Christi, the first port of call, is a far from attractive spot, and, being situated in the most desolate and uninviting portion of the island, it is apt to convey a false and disappointing impression.

Directly from the water rises a lofty hill, its face sliced off in a precipice of glaring red and yellow; far in the distance rise massive mountain ranges, and at the foot of a broad, sloping, dead-

green plain are a few unpainted wooden huts, a warehouse or two of corrugated iron, and a long flimsy pier.

Surrounded by mud flats and mangrove swamps and infested by myriads of bloodthirsty mosquitoes, the port of Monte Christi is untenable for civilized white men and is scarcely more than a landing place inhabited by a few negroes and colored laborers. From the port a carriage road and a mule tramway line run back to the hills and here, on the higher land, is the town proper. But, aside from the fact that it is the outlet of the vast and fertile Yaqui Valley and the breeding place of most of the revolutions which have swept the republic like epidemics and with amazing frequency, Monte Christi is of little importance, and of less interest. Eastward from this forlorn spot the aspect of the island rapidly changes. Soon the barren dun hills give place to slopes rich with verdure, luxuriant forests grow to the very shores, and huge green-clad mountains tower, in range after range, as far as eye can see.

Wooded headlands and deep jungle-bordered coves are passed in endless succession, and on the shores of one of these bays Columbus founded Isabella, the first European city in the New World. To-day only a few stones, hidden in the brush, a crumbling wall, and a commemorative pillar mark the site of this historic spot.

Fifty miles east of here towers the perfect symmetrical cone of Isabella la Torre, and at its base, upon a jutting hilly peninsula, lies the town of Puerto Plata. Hard would it be to find a prettier sight than Puerto Plata viewed from the sea. Up from the shores of the semicircular bay stretches the town, its red roofs gleaming 'mid myriads of palms, like poppies in a field of grain; to the left, the mellow pink and yellow-tinted antique fort upon the headland, and to the right, the crescent sweep of green mountains overtopped by the stupendous cone whose cloud-veiled summit, three thousand feet above the sea, no human foot has ever trod.

From the shore a long iron pier extends into the bay, and so shallow is the water that, to load and unload the lighters, the teams are driven far into the sea, where, with the water washing about the horses' hips and the bottoms of the carts, the boxes, bales, and barrels are transferred from the cargo craft to the vehicles. Puerto Plata is neat, well kept, and with straight, fairly wide, smooth streets, and is so brilliant with color, so plentifully sprinkled with palms and verdure, so well supplied with electric lights, and so bright and shining that one's preconceived ideas of Santo Domingo are dropped like a cast-off garment as soon as one steps ashore.

Few of the buildings are pretentious, but there are two large club-houses, one or two good hotels,—as

hotels go in the tropics,—some fine churches, a number of beautiful residences, and a very attractive plaza, surrounded by palms and shade trees, and the government buildings. There is also a large, well-conducted military hospital, to the efficiency of which the author can testify, as he spent over two months therein.

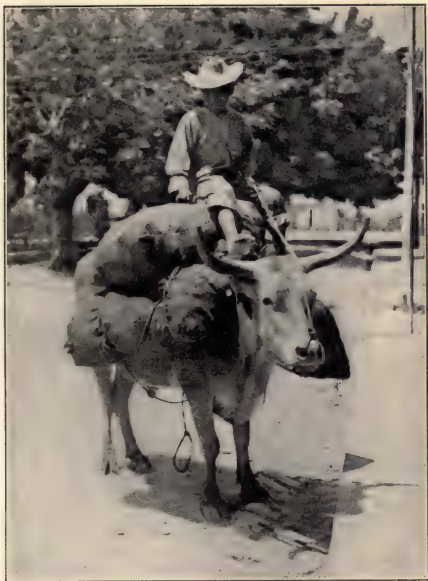
About Puerto Plata there are many charming drives into the outlying districts, and here one sees, for the first time, the riding bulls which are a distinctive feature of the island. Long-legged, swift, and sure of foot, and bred especially for use as saddle animals, these cattle are very different from our own slow-plodding oxen, and throughout the republic they are in universal use. It seems strange indeed to see a tiny boy, a woman or a young girl astride a huge needle-pointed, long-horned bull and trotting through city streets or along a country road, but the creatures are gentle and easily "steered" by a single rein attached to a ring in the nose, and while their gait is uncomfortably jolty at first, one soon becomes accustomed to it and finds the bulls as easy riding as any equine mount.

But, as road destroyers, the riding bulls of Santo Domingo surpass the most ponderous motor trucks. Even at their best the country roads of the island are scarce worthy of the name, and when it rains they are transformed into veritable streams of

mud. As the bulls have a peculiar habit of stepping in one another's tracks,—like Indians following a trail,—the depressions in the roads soon become deep mud holes and, when the rain ceases, and the earth dries, the highways become an endless succession of transverse hills and hollows baked as hard as concrete by the sun. From hole to hole the bulls, horses, and mules leap like gigantic rabbits across the intervening ridges, each passing animal adding a little to the depth of the three-foot gullies, until the "highways" look like battlefields in which opposing armies had intrenched themselves. And this is no exaggeration, no fanciful description of the interior thoroughfares of the Dominican Republic. No words could convey an adequate idea of their condition; they have been used, worn, and neglected for four hundred years and are abominable beyond description.

Having traversed them, one no longer wonders why this marvelously rich land is undeveloped, neglected, and much of it absolutely uninhabited and unknown. Until the country is provided with roads over which it is possible to transport goods, it will remain in its present backward state, for the lack of transportation facilities is even more inimical to its progress than the revolutions.

The forests are filled with mahogany, lancewood, cedar, satinwood, *lignum vitæ*, and other valuable timbers; vast groves of long-leaved pine cover the



A RIDING BULL, SAN DOMINGO

interior hills for hundreds of miles and mineral riches abound, while every tropical- and many temperate-zone products grow luxuriantly. But it is hopeless to endeavor to exploit such resources, useless to ask capital to invest, when, to haul a mahogany log to the coast costs more than a dozen logs are worth; when, to get out pine lumber entails a greater expense than to import such materials from the States; when the entire revenue of a gold mine would be required to provide haulage to a copper mine.

In some districts much has been done to overcome this deplorable condition, and from Puerto Plata a railway is in operation across the mountains to Santiago de los Caballeros. Indeed Puerto Plata's chief importance lies in the fact that it is the seaward terminal of this railroad, which taps the vast fertile Cibao district of the high interior tableland. And a truly remarkable railway it is, although but forty-two miles in length, for in the first fifteen miles it climbs a mountain range two thousand feet in height by grades so steep that four locomotives and rack and pinion are required to make the ascent. Even then the mountain still towers high above, and through it the railway makes its way by a tunnel nearly one thousand feet in length, to come forth, on the farther side of the range, on almost level land. Many years and a vast amount of labor and

capital were expended in the construction of this road, which was commenced in 1893 and was not completed until 1897, during which time it changed hands several times, with the result that it is a sort of international road, the capital having been furnished by the Dutch, most of the construction being done by Belgians, the bridges built by British, and the rolling stock made in the United States, and, to complete its cosmopolitan make-up, it is owned by the Dominicans and operated by Americans.

Santiago, the inland terminus of this railway, is an interesting and important town in the center of the coffee and tobacco district and, with the exception of the capital, is the largest city in the republic, with a population of about forty-five thousand. Originally founded in 1504, by thirty Spanish gentlemen of noble birth, or "caballeros," from which fact the city took its name by special permission of the king, Santiago has undergone many vicissitudes in its four centuries of existence. Sacked by pirates, fired by revolutionists, and the storm center of innumerable battles, yet it still remains a prosperous, wealthy, dignified old town. Many of its inhabitants are far from being "caballeros" to-day, yet there are few of its leading families who cannot trace their ancestry in unbroken line from the proud hidalgo founders of the city, and in many a Santiago home are the Toledo blades, the damascened armor, and other

warlike accouterments of forbears who sailed with Columbus in his caravels.

Moreover, Santiago is a "white town," and while many of its people are suspiciously brown yet there is no hint of the "black republic." But, for that matter, this term, as applied to the Spanish portion of Santo Domingo, is a misnomer due to ignorance, for, unlike Haiti,—which is black beyond words in morals, history, and color of its people,—the Dominican Republic is not even overwhelmingly colored and, save in its coast towns, negroes are in the minority and a large percentage of its people are of purest Castilian blood.

A wonderful eye for beauty and health did those thirty long-dead Spanish gentlemen possess, for they builded their city upon a high bluff overlooking the broad Yaqui River, in a spot blessed with a healthy, delightful climate of everlasting spring. Within its confines are three fine churches, a great cathedral, a beautiful plaza, the governor's and municipal palaces, an institute, and innumerable massive, imposing residences, many of which have remained unaltered for four hundred years.

All about Santiago gold occurs, and many of the natives make an easy livelihood by washing out dust and nuggets from the streams.

It was in this neighborhood that the Spaniards first found gold in quantities. Thinking they had discovered the long-sought, fabulous district

of Cibao, the town of Santo Tomas was founded by Columbus in 1494; and the Dons flocked to the new land of promise by hundreds.

Many a vast fortune was made from the Cibao's golden sands, and for many years a steady stream of treasure flowed from Hispaniola into the coffers of Spain. But to-day Santo Tomas is almost forgotten,—an unimportant little town,—no extensive mining operations are carried on, and yet the treasure is still there and, even by crude, sporadic, native methods, over six million dollars' worth of gold is annually taken from the Cibao district.

A short distance from Santiago, and connected by railway, is the town of Moca, a city of thirty thousand inhabitants and a "white town," with the majority of its inhabitants of pure Castilian descent, a spot famous for its coffee but otherwise of no great interest.

Beyond Puerto Plata an almost unbroken expanse of forest-covered mountains stretches to the tip of Cape Cabras, and, rounding this, the ship enters magnificent Samana Bay, perhaps the loveliest body of water in all the world.

Blue as the azure sky above, the placid lake-like bay stretches into the heart of the land till lost in the haze of distance. Thirty miles in length and ten miles in width is this great landlocked estuary, dotted with wooded islets, bordered on the north

by lofty mountains rich with forests, and on the south by low rolling land sweeping in vast plains and conical hills to the southern coast of the island. Sheltered from the winds, protected from the waves, and deep enough for the largest ships, Samana Bay affords a secure harbor wherein all the navies of the world might lie in safety, an unequaled spot for a rendezvous and coaling station, a place of great strategic value and which our Government once considered purchasing.

Soon after entering the bay, a tiny cove on the northern shore is passed, a wild, deserted, jungle-hidden spot, but famous in the annals of history, for here a landing party, sent by Columbus, was attacked by Indians and the first battle between armed Europeans and naked savages occurred. Gulfo de las Flechas (Bay of the Arrows) it is called, in memory of this trifling skirmish which sealed the doom of the aborigines of the Antilles.

Opposite this little bay, and several miles from shore, an emerald islet breaks the surface of the bay: a daintily pretty spot, some three miles long and a mile wide, rising from snowy coral beaches to wooded hills. Cayo Levantado is its name, and it is a wonderfully interesting place for those in whose veins runs a love for romance and tales of buccaneers and buried treasure, for here the pirates built a stronghold,—all but impregnable,—from which they defied Spain, France, and Britain alike.

To-day, amid the overwhelming vegetation, one may still see the ruined houses, water tanks, and forts, all hewn from the solid living rock, but now deserted, save by the clumsy pelicans which swarm by thousands on the islet and rear their young in peace upon the silent shores that once echoed to the shouts of roistering freebooters, the maudlin songs of drunken pirates, and the noise of debauchery and unbridled license.

From the loopholes, chiseled by prisoners under the sting of the lash, trail flowering vines; great forest trees have sprung from the crevices and in their growth have riven asunder the walls that laughed at shot and shell; the roofless houses, where the pirates once made merry and gamed away their blood-stained loot, are filled with rotting leaves and fallen limbs, and the cisterns, from which the bold sea-rovers filled their water casks, are choked with mold and great gnarled roots.

Who can say what treasures may not lie hidden in the islet's soil? Many a chest of golden doubloons and silver "pieces of eight" has been landed on that snowy strip of sand, many a bale of shimmering silk and cloth of gold has been torn open and slashed in pieces with blood-stained cutlasses, to deck ruffianly crews. There, in the shade of the sea-grape trees, many a black-hearted fiend has quaffed priceless wines in jeweled chalices from desecrated altars; up through the

branches of the very trees, that still rear their green heights above the isle, have rung the screams of ravished women and tortured men, and lazily swinging to their moorings off the beach have floated fleets of high-pooped ships with sides bristling with guns, while from their lofty slender spars the Jolly Roger fluttered in the breeze

Ten miles from the entrance to the bay lies Santa Barbara de Samana, a charmingly situated town on the shores of a landlocked harbor and at the base of lofty hills densely clothed with fruit orchards, cocoa groves, and gardens.

Samana has been Spanish, French, Haitien, American, and Dominican in turn, and at one period of its existence was even an independent republic of diminutive proportions, and the inhabitants speak patois French and English as well as Spanish. Indeed a large proportion can claim English as their mother tongue, for they are descendants of colored folk from the United States, who were brought out as laborers when Samana was leased to an American company many years ago.

The San Juan Valley, a few miles inland from the town, is settled principally by these people who are by far the most diligent workers and the best agriculturists on the island. They are a prosperous, contented lot and still retain many of the customs and manners of their forefathers, and state

proudly that they are of "Yankee abstraction," while still funnier is their habit of referring to their riding bulls as "bicycles."

Everywhere about the shores of Samana are immense cocoanut groves and millions of the nuts are shipped, but the most important crop is cocoa, while large quantities of fruits and vegetables are grown for the local markets and the visiting steamships, the Samana navel oranges and the huge pineapples, often weighing twenty to twenty-five pounds, being famous throughout the republic.

There are no large or impressive buildings in the town, the streets are mainly narrow, rough, and merely byways, and the majority of the houses are wooden shacks, but Samana can boast of several important industries and possesses match and soap factories, a chocolate factory, etc.

On the whole, however, it is of little interest, for it is of comparatively recent origin, as is Sanchez, the next port of call, sixteen miles from Samana, at the head of the bay.

Sanchez is a curious, ragged little town whose only excuse for existing is that it is the tide-water terminus of the Samana-La Vega Railway. It is built upon two hills,—if the term "built" can be applied to a place that appears to have been dropped, like a handful of seeds, from above and whose houses look as if they had found root

and had sprouted wherever they chanced to land among the weeds and neglected vegetation.

A few houses—the residences of wealthy merchants and railway officials—are neat, well painted, and surrounded with attractive grounds; there is a large bare church and a club-house on the hilltop, and near the docks are numerous enormous warehouses, large stores, and extensive machine shops, as well as an immense customs-house and a fine steel wharf. But outside of these, Sanchez is a misdemeanor and its streets are a felony, for they are as crooked, steep, rough, and stony as the bed of a mountain torrent, and in rainy weather rivers of mud, and it rains most of the time in Sanchez. Before the advent of the railway, Sanchez was called *Las Cañitas*, which means “The Little Creeks,” and any one who has essayed to traverse the streets after a rain will agree that the town was most appropriately named. Most of the houses are ramshackle, down-at-the-heels, out-at-elbows hovels, unpainted, weather-beaten, and propped up on stilt-like posts to keep them from sinking out of sight in the muck, for drainage and sanitation are unheard-of luxuries and many of the “grounds” are filthy morasses in which only the pigs feel at home. In short, Sanchez exactly fulfills the popular idea of a town in Santo Domingo and which, by every right, belongs across the border in Haiti.

But despite their slipshod, miserable apology of a town the people of Sanchez are a hospitable, pleasant, well-to-do lot. Many of the merchants are very wealthy, many of their children have been educated in Europe or the United States, and their houses are luxuriously provided with the most expensive cabinet work, the costliest pianos, and the most lavish furnishings that money can buy, while the women of the Sanchez "four hundred" wear the latest Parisian gowns, the most ultra modes in millinery, and jewels worth fortunes. Strange and incongruous as such things appear to the northerner, it is typical of Latin America, for to the man of Spanish blood his home is literally his castle—a community, a miniature kingdom in itself. To its fastnesses he and his family retire as to a stronghold, and what takes place outside his walls, what the character of the surroundings, or who his neighbors, are matters which do not concern him in the least and which trouble him not at all.

The railway from Sanchez to La Vega, albeit but sixty miles in length, cost an enormous sum, and is poorly built and miserably equipped and operated, but it carries an immense amount of freight and many passengers and is of great importance, as it affords the only outlet for a vast area which otherwise would be almost completely cut off from the outside world.

As the trains rarely exceed a speed of eight miles

an hour—with the exception of the “special express” trains which at times travel at the terrific rate of fifteen miles—and as stops of an indefinite time are made at every little village, estate, or collection of huts, the railway affords the visitor a splendid opportunity to view the country through which it passes.

And it is most truly an interesting and worthwhile journey, its only drawback being that one is compelled to spend a night in La Vega, which—unless one is inured to hardships and the rough and seamy side of life or is prepared to forego all comforts, luxuries, and many necessities—is a fearsome thing to do, for La Vega’s accommodations for the stranger within its gates are primitive in the extreme.

Close to Sanchez, the Bay of Samana culminates in a vast mangrove swamp, stretching across to the mouth of the Colorado River and covering an area of over one hundred square miles, and within the impassable, impenetrable security of this swamp thousands of herons, egrets, ibises, flamingos, and other wild fowl find a safe refuge. For the first nine or ten miles after leaving Sanchez the railway crosses this swamp and then crawls forth onto rolling, grassy savanna land varied by groves of cocoa, islands of forest, and clumps of brush, and cut by streams and rivers until it reminds one of a jig-saw puzzle.

As the train proceeds, the patches of woods become more scattered, great solitary trees tower above the grassy prairies, and, far ahead, the interior mountain ranges may be seen upon the horizon.

This is the grazing country, and everywhere are herds of cattle and droves of horses, upon whose backs perch sleek, dignified-looking blue and white herons busily gobbling the ticks and flies attracted to their mounts.

Wider and wider become the prairies, fewer are the hills and hollows until, on every hand, a vast smooth sea of green stretches as far as eye can see, lush as a New England meadow, dotted with countless royal palms, and with here and there the glint of flowing water shaded by gigantic, scarlet-flowered trees. It is the Vega Real—the Royal Plain—an enormous interior valley over one hundred miles in length and fifty miles in width and fertile beyond belief. One might search the world and not find a more beautiful and promising spot for the agriculturist or colonist, or a lovelier place in which to dwell. Marvelously rich, plentifully watered, with a temperate climate, in which potatoes, wheat, corn, and many other northern vegetables and fruits grow to perfection, covered with luxuriant grass and capable of supporting an immense population, yet this huge upland plain is deserted and neglected,—a veritable waste. Here and there a tiny hut stands in a little patch of culti-

vated land; a few scattered knots of cattle and horses may be seen grazing knee-deep in the herbage, and a lonely estancia or two stand out against the green, but otherwise the land is as void of life and industry as a desert.

At frequent intervals, as the train rattles lazily inland from the coast, it draws up at wayside stations,—mostly straggling, sun-baked clusters of one-story houses, with a corrugated iron, box-like ticket and telegraph office, a big scale for weighing cocoa, and dark stores, whose chief stock in trade is a marvelous assortment of liquors, and black, ebony-like sticks of the native perique tobacco.

But every station—no matter how small, how isolated or God-forsaken—swarms with country folk, every man or boy carrying one or more fighting cocks under his arms. Cockfighting is the national pastime, and, as at a moment's notice a main may be in order, each male Dominican who can buy, borrow, or steal a rooster, goes about in readiness to pit his feathered champion against all comers. As differences of opinion are liable to arise and one never knows when some new aspirant for political fame or martial glory may sound the call to arms, the Dominicans deem it but wisdom to be ever ready for any emergency which may arise.

Surely, if preparedness spelled peace and pros-

perity, Santo Domingo would be the most peaceful and prosperous of lands, for the natives are ardent believers in the popular slogan and carry their convictions to extremes. Many a man is seen with two machetes,—one the ordinary type, the other a long, keen-edged, scimitar-like weapon slung in sheath from the shoulder,—a heavy revolver, a wicked, dagger-like knife, and, for good measure, a rifle or shotgun. And, in a way, the truth of the preparedness creed is demonstrated, for, despite the fact that most Dominicans are walking arsenals, yet fights and shooting and stabbing affrays are far from common. Whether this is due to the fact that it is no light matter to go about with a chip on one's shoulder when everyone is equally prepared for a fracas, whether it is because arms and ammunition are so costly that the people cannot afford to waste them without good reason, or whether the Dominicans are naturally of a peace-loving disposition, I cannot say.

Whatever the reason, most of the blood-letting is confined to the sporadic revolutions, and even these seem more in the nature of games, for relieving the tedium of uneventful lives, than serious conflicts. There appears to be little or no real animosity between the opposing factors, and I have seen two men—who were “sniping” at one another from the protection of trees on either side of a highway—lay aside their arms, wave white

rag of truce and, advancing to a "neutral zone" in the center of the road, smoke a cigarette of peace, chat for a few moments, and then resume their pot-shooting as nonchalantly as possible. Eventually, their ammunition having been exhausted without scoring bull's-eyes on either side, the two warriors slouched off in the direction of the nearest rum shop, apparently on the best of terms. During the height of battle it is not unusual for the opposing "armies" to lay aside all differences and pose for a photographer and after the picture is taken resume hostilities.

As a rule, the loss of life during an insurrection is very small, as compared to the number of combatants and the amount of powder burned, for although the Dominicans fight viciously and with conspicuous bravery at times, yet they are excrable shots and miserably drilled and equipped. But for all their comic-opera attributes the revolutions have been the curse of the island and have kept it where it is to-day. Now that our own government supervises the elections, supports the legally appointed authorities, suppresses the revolts, and disarms the natives of the republic, it is to be hoped that insurrections are a thing of the past and that the Dominicans will devote more of their time to the arts of peace and give less attention to war.

When the inhabitants of the island discard their

guns and take up the hoe, when they learn to handle the machete as an agricultural implement with the same dexterity as they now wield it as a sword, then, and not till then, will dawn an era of prosperity and progress which will lift Santo Domingo to the place it merits.

At the edge of the Vega Real, where the great plain joins the foothills, is La Vega. Behind it rise ranges dark with vast forests of long-leaved pine and at its feet flows the broad and winding Camu River. It is a lovely situation, with a cool and healthy climate, for the town is three hundred feet above the sea, but La Vega, for all its natural advantages, is neither pleasant nor healthy. It is miserably neglected, its wide straight streets are rough, full of holes and litter; many of its houses are tumbling about their occupants' ears, and cleanliness and sanitation are conspicuous by their absence. The surroundings of many of the buildings in the poorer sections of the city are unspeakably filthy, and as the river serves for a laundry, a sewer for the slaughter house, a dumping place for slops and garbage, and a source of drinking water for the people, it is not at all surprising that La Vega suffers from fearful epidemics of typhoid.

The pretty little plaza, with its fine public buildings and immense cathedral out of all proportion to the number of inhabitants (about 5000),

is the redeeming feature of the place, but there are also many large and handsome residences, a very picturesque city gate, some creditable monuments and statues, a boys' college, and several sawmills. On the whole, however, there is little enough to attract the visitor to La Vega, although near at hand are some most interesting and historic spots.

The most important of these is the original settlement of La Vega, known as La Vega la Vieja, and which was founded by Columbus in 1495. It soon became an important and thriving town, but was destroyed by an earthquake in 1564 and was deserted for the present town site. To-day, crumbling ruins mark the ancient town, and here the visitor may dig up old coins, bits of armor and Toledo blades, in fact, "mining" these old Spanish swords is quite an industry among the "paisanos" or country folk, and the ancient weapons, which helped carve the glory of Old Spain, are often seen doing duty as machetes in the hands of the Dominicans.

About two miles from the deserted old settlement, and about six miles from the present town of La Vega, stands the Santo Cerro or Holy Hill, a spot greatly revered by the natives on account of a miracle which is reputed to have taken place in 1494.

It was on the summit of the hill, which rises

six hundred feet above the plain, that Columbus sat at ease beneath a spreading sapodilla tree and watched his mail-clad Spaniards butcher the helpless Indians while, to vary the spectacle, huge bloodhounds were set upon the natives and with blood-dripping teeth tore naked savages to pieces. With their customary habit, of giving all credit for their inhuman victories to an over-patient God, Columbus and his companions erected a cross upon the hill to commemorate the slaughter wrought, and also as a reminder to the aborigines of the power of the Christian faith.

No sooner were the Spaniards safely out of sight and peace once more settled down upon the blood-drenched plain than the remnant of the Indians hurried towards the cross to destroy and revile it. And little can they be blamed, for to them the cross was but the sign of slavery, torture, fire, and sword, and good grounds had they to hate the emblem of Christianity.

But, as the persecuted natives came near the summit of the hill, a female figure descended from the skies and stood upon the arms of the great cross. Thinking, no doubt, that the apparition was but another of their white murderers, the Indians shot arrows and hurled stones. To their amazement, the calm figure remained undisturbed by the missiles passing through her body, and then, as it dawned upon them that 'twas no flesh and

blood which stood before them, but a celestial visitor, the savages fell upon the earth in adoration. To-day a fragment of the cross lies enshrined in the great cathedral of the capital, while upon the spot where it once stood a church has been erected, to which the faithful make pilgrimages from many leagues around, often climbing from base to summit of the hill on hands and knees.

Even without the romantic, historic incident of the cross, a visit to the famous spot is well repaid by the view from the summit of the hill.

From here one looks forth upon the richest portion of the great Royal Plain, a vast carpet of green, cut by the silvery threads of winding rivers, dotted with tiny huts and gardens of plantains and bananas, broken by groves of cocoa and coffee, fields of maize and tobacco, orchards of fruit trees and countless royal palms, while everywhere the scarlet, flamboyant trees blaze, like flaming pyres, against the sea of verdure, which stretches, north, southeast, and west, illimitable, magnificent, beautiful as a dream, to the blue and shimmering mountain ranges.

Southward from Samana Bay, around Engano Point,—with Mona rising bare and forbidding against the filmy, cloud-like wraiths of Porto Rico's mountains,—the ship steams from Sanchez to Macoris.

Macoris—or more properly, San Pedro de

Macoris, to avoid confusion with San Francisco de Macoris, an interior town on the La Vega railway—is an important port in the midst of the rich sugar district of the island.

The town is several miles from the sea on the Higuano River, and here the ships moor to commodious, well-built docks over which the sugar from the estates is hauled to the vessels' sides on narrow-gauge steam railways. Macoris is a flourishing city built on land as level as a floor, and, in every direction, there is little to be seen save the flat *llanuras* covered with cane and above which tower the tall chimneys of the big sugar mills. The town is well kept, progressive, and has a neat, self-respecting appearance, in pleasant contrast to Sanchez and La Vega, but it is very hot, dry, and dusty.

The streets are wide and smooth, the houses are, as a rule, well built, and the little puffing locomotives hauling long trains of laden cars, the tugs towing the big lighters up and down the river, and the steam dredges and the extensive docks lined with huge warehouses, give the place a very busy, bustling appearance.

The observant visitor to Santo Domingo cannot fail to be attracted by the great numbers of royal palms that are seen everywhere. Highly ornamental, with their great dark-green crowns supported on ivory-white trunks, these palms give

an intensely tropical touch to the landscape and are, perhaps, the most stately of trees. But they are even more useful than ornamental and to the natives serve almost as many purposes as the reindeer to the Laplander. The tender heart of the buds is delicious, either cooked or eaten raw like salad, and is known as "palm cabbage" throughout the West Indies. The dried sheets, stripped from the outer portion of the bud, are known as "Yagua," which is used in making bales for tobacco and other products and also as shingles and clapboards for houses. The leaves also make excellent thatch, as well as bedding and window shutters, and the trunks are split into boards. It is not uncommon to see many houses, even entire villages, which are built wholly from the royal palms without a single nail being used in their construction.

Westward from Macoris about forty miles is the capital,—historic, ancient Santo Domingo City,—the oldest existing European city in America. At the mouth of the Ozama River, upon a high rocky bluff, stands the Homenaje, a great stone fortress, with its Moorish tower looming high above all else, and its dull-red walls seeming to form a portion of the cliff on which they rest and whose jagged angles and every fissure they follow. Like a grim-visaged, red-faced, battle-scarred old campaigner it stands above the narrow river mouth and, to one looking

upon it for the first time, it seems unreal, a vision of the past, as much out of place in our modern world as a helmeted halberdier amid a company of khaki-clad soldiery armed with magazine rifles. But it is thoroughly in keeping with the town over which it has stood guard for four long centuries and more.

Within its windowless tower tradition has it that Columbus was imprisoned, but history proves otherwise, for the great navigator languished in chains in Santo Domingo in 1500, nine years before the Homenaje was built, and he was confined in a smaller fortress on the opposite bank of the river. To-day, only ruins mark the spot of the original settlement and the prison of Columbus, which, erected in 1496 by Bartholomew Columbus, was abandoned after being partially destroyed by a hurricane in 1502.

Slowly the ship steams between the two ancient historic piles—the shores so close one could toss a stone onto dry land on either side—and enters the broader river beyond, where, stretching for a mile or more along the bank, is the most famous city of old new Spain.

And as one gazes shoreward as the ship moors to the docks beside the new and modern customs-house, centuries seem to have rolled back to reveal a scene out of the dim, forgotten past.

Rounded domes of ancient type, quaint masonry

cupolas, slender towers, and tiled roofs rise against the sky above the city wall. Pink, yellow, and blue houses crowd every space, some with overhanging balconies, terraced sides, and loopholed battlements about their roofs, and some with water-gates, and all mellowed, softened, ripened with four hundred years of blazing tropic sun and drenching tropic rains.

To some the town gives the impression of decay, dilapidation, even squalor, and it has been described as a "city out at elbows and whose chief thoroughfare is a way of ruts, pits, and trenches inlaid with rubbish and proclaiming the last scenes of the 'Rake's Progress.'"

But this is an exaggeration, the pessimistic view of one who must have seen the city after a siege of seasickness or during a severe attack of indigestion. He who looks for the picturesque and ancient, the romance of the past and scenes linked with the conquest of the New World, will find this "proud and goodly-built city" so full of charm, of interest, and of wonders that its failures, its shortcomings, and its faults will be forgotten, overlooked, unnoticed.

There is no denying that the city is far from clean, that many a one-time water gate and loopholed terrace are now but dumps for garbage; that many a mosaic-paved, colonnaded patio serves as a lumber yard or stable; that massive doors,

thick studded with great bronze nails and ornate hinges, are placarded with handbills; that tiny shacks and miserable hovels lean drunkenly against walls from whose summit the soldiers of Castile strove to beat back the hordes of Drake and Morgan, and that within roofless cloisters are herded horses, goats, and cattle. But we should not judge the Dominicans too harshly for their neglect and their disregard of priceless ruins of past magnificence and grandeur. Familiarity breeds contempt; to those who have been born and reared for generations amid such scenes they are of little interest and no value, and in our own colony of Porto Rico wonderful ruins have been sacrificed with utter disregard of their historic value. City walls have been torn down to give way to trolley tracks, vaulted underground passages have been filled in to provide public dumping grounds, ancient lantern-like sentry boxes have been torn ruthlessly from their bastions and thrown into rubbish heaps, while the battle-scarred, wonderful San Juan gate is an eyesore with patent-medicine advertisement and announcements of motion-picture shows.

And now to return to Santo Domingo. Directly above the docks stands an immense black ruin, a structure with the form of a palace and the solidity of a fortress, and in its time it served the dual purpose of both. This is the House of Columbus, the one time residence of the Admiral's son, Diego,



THE GATE IN CITY WALL, SAN DOMINGO



HOMENAJE TOWER, SAN DOMINGO

who, as viceroy of the island, builded his house on such massive lines and fortified it so strongly with parapets, culverins, and cannon that the King of Spain became alarmed and commanded the viceroy to set sail for Spain forthwith to explain his actions.

To the right, and near the water's edge, a seamed, gnarled, half-dead old ceiba tree struggles to keep green its few remaining branches. It is a disreputable old tree of gigantic girth, but revered by the people, for to it, so tradition says, were moored the caravels of Christopher Columbus. Whether or not the hawsers of the Admiral's ships were ever made fast to this identical tree may never be definitely established, but the ceiba is surely old enough to have served such a purpose, and there is no valid reason to doubt the tale.

Near it is an enormous stone cistern, the Columbus Well, which has served as a water tank for four hundred years at least, and which, if not actually associated with the discoverer of America, was there when he passed to and from the docks, and no doubt his men filled their casks from it in preparation for the long voyage back to Spain from this wonderful land of Hispaniola.

Up from the docks a steeply sloping street leads to the huge arched gateway in the city wall,—the same massive wall, twenty feet or more in thickness and which completely encircles the city,—

which defended the town from its foes for centuries. The gaping wounds upon its perpendicular face, the rents in its coping, the cracks and shattered stones, now half-veiled by creepers and vines, may have been made by the shot and shell of Drake, of Hawkins, or of Morgan, for many a cannonading, many an assault has it withstood, and still it stands, as defiant, as complete, as strong, as when first erected near half a thousand years ago.

And as we approach the gateway and pass beneath the arms of Castile and Leon, carved in the keystone, we half expect a mail-clad sentinel to step from the shadow of the arch and bar our way with pike or halberd. But the only sentry is a sleepy colored lad, clad in blue denim, his obsolete carbine leaning against the wall behind him, a machete across his lap, and with drooping cigarette between his lips, who is snoring in the shade and dreaming blissfully of winning a prize in the next drawing of the lottery.

Beyond the gate we pass between the ruined walls of the Columbus Palace on the right and the huge, white, modern government buildings,—glaringly contrasting with the time-softened Moorish citadel beyond,—and through a well-paved street reach the Plaza Colon.

Here, in the center of a little park filled with flowering shrubs, trees, and palms, is a splendid

bronze statue of Columbus, with outstretched arm ever pointing westward; but somewhat marred and rendered theatrical by the figure of a nude Indian maiden in the attitude of inscribing a tablet laudatory of the discoverer. As the female figure is supposed to represent Queen Anacaona, who was treacherously hanged by Governor Ovando and whose helpless subjects were ruthlessly butchered by thousands, it is difficult to imagine why she should express any sentiments, other than undying hatred, towards him who brought the ruthless Spaniards to her fair and peaceful land.

About two sides of the plaza are busy stores and balconied residences, which seem transplanted bodily from Mediterranean shores; on the third side stand the really splendid Congressional buildings, and on the fourth, directly behind the statue, are the massive walls, the tiled roofs, and the enormous dome of the great cathedral.

An entire square and more it covers, rambling, more like a fortress than a place of worship, and bearing the unmistakable imprint of great age in every line and time-blackened stone of its structure.

Commenced in 1514 and completed in 1540, the cathedral is by no means the oldest building in Santo Domingo, but it is by far the most interesting and the most historic, for within its dim interior repose the mortal remains of Columbus.

Space forbids a detailed discussion of the wanderings of the admiral's bones, from the time the great Genoese passed away in Valladolid, Spain, until they found a last resting-place within the cathedral in the land he loved so well. That the supposed remains removed to Havana in 1765, and later taken to Spain when the Spaniards evacuated Cuba, were those of Diego Columbus and not of his father, is a well conceded fact, and the authenticity of the Santo Domingo bones has been satisfactorily established by the researches of the Italian Government as well as our own. Guarded by two couchant lions, surmounted by a magnificent monument of Italian marble and within an ornamental urn, is the leaden casket, with its inscription in quaint old Spanish: "Discoverer of America, First Admiral and Illustrious and Famous Don Christobal Colon." But without the monumental tomb, without the ashes of him who "gave unto Castile and Leon a New World," the cathedral would be vastly interesting, for it is a thing of medieval days, a structure such as will never be built again, a relic of the days when the Church was the mightiest power in the world. Within its confines might be housed the population of a small city, for it is a building so vast that beneath its groined roof are more than a dozen chapels, in each of which Mass might be held at one and the same time without disturbing the other worshippers.



TOMB OF COLUMBUS, SAN DOMINGO

A day might well be spent within the cathedral, for there is much to see and it is a veritable treasure house of old Spanish art, priceless jeweled ornaments of solid gold, wonderful carvings and paintings by the old masters. The high altar is faced with sheets of beaten silver from the island's mines and is decorated with gold. There is a famous "Door of Pardon," wherein the fleeing criminal, who reaches the portal, may claim safety and a pardon. In the Capilla Alta Gracia rest the bones of Oviedo, the greatest historian of Spanish conquest in America. There are paintings presented to the cathedral by Ferdinand and Isabella, and brought over seas by Columbus, and paintings by Velasquez, as well as a *Virgin* by Murillo. In the Chapel of San Francisco there is a huge cross of mahogany, nine feet in height and rudely hewn, the first cross erected on the site of the cathedral and bearing date of 1519. Peace reigns within the dim aisles of the cathedral to-day, but time was when the tiled floors were crowded with grave-faced men, weeping women, and frightened children, when the cries of infants, the wails of women, and the groans of wounded men drowned the prayers of priests and the chant of friars; when the narrow windows were reddened with the glare of flames as Drake and his buccaneers pillaged, sacked, and burned the town. Experts at destruction that they were, yet the English invaders found old Santo

Domingo a difficult nut to crack. They took it by a clever ruse, it is true, they killed, robbed, looted, and destroyed to their hearts' content, but they made but little impression on the town as a whole. Heaven alone knows what priceless paintings, what marvelous works of art, what wonderful furnishings they destroyed for the mere wanton pleasure of destruction. Their chronicler, Thomas Cates, mentions the richness of the furniture, the number of the paintings, and the luxuriance of hangings and tapestries that helped to feed the flames, but he also adds that "the houses being very magnificently built of stone gave us no small travail to ruin them," and he owns, with deep regret, that, despite the raiders' most diligent attempts, less than one third of the town was destroyed. Convinced that to hold the place would be hopeless, and no doubt fearing to be caught, like a rat in a trap, by the arrival of the Spanish fleet, Drake at last agreed to accept a ransom and leave the town in peace. With twenty-five thousand ducats (about \$35,000) in his pockets the venturesome Englishman sailed away to more promising fields, but he left behind a memento of his visit, a cannon ball in the roof of the cathedral, which still remains there to this day.

The oldest church in Santo Domingo is San Nicolas, built in 1508 and founded by no less a personage than bloody old Governor Ovando, who

hanged the Indian Queen Anacaona and put untold thousands of the Indians to torture and the sword. Unlike many of his contemporaries, this ill-tempered old hidalgo made no pretense of maltreating the aborigines for Christianity's sake, but killed for the mere joy of killing and, not confining himself to the natives, browbeat and oppressed everyone with whom he had dealings, not excepting Columbus and his brother.

He must have possessed a conscience, however, for, before he died, he repented of his villainous ways and, to prove his sincerity perhaps, erected the church with its beautiful groined roof, which is about all that remains intact to-day.

Wherever one goes about the city are ancient churches, some in ruins, some still in use, and all replete with historic interests and associations.

Largest of all is San Francisco, a dominant structure on an eminence back of the Columbus House and rising above all else. Little more than its walls and pillars remain and yet the immense stone arches are still intact and span the roofless interior, a splendid tribute to the long dead and forgotten artisans who built it. Beneath the tangled weeds and grass is a tessellated pavement, and under the great altar Bartholomew Columbus was buried, while at the entrance, "In humility, that all who enter may place their feet above my

head," rests Ojeda, fellow voyager and bosom friend of Christopher Columbus.

San Miguel, dating from 1520, San Anton, La Merced, Regina, and Santa Clara are all worthy of a visit, while, most beautiful of all, is Santa Barbara, ancient, quaint, crudely primitive, but still in daily use and perfect condition.

But most interesting of all is Santo Domingo, erected in 1509 and still an impressive, well preserved edifice. Upon a serpent carved in native wood is the pulpit, the altar is beautiful, and there are marvelously carved reredos, while beneath the foot-worn flooring lies many an old don and mailed grandee of Old Spain. Here, in connection with the church, was the first university in America, a college under the direction of gentle, peace-loving, kind-hearted Las Casas. Ever he strove to win his fellow countrymen from the ruthless slaughter of the Indians; he gave his life to aid the helpless aborigines of the New World, and yet he found time to write the only reliable history of Columbus's voyages, and here, in Santo Domingo University, he taught a century and more before the coming of the *Mayflower*.

To-day the walls of the college are in ruins, the names of those who studied within it are forgotten, but ever, in the annals of the bloody days of the Conquest of America, the name of Las Casas will stand forth, a bright and shining light amid the

black turmoil of cruelty, bigotry, greed, and murder that swept the New World with fire and sword.

Westward from the capital and seventy miles distant is Azua, the last port of call at which the steamers touch, and an important town in a vast sugar-producing district.

Founded by Diego Velasquez, conqueror of Cuba, in 1504, Azua was first situated three or four miles to the south of the present town, but was moved because of repeated earthquakes. To-day it is a desolate, uninteresting spot, but full of historic memories, and, if ghosts walk, the streets of Azua must be filled with a brave array of spirits of long dead hidalgos, for here dwelt Hernando Cortez, Pizarro, Balboa, and many another discoverer and conquistador whose names are familiar to every schoolchild.

HAITI

He who has traveled through the Dominican Republic, or who has skirted its shores, will have been disillusioned as to the popular idea of the island; but there is another side to the picture, the ugly, black, repulsive side known as Haiti. Strangely enough, although the two republics occupy the same island and are separated only by an imaginary boundary line, much of which is impassable forest, untrod mountains, or unsettled

plains, yet the two are as distinct as if on different continents.

On the one side, the people, language, customs, manners, and ways are Spanish; foreign capital is welcomed; the natives are hospitable, courteous, and—could they stop fighting among themselves—progressive. Across the border they are backward, averse to improvement or civilization and look with suspicion and hatred on every stranger and all members of the white race, and, in speech, manners, and names are French.

In the Dominican Republic a large proportion of the inhabitants are white, few are black, and, by the widest stretch of the imagination, it could not be classed as more than a light-brown republic. In Haiti, on the other hand, the majority are the blackest of the black, there are no whites,—save the few foreigners who are so unfortunate as to reside there for business or other necessary reasons,—and light-colored folk are in the minority.

To go from Haiti into the Dominican Republic is, as one traveler expressed it, “like coming out of a tunnel into sunlight,” and he who travels from the Dominican Republic to Haiti will feel as if he had been thrown from the fresh, sunlit air of day into a noisome pit as dark as night. No one visits Haiti for pleasure more than once, no one stops there longer than is necessary; and yet it is a rich and lovely land, even more fertile and

luxuriant than its neighboring republic if that be possible, and, under other conditions, would be idyllic.

But its cities are crimes, its streets mudholes, its ports pestholes, and its people little more than savages. And this despite the fact that in past days its towns were beautiful, its buildings magnificent, its boulevards splendid, and its roads perfect, while among its sons it has numbered men of such genius and fame as Alexander Dumas, who was a native of Jeremie.

It is a living example, an indisputable proof, that the negro is unfit to rule, incompetent to govern, incapable of progress, and sure to revert to barbarism, slothfulness, and savagery if left to himself. And this is no reflection upon the negro race. The trouble is we expect too much from our black brothers. We forget that they are but a few generations from jungle-reared savages, that the negro to-day bears somewhat the same relation to ourselves as did our skin-clad ancestors to the conquering Romans when they invaded Britain. Under proper conditions, under a wise, just, firm, and powerful guiding hand, the negro prospers and develops, as witness the British islands, where many of the African race rise to affluence and prominence. But even there, with every advantage and encouragement, where no racial prejudice exists, the majority of the colored race never rise

above the state of laborers, with no ambition, no intelligence, no desire for betterment. Their aim in life is to do as little as possible to keep soul and body together, to bask in the sun, munch sugar cane, and spend their days in idleness, rags, and ease. Their point of view is that of primitive man, the limits of their horizon are bounded by rum, food, and warmth, and morality never enters their minds, if indeed they know the meaning of the word. Despite all their faults they are peaceable, law-abiding, and respectful as a rule, and in most cases honest,—save when it comes to helping themselves to fruit, garden truck, or food. In many of the islands a case of murder, assault, highway robbery, rape, or burglary has never been known, and one may travel in perfect safety and security everywhere, while a white woman may go where and when she pleases without the remotest danger of molestation or even insult.

But such is not the case in Haiti. Here the shortcomings, the failures, the savage instincts of the blacks have been fed and fostered for centuries. From untamed jungles they were brought in reeking, pest-ridden slave-ships to serve beneath the lash. Debased, untaught, they rose, and, in a resistless wave of black, swept the dominating whites from the land. Then were loosened all the pent-up hatred, the undying lust for revenge, the suppressed savagery of the African races, and

slaughter, rapine, incendiarism, torture, and debauchery stalked naked through the stricken land. Led by the more cunning, and no less savage, mulattoes, the negroes spared neither young nor old, man nor woman, and committed crimes and outrages beyond the power of imagination. Then, to retaliate, the French also mutilated, flayed, roasted, and tortured, and whites and blacks strove to outdo one another in the devilishness of the atrocities committed until, from end to end of Haiti, was naught but burning cities, rivers crimsoned with blood, streets choked with corpses, and the wails and groans of the wounded, the tortured, and the dying. And when at last the awful carnage was ended, when pestilence had come to aid the blacks in driving the last white from the fair island, can we wonder that the civilization of the past, the years of prosperity and progress, were forgotten, that the Haitiens—steeped in blood, gorged with killings, aflame with victory—relapsed into the ways of their ancestors, that many of them took to the “bush” to live as primitively as their forbears in the jungle, that intrigue after intrigue, revolution after revolution, murder after murder have made up Haiti’s history, or that to-day Voodooism and Obeah hold sway and incredible things happen in the outlying districts?

The only wonder is that any vestige of civilization remains, that there is the semblance of rule,

of industry, of order, in the republic, and that Haiti is not far blacker than it has been painted.

Much has been said of the weird, mysterious rites of Voodoo and Obeah in Haiti, many falsehoods have been told and many truths denied, but that both Voodooism and Obeah are prevalent there is no denying.

But these things are by no means confined to Haiti. They are rampant in all the islands where the negro race predominates, especially in the French colonies and the British colonies that were once French. There is a vast difference between Obeah and Voodooism, however,—although most people confuse the two and have but a vague idea of the real meaning of either term. Voodooism is a religion brought over with the negro slaves from Africa, a form of Devil worship, in which the principal deity is the Great Green Serpent who is represented by a high priest and priestess known as "Papa Loi" and "Maman Loi." In its most fanatical form, Voodooism requires human sacrifices, which are accompanied by cannibalistic feasts and unspeakable orgies, but it is doubtful if in any of the islands, with the possible exception of the interior of Haiti, it is carried to such extremes. As a rule, even in Haiti, the "goat without horns"—as the devotees call the child to be sacrificed—is replaced by a young kid, but even

in this modified form it is a most debasing, disgusting, savage institution.

Obeah, on the other hand, is merely witchcraft, with no religious significance whatever, and which, in its most malignant form, consists of poisoning with devilish ingenuity, and, in its commonest and least virulent form, amounts merely to a lot of nonsense, hocus-pocus, and mummary. But, to the negroes, Obeah is a very real and awful thing and the Obeah Men and Women, or "Witch Doctors," are beings of supernatural power and persons to be dreaded and propitiated.

Such a firm hold has Obeah upon the people, that many of them actually are killed by fright produced by the "spells" of the Obeah Men. And the belief in Obeah is not confined to the lower classes, or the ignorant laborers, for many merchants and planters—even officials—who are intelligent, well-to-do, educated men, are as firm believers in Obeah as the most superstitious peasants and they would not dream of undertaking any serious matter without first consulting their favorite Obeah Man or Woman.

The worst phase of this nonsensical, ridiculous, despicable black art is the fact that, in order to produce the most powerful of their "charms" and nostrums, the Obeah Men must employ certain parts of human beings, and to procure them they often kidnap and murder children.

Every effort has been made by the authorities to suppress Obeah in the islands. Men and women are convicted, fined, and imprisoned constantly for practicing the art, and executions are not unusual when murder can be proved, but still it thrives and holds full sway, for, to the negroes, such attempts to stamp out Obeah prove its genuineness. As one prominent West Indian merchant put it, "There must be something in it if the Government tries to stop it." And, incredible as it may seem, there is something in it, for it is an indisputable fact that many of the Obeah Men and Women possess strange, incomprehensible powers—hypnotic maybe—but inexplicable, and, to the natives, supernatural. Many such happenings have come under my personal observation; reliable and truthful Englishmen and white West Indians can vouch for many others, and volumes might be written on the unsolved mysteries and absolutely baffling occurrences which have taken place, and still take place, where Obeah is practiced.

Despite the deplorable condition of Haiti, despite the depths to which the country and its people have fallen, yet there is much to be seen in the republic; but distance lends enchantment to the view most literally, and if you would visit Haiti, by all means confine your trips ashore to the hours of daylight and live and sleep aboard ship.

Port-au-Prince, the capital and largest city, is a town of some seventy thousand inhabitants on the western coast. With every natural advantage of situation, climate, and a splendid harbor, yet Port-au-Prince is a dirty, wretched, forlorn city. Its once beautiful buildings are semi-ruins surrounded by squalid huts; the splendidly laid-out streets and squares are filled with holes, pools of stagnant water and festering garbage, and ebony-hued negroes and negresses add a touch of opera-bouffe appearance to the scene by driving and promenading the sorry thoroughfares dressed in the latest European fashions, with all the lavish display so dear to the heart of the African.

There are a few good buildings in the town, among them the National Palace, where the gorgeously uniformed negro who chances to fill the office of president holds sway. Fronting the palace is an unkempt field, known as the Champ de Mars, and near at hand is the huge cathedral wherein the images of the Saints, and even the Virgin, are painted brown and black to match the predominating hue of the republic.

Many of the stores are large and well stocked, the offices of the consuls, the steamship companies, and the foreign merchants are clean, well kept, and attractive, and there are several quite imposing buildings, such as the churches, the National Foundry, and the schools, for, strangely enough,

Haiti, with all its shortcomings, is alive to the importance of education, and schools are numerous.

Port-au-Prince possesses tram-car lines and a railway extends from the city into the interior, while the streets literally teem with licensed cabs or "busses," which are a necessity rather than a luxury, for, to traverse the rough and filthy streets afoot, is like a journey through purgatory.

Few of the well-to-do Haitiens, or foreign merchants, of Port-au-Prince dwell in the town, but, instead, make their homes at La Coupe, a beautifully situated suburb about five miles from the city and at an elevation of 1200 feet above the sea, and which is well kept, attractive, and with many really fine residences.

Westward along the Tiburon Peninsula lies Miragoane, at the edge of a mountainous district and in the midst of a rich coffee and logwood section.

Still farther west is Jeremie,—famous as the birthplace of Alexander Dumas the elder,—a sugar and coffee port, as well as the outlet of a wonderfully fertile but neglected district.

On the southern coast of the Tiburon Peninsula are Aux Cayes and Jacmel, the first an important port for sugar, coffee, dyewoods, etc., and the latter of interest mainly as an example of the depths to which a beautifully situated town can descend when under the irresponsible rule of the black race.

North of the capital, at the foot of the slope of the Atribonite Valley, is Saint Marc, a location of marvelous scenic beauties, but which figures in Haitien annals principally as the frequent battleground of warring political factions, and the visitor who passes it by at a distance will lose nothing of interest thereby.

Farther north on the same bay is Gonaïves, commercially important for its mahogany, logwood, and agricultural products, while still farther north, around the tip of the peninsula and within sixty miles of Cuba, is Mole St. Nicholas, with the famous pirate stronghold of Tortuga just off the coast. Opposite this great island is the town of Port-de-Paix, a fairly flourishing port as Haitien ports go, and just beyond is Acul, a spot so replete with natural beauties that Columbus named it Val de Paraiso or "The Vale of Paradise."

The last of Haiti's towns upon the northern coast is Cape Haitien, commonly known as "The Cape." In former days a center of such wealth, luxury, and elegance that it was called "Little Paris," Cape Haitien to-day, has become a ramshackle city of hovels which have sprung up, like repulsive fungus growths, from the decaying ruins of former grandeur.

Near Cape Haitien is the famous Black King's Castle and the Palace of Sans Souci; the former the most remarkable structure in the West Indies.

The Black King, Christophe, was a personage scarcely less remarkable than his castle. A negro "general" of the insurrectionists, Christophe and his followers were in possession of Cape Haitien when attacked by the French under General Leclerc, and deeming discretion the better part of valor, he fired the town and retreated with his "army" to the forest-covered hills. But this was by no means the last to be heard of him, for in 1811 he proclaimed himself King of Haiti, assuming the title of "King Henry I," honoring his black wife with the title of "Queen," and creating a brand-new black nobility consisting of Princes of the Royal Blood, three Princes of the Kingdom, eight Dukes, twenty Counts, thirty-seven Barons, and eleven Chevaliers, every one of whom had either been a slave or was the descendant of a slave.

Surrounded by this comic-opera court Christophe reigned with all the pomp and ceremony of a true sovereign, with nine palaces, eight châteaux, innumerable horses and carriages of state, a small army of retainers, and an immense bodyguard.

At the head of the Millot Valley the remains of his most imposing palace still stand in the most beautiful of settings. Scarcely more than a skeleton, overgrown with jungle, yet its impressive size testifies to its one-time magnificence. Here, surrounded by every luxury and beauty his

imagination could picture or his money buy, the Black King held levee in the days of his short, dramatic reign, finally ending his picturesque career by committing suicide within the palace, and by his last act showing consistency in his character by using a bullet of solid silver.

But the most wonderful and astonishing of Christophe's performances was the erection of the fortress of La Ferrière, some twenty miles from Cape Haitien. On the very summit of the lofty, pyramidal mountain, the Black King built a mighty fortress with immense walls towering above the mountaintop for over one hundred feet.

Surrounded by a deep, wide moat spanned by a solitary drawbridge, and mounting hundreds of cannon, the place was well-nigh impregnable. Even more wonderful than the fort itself are the incredible amount of labor and the stupendous outlay that must have been required to level off the solid, living rock of the mountain and erect the fortress.

To this lonely mountain peak in the vast solitary forest every stone and every gun were hoisted up the steep slope by gangs of ignorant blacks, driven by a pitiless semi-savage monarch, and at such a wanton sacrifice of life that the fort literally is founded on human bones.

Within the enormous interior of his citadel King Henry stored incredible quantities of supplies and

ammunition and in the massive treasure vault deposited a fortune worth over \$3,000,000.

But the fortress might have been a fort of cardboard for all the value it proved, for the foe which Christophe dreaded never came, and the cannon on the mountaintop were never called upon to defend the stronghold of the Black King. To-day the lofty citadel stands deserted, its treasure chambers empty, its guns thick with rust, its walls conquered by the ever-encroaching jungle, but so massive, so immense, so enduring that for centuries it will remain a marvelous monument to the stupendous folly of the strange character who crowned himself the First King of Haiti.





CHAPTER XV

PORTO RICO, OUR WEST INDIAN COLONY

A TUMBLING mass of hazy, purple mountains against the sky; a line of silvery foam, where azure sea meets palm-fringed shores; a frowning, massive fortress upon a rocky headland, and beyond it buildings gleaming red, yellow, blue, and white—such is Porto Rico viewed from the sea.

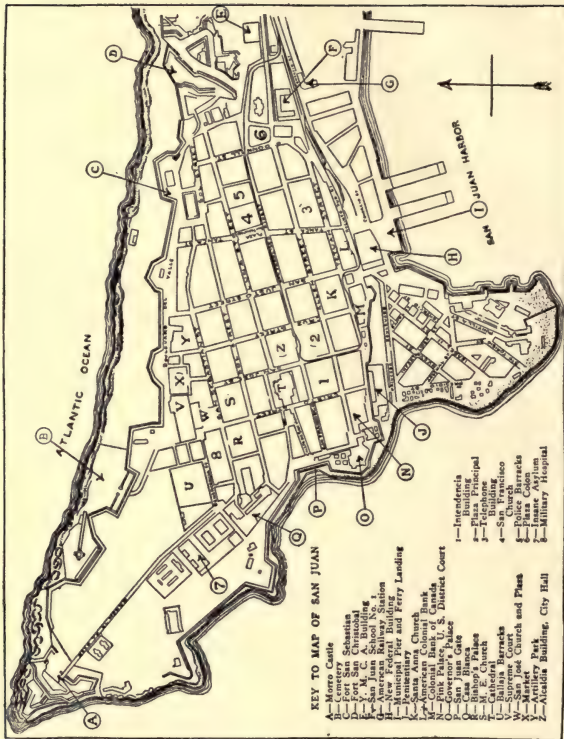
Slowly the ship steams beneath the grim, age-gray walls of Morro,—still bearing the scars of Sampson's shells,—past the low-lying Canuelo fort upon its islet, and through the narrow harbor entrance. Along the wave-washed, rocky shore stretches the great city wall with ancient water-gate and lantern-like sentry boxes, while topping its further angle is the Santa Catalina palace, now the residence of the governor, and above all gleam the snowy walls of Casa Blanca, house of Ponce de Leon. Scarce is there time to note these famous buildings ere the point is passed, and San Juan spreads like a many-colored panorama above the blue waters of the bay. Great docks line the water-front, a forest of masts hides

the lower buildings, and above them, upward to the summit of the hill, rises the bright-hued, picturesque old Spanish town.

Over all, dominant, stupendous, gray, and solid as the rocks themselves, towers the vast fortress of San Cristobal—a very mountain of masonry and which, with the Morro, has defended San Juan against all comers for three centuries and more.

Looming in sharp contrast high above the older buildings of Spanish type are steel and stone edifices of modern architecture, the skyscrapers of San Juan, while to the left is the immense new Federal Building and to the right the big railway station. Through steep and narrow streets, which have scarce altered in three hundred years, roar clanging trolley cars and honking automobiles; gasoline launches puff busily among the lateen-rigged sailing boats that savor of the Mediterranean; the swarthy faces and babel of Spanish on the docks are thoroughly foreign, and yet everywhere the Stars and Stripes wave over buildings, forts, and palaces. Wherever we turn is this same strange mixture of the ancient and the modern, the present and the past, of sights familiar and scenes that are strange, and, stepping ashore, the visitor scarce knows if he is in an American port or a city of Old Spain.

Everywhere are color, warmth, and light; on all



MAP OF THE CITY OF SAN JUAN

sides is a touch of the Oriental; over all is the atmosphere, the spell of the tropics, and yet on every hand are the evidences of twentieth-century life, business, and progress. Indeed, it is this very rubbing of elbows of the old and new that is one of the greatest charms of Porto Rico.

San Juan, despite its age, its crumbling ruins, and its quaint, cañon-like byways redolent of Old Spanish days, is a modern, busy, bustling American city in many ways, with a fascination all its own, and with much of real interest to be seen.

Up from the docks at the head of the Marina leads a typical business street—the Calle San Justo. On one side stands the Santa Ana church, dating from the sixteenth century, and across the way is the imposing building of the American Bank three centuries younger, while lining the smooth and well-paved thoroughfare are shops and stores filled with every article known to modern life.

Between plate-glass display windows are huge archways revealing glimpses of dim cool patios and passages that hint of mystery; above electric signs, advertising graphophones and motor-car accessories, are jutting Moorish balconies and iron-barred windows, while Yale locks serve to secure massive doors through which have entered mail-clad knights of Spain.

At San Francisco Street turn to the left and the

Plaza Principal is reached,—an open, paved square shaded by beautiful trees and surrounded by large buildings and busy stores. On the north stands the City Hall, or Alcaldia, built in 1799; to the west is the Intendencia Building; on the south are stores belonging mainly to American firms, and before them, at the curb, stands a long line of waiting automobiles and jitneys ready to whirl the visitor wherever he wishes about the island.

In whichever direction one turns there are sure to be places and buildings of historic interest. To the northwest, the great dome of the ancient cathedral looms above the flat roofs, a massive structure of severely plain architecture and within which rest the remains of the founder of the city, Juan Ponce de Leon.

Not far distant, to the southwest of the plaza, is the governor's residence, the palace of Santa Catalina, with its huge throne-room, audience-chambers, and mosaic-paved courts and stairways. Beyond the palace, and almost directly in front of the cathedral, is the immense water-gate in the city wall and to the right of this the Casa Blanca towers high among its waving palms upon the heights.

Although popularly supposed to have been the residence of Ponce de Leon, history does not bear out the claim, but points to its having been

erected for the adopted son of the famous searcher for the Fountain of Youth and who assumed the name of his illustrious foster-father. But, regardless of associations, the Casa Blanca is a splendidly preserved type of old Spanish mansion. At the summit of the ridge on which the city stands is old San José church, squat, hoary with age, and facing a small plaza, in the center of which is a statue of De Leon cast from cannons captured by the Spanish from the British, while in the tiled roof of the church is the wound made by an American shell,—about the only material damage done to the town when Sampson unsuccessfully tried his hand at reducing the Morro.

But if you would see ancient buildings, by all means visit the fortresses of San Cristobal and San Sebastian, or old Morro, with their mazes of underground galleries, their subterranean tunnels, their tomb-like dungeons, within which prisoners were secured by iron bars across their necks and left to die a lingering, awful death. Veritable cities in themselves, these vast citadels were capable of sheltering hundreds—even thousands—of people, and within them the entire population of the city could seek refuge in the olden times when foes attacked the town.

And these are by no means all the sights. There are the extensive new market; the pantheon or cemetery; the Balleja Barracks, capable of housing

two thousand troops; the prison, a model institution which is a revelation to northern eyes; the splendid old churches, with their wonderful decorations, their jewel-decked images, and their paintings by old masters; the old monasteries, now occupied as police barracks and courts; and the Plaza Colon with its beautiful statue of Columbus.

But interesting as is San Juan, it is a hot spot during the day, and far more attractive is the interior of the island, with its mountain heights, its broad, rich valleys, its winding rivers, and its fresh, cool, life-giving air. Everywhere are perfect roads, smooth, broad, beautifully graded, wonderfully kept, marvels of engineering skill, and affording a score and more of fascinating tours by automobile.

Although but eighty-five miles in length and thirty-five in width, Porto Rico can boast of nearly one thousand miles of highways which encircle the island, connect all the important towns and villages, and form a network across mountains, valleys, and plains over which the products and imports of the island are transported by bull carts, mule teams, and motor trucks.

Most important and best known of all the island's roads is the famous Military Road, built by the Spaniards years before the American

occupation, but still the best of the highways and leading across the backbone of the island from San Juan to Ponce.

Outward from the busy city streets a splendid asphalt boulevard leads past the railway station, the Y. M. C. A. Building, the theater, and under the frowning walls of San Cristobal, to the suburb of Puerto Tierra. Here, in the olden days, was the land gate in the city wall, from which the suburb took its name, but now no vestige of the gate and only isolated fragments of the wall remain. At this spot the true Military Road begins, and a mile or so farther on it crosses the splendid San Antonio bridge, with quaint old San Geronimo on its jutting cape at the left and half-ruined walls and brush-filled moats on the right. Here the island of San Juan is left behind, and the mainland of Porto Rico, with the charmingly pretty suburb of Santurce, is reached. This is the residential suburb of San Juan, a place of villas, bungalows, and mansions hidden amid flowers, shrubbery, and palms, and with many typically American houses, ornately ugly, built of concrete and utterly unfitted to a tropical land, as well as glaringly out of place amid such beautiful surroundings. Prominent beside the roadway are the buildings of the Union Club, the Miramar Theater, and the American Hotel, all charmingly situated and with a lovely view across the bay to

San Juan on the one hand and past Fort San Geronimo to the open sea on the other.

Between embowered grounds and splendid gardens stretches the wide smooth highway, and over it passes a never-ending, fascinating, motley stream of traffic—a kaleidoscopic panorama of life and color. Galloping horsemen, pannier-laden horses, diminutive donkeys hidden under great loads of cane or grass, lumbering army wagons with six clattering mules driven by khaki-clad troopers, snorting, roaring motor trucks, creaking bull carts, swift-speeding touring cars, whirring motorcycles, and luxurious private carriages pass and repass, while threading their way between the vehicles, and trudging along the narrow footpaths by the wayside, are natives of every color, class, and trade. Lean, swarthy Porto Ricans, barefooted, but bearing themselves with the dignity of grandees, Herculean negroes, buxom negresses, some with bundles on their heads, come carrying trays, others with baskets on their arms, and still others pushing barrows; vendors of fruit, bread, vegetables, eggs, fowls, ice cream, beverages, and sweets, while queerest of all are the funny miniature stores on wheels, some in the form of houses, others fashioned like steamships, others like trolley cars, still others like nothing “on earth, the heavens above or the waters beneath,” but with the owners of



STREET IN PONCE, PORTO RICO



CITY WALL AND CASA BLANCA, PORTO RICO

each and every one literally doing a pushing business.

White, black, yellow, brown, and olive; men, women, girls, and boys—a score of races, countless types, a hundred trades and occupations, crowd this great artery, this “King’s Highway,” that leads from the modernized teeming city into the vast interior; from the sweltering, glaring streets and noisy traffic of the capital to the wide free sweep of valleys and the cloud-draped mountaintops, for this is the only road leading outward from San Juan, and over it passes all the overland traffic of the entire island.

Beyond Santurce the road curves through meadows covered with cocoanut groves, over the beautiful Martin Peña bridge, through the village of Hato Rey, and into the little town of Rio Piedras.

Far more Spanish-American is this little town than San Juan, but it lacks nothing in the way of modern improvements and has many new and handsome buildings, such as the Capuchin Monastery, the Municipal Hospital, the Insular Normal School, and the University of Porto Rico. Here also are the reservoir from which the capital obtains its water supply, the repair shops of the railway and trolley companies, and a public garden and botanic park on the site of the old summer palace of the Spanish Governor-General.

Straight through the town the highway continues, and onward across an almost level plain beyond, while to east and south the foothills rise in broken spurs and conical eminences, becoming higher and more rugged towards the distant Luquilla Range with its purple summits hidden in the clouds.

Soon the road commences to ascend, winding by easy grades and graceful curves, in many places with an asphalt surface, and slowly climbing higher and higher, but so gradually one scarce realizes the ascent. Beside the roadway wave feathery masses of giant bamboos; towering royal palms shade the way, and through the foliage one sees glimpses of deep valleys and steep hillsides richly green, while thatched and wattled huts nestle amid gardens of plantains and bananas. Every moment new and more lovely scenes are revealed, until, swinging around a sharp bend and rumbling over an ancient picturesque Spanish bridge, La Muda is reached. A little later the last ridge is topped and the Caguas Valley lies below, with the little red-roofed town in the midst of cane and tobacco fields bordered by the silver ribbons of the Tenabo and Caguas rivers. Caguas is a thriving little town of some 25,000 inhabitants about twenty-five miles from San Juan and in the heart of a rich tobacco district. On all sides the great thatched drying sheds stand prominently

above the fields which, in growing time, appear as if covered with snowdrifts, owing to the immense area of cheesecloth stretched above the tender plants.

The streets of Caguas are well kept; there are numerous shops and restaurants and two hotels in the town, as well as a pretty palm-embowered plaza and a picturesque church.

The low, one-story stuccoed buildings, with their roofs of heavy Spanish tiles, give an old, foreign, picturesque appearance to the town, but Caguas is by no means out of date and has many fine buildings, a good library, a hospital, one of the finest schools in the island, and some enormous tobacco warehouses, while all the streets and houses are provided with electric lights. Moreover, a railway connects the town with San Juan, and telephone lines keep it in constant communication with all other parts of the island.

Beyond Caguas, the Military Road crosses a fairly level valley through an avenue of gleaming, scarlet-flowered poinciana trees which form an arch of living flame above the roadway, while ahead tower the lofty mountains. Soon the circular valley is left behind and again the road climbs the foothills and in sweeping, serpentine curves ascends the mountainside.

Ever upward mounts the road, crossing deep barrancas on age-old Spanish bridges, skirting the

brinks of dizzying precipices, twisting in sharp hairpin curves about jutting mountainsides and beetling cliffs, while far below are the broad green fields, the glistening rivers, and the cultivated hillsides. Nowhere is the grade unduly steep, and yet, within fifteen miles, the road rises two thousand feet above the valley. The air is fresh, cool, and bracing, and giant tree ferns, gorgeous flowers, air plants, orchids and banks of trailing ferns grow in profusion beside the roadway. Then the last ridge is reached and from the summit the road swings quickly down to Cayey with the immense military barracks standing boldly forth against the background of the smiling valley.

Although the descent to Cayey is considerable, yet the town is at an elevation of 1300 feet above the sea and has a cool and healthy climate, where coffee and tobacco grow to perfection. But while the town is clean, quaint, and picturesque it has little of interest, aside from the fact that it was at this spot that the advancing American troops were halted by the signing of the peace protocol while marching to attack San Juan.

Leaving the rough uneven streets of Cayey behind, the road once more climbs upward on a mountain range even loftier than those already passed, and at every turn one marvels at the stupendous labor which must have been expended in hewing the highway from the mountain slopes,

a marvelous piece of work which will ever remain an enduring monument to the skill of the old Spanish engineers who built it.

Creeping around wall-like, towering cliffs at the verges of sheer precipices, stretching across narrow knife-edged ridges, the road unfolds a glorious scenic panorama until at an altitude of three thousand feet one looks down upon Aibonito sleeping on a green and rolling plain girt round with majestic mountain peaks.

And at the lovely sight one involuntarily exclaims, "How beautiful!" the very words which, in their Spanish form,—*Ai bonito!*—gave to the town its name.

Aibonito is an important coffee and tobacco town, with hospitals, schools, hotels, and well-kept streets and stores, and situated in its charming valley two thousand feet above the sea it possesses a delightful, healthy climate; but unfortunately the accommodations for strangers are of the most primitive description, as is the case in nearly all the smaller Porto Rican towns. Hotels there are to be sure and every effort is made to please, but the cooking is Spanish, the food reeks with grease, and the night life of the bedrooms is altogether too friendly and attentive. Fortunately it is seldom necessary to stop overnight in the outlying towns, for the distances between Ponce and San Juan, by any route, are

not so great that the trip cannot be made in a day.

At Aibonito it seems as if one must be at the very roof of the island, but there are still heights beyond to be climbed, and through dense groves of coffee, riotous masses of flowering shrubs and vines, thickets of tree ferns, and deep verdured ravines, the road mounts upward until, at Aibonito Pass, 3300 feet in the air, the backbone of Porto Rico is reached and one looks down on every side at a scene of marvelous grandeur.

Sheer from the narrow ridge, scarce wide enough to bear the road, the earth drops off a thousand feet and more on either hand. In every direction stretch rich green valleys, towering peaks, vast mountain heights, and verdured hills. In the dim and shadowy depths of cool ravines are glimpses of sparkling, foaming torrents; tiny huts peep from bowers of fruit trees or perch upon the very brinks of awful precipices, and far to the southward—a line of shimmering blue beyond the far-off hazy foothills—sparkles the Caribbean Sea.

From this lofty aerie all is down hill, and swiftly the road dips down in sinuous curves, sharp turns, and great spiral, corkscrew twists until, within a distance of six miles, Coamo is reached at a scant five hundred feet above sea level.

Coamo, founded in 1606, has a hospital, many schools, a pretty plaza, neat houses, and well-kept



COMERCIO VALLEY, PORTO RICO

streets, and produces quantities of coffee, sugar, fruits, and vegetables; but, in a general way, all this is equally true of almost any other town, for all the interior cities of Porto Rico are much alike. There are always the same, straight, smooth main street, the narrow cobbled byways, the bright-hued, stuccoed buildings with their red-tiled roofs, the omnipresent plaza with its immense church, and one town has little more of interest than the next.

Near Coamo, however, are the famed Coamo Springs, the waters of which possess wonderful medicinal properties, and here there are a large, splendidly equipped hotel, a sanitarium, and baths, surrounded by entrancing scenery and in a glorious climate of perpetual June.

Soon after leaving Coamo, the road passes through the little town of Juana Diaz, hence it crosses the level coastal plain,—under arches of flaming poincianas and between pastures which might well be in New England for all they savor of the tropics,—until the outlying streets of Ponce are reached.

Ponce has little of historic interest, but to many visitors it proves more attractive than San Juan, for it is absolutely different from the capital and has a distinctive character of its own and, as far as appearances go, it might well be in another land. Whereas San Juan is built upon a hillside

and there is scarce a level street in the town, Ponce is level as a floor and not a hilly street can be seen. In the capital, three, four, and even six-story buildings give a modern aspect to the city, but hardly a structure in Ponce rises higher than two stories. Far more Spanish-American is Ponce than San Juan, with buildings of bright hues and massive Spanish architecture, shadowy patios, innumerable palms and flowering plants, and intensely tropical in appearance. And thoroughly tropical is the climate as well, far hotter than San Juan, though somewhat tempered by the sea breeze that usually prevails.

In the center of the city are a large shaded plaza with an imposing cathedral, an ornamental kiosk for the band, and a fearfully and wonderfully painted, red, blue, white, and black fire-engine house, wherein the hand engine and hose carts repose in all their glory of red and gold, while the "bomberos," or firemen, loll about, sweltering in red flannel shirts, huge helmets, and jack boots, expectantly waiting for a fire.

One really pities these poor Ponce firemen, for they are ever ready and waiting for a conflagration which rarely occurs, for five fires a year would be a record in this town of stone and concrete and whose buildings contain scarce enough wood to make a respectable bonfire. Surely unlimited patience must be the prime requisite

in securing a position on Ponce's fire-fighting force.

There are many magnificent private residences in Ponce, a large covered market of great interest to strangers, several hospitals and asylums, numerous clubs, telephone and electric lighting systems, an ice factory, cigar and cigarette factories, a hippodrome, a baseball field, motion picture theaters, and a splendid theater known as La Perla, not to mention the well-stocked stores, the numerous restaurants, and half a dozen hotels, some of which are excellent.

Everywhere are flowers and growing plants, and scarce a patio, a balcony, or a garden is seen which is not gorgeous with blooms, for the people are passionately fond of flowers and the climate is most favorable to vegetation. So much so, in fact, that even the telephone, telegraph, and electric-light wires serve as rootholds for orchid-like air-plants which give the strands the appearance of being decorated with innumerable birds' nests.

Industrially and commercially Ponce is the second city in Porto Rico and is the shipping port for the principal sugar and coffee districts, and yet the casual visitor sees little that savors of extensive commerce or business.

This is due to the fact that the "playa," or shore, and the "muelle," or dock, are nearly two miles from the city and reached by trolley or by a maca-

dam highway; but the road is rough and unpleasant and the trolley hot and stuffy and, aside from the long causeway terminating in the enormous steel warehouse and dock, there is little of interest at the city's water-front.

From Ponce, roads lead to various parts of the island, and the visitor may travel by motor car or railway to many interesting spots. Westward a road leads through Peñuelas, Yauco, Sabana Grande, and San German to Mayaguez. To the north a highway may be followed through Adjuntas and Utuado to Arecibo, while easterly one may travel through various shore towns to Guayama and Humacao and from either of these towns may turn inland to Cayey or Caguas on the Military Road, or, if preferred, the route may be continued completely around the eastern shore of the island.

The steamers of the Porto Rico Line sail around the island from San Juan to Ponce and return, stopping at Arecibo and Mayaguez, and affording excellent opportunities for seeing these two cities, but if possible to do so, the visitor should by all means see the interior of the island by touring its roads, for some of the most interesting places, and by far the most beautiful scenery, are far from the coast. The Arecibo road is very beautiful and passes through some of the few remaining areas of virgin forest on the island. Adjuntas, about twelve

miles north of Ponce, is the first town reached and is at an elevation of nearly 1800 feet above the sea, in a rich coffee district. It is located in a lovely valley surrounded by mountains, some of which are over three thousand feet in height and from whose summits the traveler may gaze north upon the Atlantic and, by turning his head, may look across the Caribbean to the south, while east and west stretches the whole vast panorama of the islands, spread like a map of checkered green at his feet.

Utuado, the next town on this road, is in the midst of wonderfully grand and imposing mountain scenery; rugged, majestic, and with many naked precipitous peaks projecting far above the verdure, while tumbling mountain torrents plunge in foaming cataracts amid the luxuriant growth of tree ferns, orchids, and strange exotic plants.

Arecibo is a very old and interesting town, founded in 1537, and with a population of about ten thousand. It is by far the most typically Spanish-American city on the island and was formerly surrounded by great swamps and was very unhealthy, but the swamps have been drained and converted into fertile sugar lands, and to-day the town is as healthy as San Juan itself. There are numerous stores in Arecibo, a very beautiful plaza on the water-front, a good hotel, and every modern improvement,

and the town is connected by railway with San Juan.

Westward from Arecibo, on the railway line and also on the automobile road to Mayaguez, is Aguadilla, and, while the road is by no means as interesting or beautiful as many others, the town is worth a visit, as it was here Columbus first landed on Porto Rican soil. He was in search of water for his ships, and filled his casks at a spring which gushed forth near the beach and which he named "Ojo de Agua," or "The Water's Eye." To-day the same spring serves to supply Aguadilla's people with water and is covered with an ornate commemorative fountain. The honor of the historic visit of Columbus is also claimed by Aguada, farther to the west, but there is little doubt that the Ojo de Agua is the original Columbus spring. But even without its claim to such fame, Aguada is of historic interest, for it was founded by Soto Mayor, one of Ponce de Leon's officers. The first settlement was destroyed by Indians, however, although its ruins may still be seen. The present town has a population of about twelve thousand and is in a rich sugar and coffee district, while cigar and hat making are important industries.

As the road from Arecibo to Aguada and Mayaguez is not as perfect as one could wish and has no great scenic interest, it is wisest to make the journey



MARTIN PENA BRIDGE, PORTO RICO



TOBACCO UNDER SHADE, PORTO RICO

by rail, while, if one wishes merely to see Mayaguez, it may be visited to best advantage by the steamship.

A few miles south of Aguada, and about three miles from the sea, is Añasco, founded in 1773, and with about two thousand inhabitants; it is of interest solely as being on or near the spot where the Indians first discovered that the Spaniards were not superior beings. Here, by the Añasco River, an unfortunate Spaniard—one Salcedo—fell into the hands of the natives and, feeling some doubt as to the Europeans' immortality, which they had not questioned heretofore, the Indians decided to make a test case of Salcedo. They proceeded very much after the manner of our own forefathers when testing accused persons for witchcraft, namely, by holding the poor Don under water, and probably arguing that if he was immortal the enforced immersion would do him no harm, while, if mortal, the means would be justified by the end. Needless to say the result of the experiment was highly satisfactory to the savages, regardless of Salcedo's opinion, and to make assurance doubly sure the Indians guarded the body with the greatest care until the tropical climate proved beyond all question the false assumptions under which they had been laboring.

Mayaguez, the third of Porto Rican towns in commercial importance, was founded in 1763 and

has a population of some forty thousand inhabitants. In the minds of many people Mayaguez is the prettiest, most attractive, and most picturesque city on the island, and there is no denying its charms.

Upon a smiling, fertile plain or "Vega" the city stands, facing the deep and well-protected harbor to the west and with ranges of wooded mountains rich with coffee groves for a background. Beautifully situated, surrounded by wonderfully fertile lands, and with an excellent harbor, Mayaguez possesses every advantage, and the progressive people of the town have made the best of what a bounteous nature has provided. No wonder the inhabitants are proud of their town, for they have exerted every effort to make their home as beautiful, as attractive, and as up-to-date as possible, and wonderfully well have they succeeded.

The city may not be able to boast of ancient forts, battle-scarred walls and crumbling ruins, but its seaside drive along the playa, its four charming plazas, its wide straight streets, its cleanliness and modernity make up for all that the town lacks in antiquity or historic interest. But there is much of real interest in Mayaguez. Its great marketplace, its numerous churches, its beautiful homes, its public library, and its Agricultural Experiment Station are all worth seeing and, moreover, the town is the terminus of two railroads.

The plazas of Mayaguez are famous throughout the island, the three most notable being: Columbus Square, with its beautiful statue of Columbus; Flower Square, with its glorious wealth of flowers and foliage; and Old Plaza, each of which is different from all the others, each lovely in its own way, but all equally neat, well kept, and so clean that they would prove models for our own cities to follow.

At Mayaguez the visitor may obtain the best of the beautiful drawn work and embroidery of the island, the work of the inmates of the convent near the town. Here too are found the best of the Porto Rican hats, woven from palm and equal to many of the genuine Panamas, while in the market one may find innumerable native curios and specimens of handiwork not seen elsewhere on the island.

Southward from Mayaguez, on the line of the western railway, is San German, founded in 1512, and named by Diego Columbus, Viceroy of Santo Domingo and son of the discoverer. Historically San German is very interesting, as it has been attacked and destroyed repeatedly by Indians, pirates, freebooters, and European foes, and after each misfortune it was rebuilt in a different spot. As a result the uneasy little town has jumped from pillar to post over quite a wide area during its troubled existence, but it must have been anchored

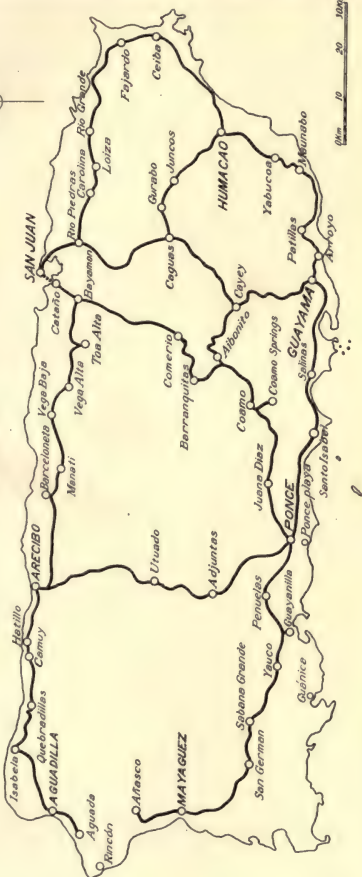
to its present site for some time, as the ancient church, the Convento de Porta Coeli, bears the date of 1538, and several other buildings in the town date from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Beautifully situated in the hills above a rich valley, San German is most picturesque and is often called the "City of the Hills," and moreover it is blessed with a delightfully cool and healthy climate. Indeed, even the old Spaniards realized this and used the spot for the purpose of acclimating the fresh troops brought from Spain and, to house them, built the huge barracks which still remain.

Old as it is San German is progressive and has two banks, eight wholesale business houses, numerous retail stores, a theater, four hotels, several churches, a city hall, a municipal library and market, many schools, and modern lighting and sanitation.

Eastward from San German, on the road to Ponce, are Sabana Grande, Yauco, Guanica, Guayanilla, and Peñuelas, of which Guanica is the only town of much interest to the casual visitor. Here is the immense Guanica Central, one of the largest and most important of Porto Rican sugar mills, but more interesting to most visitors is the fact that it was here that General Miles landed with the United States troops when he invaded Porto Rico on July 25, 1898.

AUTO-ROAD MAP *OF* **PORTO-RICO**





Traveling east from Ponce along the southern coast are many towns, some quaint, others beautiful, others interesting, and all of which may be reached either by motor car or by the railway from Ponce to Guayama.

Aside from the towns, the southern coastal plain of the island has much of interest in itself for those who really care to see the features of our only West Indian possession. This is the great sugar district of the island, and broad cane fields stretch away to the distant mountains for mile after mile. In many places the land is very dry, and immense irrigation systems are necessary to insure the crops. In this dry district also there are many miles of low saline plains stretching inland from the sea, and on which grow giant cacti, agaves, Spanish bayonet, clumps of coarse grass, and other desert plants and which, with the herds of grazing cattle, make one think of Arizona or the Mexican border, rather than of a Caribbean island. But as one travels eastward the fertility of the land increases, streams and rivers wind down from the mountains, the hills approach more closely to the shore, and rich vegetation covers the land until, at Guayama, the luxuriant verdure of the tropics is on every side.

Guayama, the first important city eastward from Ponce on the southern coast, is a flourishing town of some eighteen thousand inhabitants,

with many fine buildings, a beautiful plaza with an immense pink, domed church, numerous schools and busy stores, and is in direct communication with San Juan by a line of motor busses which travel back and forth over the magnificent highway which leads from Guayama to the Military Road near Cayey.

Beyond Guayama on the coast road are Arroyo, Patillas, and Maunabo, all wonderfully quaint, picturesque, foreign-looking towns, while Arroyo is of real interest as being the first spot to use the telegraph in Porto Rico, a line having been installed there by Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor, while on a visit to relatives who owned a nearby sugar estate. Beyond Patillas the road climbs a steep cliff, and for several miles the traveler skirts the verge of a precipice, with the breaking surf and palm-fringed beach beneath and the wonderfully blue sea stretching away to the wraith-like cloud that marks Culebra Island to the southeast.

Rounding the last cliff, the highway winds down to a broad and fertile valley and soon after passes through Maunabo. Beyond this quaint and picturesquely pretty little spot, the ascent of the mountains begins, the roadway winding back and forth and roundabout like a huge red serpent and affording marvelous vistas of deep gorges, lofty peaks, tumbling mountain streams, and flashing

cascades, while through the roadside foliage are glimpses of the distant valley and the sea beyond.

Topping the ridge, the road sweeps grandly down to the lovely valley of Yabucoa, past the Central Mercedes, and, crossing several rivers, enters Humacao.

Typically, intensely Spanish is Humacao, but neat and scrupulously clean, with a charming little plaza, wide streets, and substantial buildings, among which are numerous stores, several churches, a library, and a fairly good and very clean hotel. Beautifully situated and full of glowing color is the town, with mountains surrounding its lovely valley on three sides. Within six miles is the ocean, from which the cool trade winds bring fresh, life-giving whiffs of sweet salt air, while all about are well-tilled fields and neat gardens, the whole presenting an effect of prosperity and contentment which is very pleasing.

From Humacao a road leads to Caguas and the Military Road, while another highway encircles the eastern end of the island, passing through Fajardo, Loiza, and Carolina and finally meeting the Military Road at Rio Piedras.

Although the Military Road is the only direct highway out of San Juan, yet one may travel by motor car or railway along the northern coast of the island to Arecibo or, if traveling by automobile, the visitor may follow the Comercio road and

again reach the Military Road near Aibonito. This route affords scenery of unrivaled grandeur, a roadway marvelous for the engineering feats displayed in its construction, and a trip which may be made in a single day.

Crossing from San Juan by the little ferryboat at the Marina, the town of Cantaño is reached on the opposite side of the harbor, a typical West Indian village surrounded by immense mangrove swamps. From Cantaño the way leads over the swamps by a high, broad causeway to the town of Bayamon, a thriving little city with several factories, some fine buildings, and splendid streets and of great historic interest. Indeed, Bayamon might truthfully claim to be the most historic spot on Porto Rico, not excepting San Juan, for it was founded by Ponce de Leon himself in 1509, and moreover it is close to the spot where the famous old knight first set foot on Porto Rican soil and where he made his first settlement, the Villa de Caparra. Later this became known as the City of Puerto Rico, the capital of the island of San Juan de Bautista. In 1521 the original town site was abandoned, owing to its defenseless position, and the settlers moved bag and baggage across the bay and founded the present city of San Juan, while the old name of their capital was bestowed upon the island itself.

All about Bayamon are orchards of grapefruit



THE MEETING OF THE OLD AND NEW, PORTO RICO



A MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY, PORTO RICO

and oranges and fields of pineapples, for this is the principal fruit-growing district of the island and has been wonderfully built up and developed by the American planters, whose neat bungalows are seen here and there among the trees laden with their golden fruit.

At Bayamon the road forks, the right-hand branch leading onward to Arecibo, while the turn to the left carries one inland to Comercio. For several miles it rises and falls over low-rolling hills, until the long iron bridge across the Rio Plata is reached. Here the highway commences its steady climb up the mountains, following the sides of the deep valley and with the gleaming Rio Plata tumbling seaward in its rocky bed between the emerald mountain slopes. Gradually it mounts higher and higher above the stream, until the river seems but a thread of silver tracing a devious way at the bottom of the gorge. Then, from ahead, a strange sound is borne upon the breeze, a distant muffled roar and, turning a bend in the road, one comes within sight of the mighty dam of the Porto Rico Lighting and Power Company,—a stupendous, flashing cataract of water pouring between verdured hills with the roar of distant thunder, while beyond stretches the vast artificial lake, placid and calm, with the towering mountains mirrored on its glassy surface.

Onward and upward beyond this great hydro-

power plant, the highway leads until Comercio is reached, a mountain town with the hillsides about so thickly covered with royal palms that the spot was formerly called Sabana de Palma or "Palm Meadow."

From Comercio the road winds about the precipitous mountainsides, piercing jutting promontories in wall-sided cuttings, clinging like a twining vine to cliffs and spurs, and anon winding and doubling by such enormous, circuitous twists that one may glance downward at half a dozen tiers of roadway upon the slopes beneath.

When, at last, the devious turns, the mighty horseshoe curves, and the innumerable loops come to an end and the traveler emerges at the summit of the wind-swept mountaintop, he looks upon a glorious panorama unequaled in any other part of Porto Rico: a marvelous array of rugged towering peaks, deep valleys, broad plateaus, and terrific gorges of a thousand shades and tints; golden in the sunshine, indigo beneath the shadows of passing clouds, opalescent, purple, mauve and lavender, emerald and azure, while, like a vast red labyrinth, the road cuts sharply through the greenery, and silver streams and red-roofed villages gleam in the abysmal depths of valleys.

From this most lofty point the road sweeps quickly down through groves of coffee, tangled jungles of tropic plants, and clumps of royal palms

to Barranquitas. Here, in the center of the coffee-covered hills, one needs an overcoat and blankets after sundown, for Barranquitas is the loftiest town in Porto Rico and the coolest, and even at midday there is no hint of the tropics in the air.

Beyond Barranquitas, through shady copses of coffee trees and deep cool jungles of luxuriant mountain plants, the way slopes gradually down, to come forth at length upon the Military Road a mile or two above Aibonito.

But, to describe in detail all the charming sights, the interesting trips, the magnificent scenery, the wonderful roads, or the manifold attractions of Porto Rico, would require a volume in itself. Much that the other islands have is lacking; but much that Porto Rico has, no other land can boast, and in many ways it offers attractions not to be found elsewhere in the world. It is but four days' sail from New York—scarcely farther than Des Moines, Iowa; there are no bothersome customs examinations to be undergone, it is provided with every necessity and luxury of modern life, it is healthier than any city in the United States, its roads are a revelation, it is not volcanic, there are no poisonous reptiles, and, best of all in the minds of many, it is under our own government, our own laws, and our own flag.

But do not imagine because the island is an

American colony that you will feel thoroughly at home in Porto Rico. Do not delude yourself with the idea that you will be able to converse in English with everyone you meet, and don't go to Porto Rico puffed up with the importance of being an American citizen and expect to lord it over the natives, white, black, or brown.

You will find Porto Rico as foreign, as strange, as incomprehensible in many ways as any European country. You can get along in the towns and stores and in the American hotels and business houses, as well as on the railways, with English alone, but while English is the "official" language of the island many officials do not speak it, and nearly everyone finds Spanish necessary, while not one Porto Rican in a hundred, in the interior, can speak or understand our tongue. Even in some of the larger stores in San Juan, there is not a clerk who can speak English intelligently. Moreover, you will find that with all our shortcomings as colonizers, Porto Rico is governed for the Porto Ricans, and he who goes about figuratively dressed in the American flag is looked upon with contempt and ridicule by Porto Ricans and resident Americans alike. You will not be in Porto Rico for long, ere you learn that the Porto Rican—white or colored—looks upon the Anglo-Saxon race with much the same feelings that the Anglo-Saxon regards the Latin and the man of



SAN JUAN AND COLON PLAZA, PORTO RICO

color, and that to enter their social life, their homes—to get a real insight of the Porto Rican character—is as difficult a task for the American as for the rich man to enter the portals of Paradise.

Eighteen years have passed since the Stars and Stripes first floated above Porto Rico, and while great changes have been wrought by our administration, yet much of the old, with its charm—the foreign old-world character and picturesqueness of Spanish days—remains unchanged.

In many ways Porto Rico has been Americanized, yet, save on the surface, it is as un-American as ever. Our sanitation has transformed the island from a pest-hole to the second healthiest country on the globe; our capital has brought industry, progress, and prosperity to the land; our laws have righted many wrongs; our schools have educated thousands of Porto Rican children, and the natives are thoroughly, sincerely, intensely patriotic; but in speech, manners, many of their customs, and home life they are still Spanish to the core.

And this is as it should be. We cannot expect the traditions, blood, ties, inheritance, and civilization of centuries to give way, to be tossed aside and revolutionized, in a score of years or less. The Porto Ricans are of a different race than ourselves, and we should not be misled into thinking that any Latin will ever become Anglo-Saxon

in ideas, thoughts, manners, or ideals,—we cannot graft the palm upon the pine,—and, truth to tell, we could learn much to our own benefit and advantage from our Porto Rican neighbors.

We have given them much,—for which they are keenly grateful,—but we have robbed them of much that was dear to their hearts. They welcomed us with open arms when we came unbidden to their land; they have proved loyal, law-abiding, worthy, and yet we have failed to treat them as equals, or even as equals of the colored inhabitants of the United States or the black and brown people of Hawaii.

We have refused them citizenship—the right to rule and govern, or even to have an audible voice in their own island. No wonder they are more or less aloof, no wonder they chafe and feel injustice done them, for they are neither aliens nor Americans, but merely “people of Porto Rico.” Like their island they are legally neither one thing nor the other, neither “fish, flesh, fowl, or good red herring.”



CHAPTER XVI

JAMAICA, THE ISLAND WHERE A PIRATE RULED

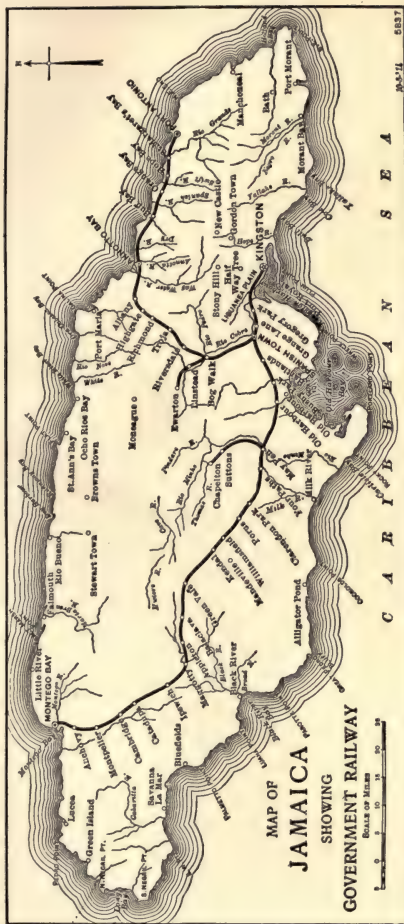
LARGEST of the British West Indies, and third largest of the Greater Antilles, is Jamaica, and yet, as compared with Cuba or Santo Domingo it is very small, for its area is less than one tenth that of Cuba and about one sixth that of Santo Domingo. But within its 4200 square miles of mountain, valley, and plain is much entrancing scenery, numerous peaks a mile and more in height, wonderfully rich valleys, magnificent forests, great waterfalls and tumbling mountain torrents, and tranquil rivers without end; indeed, the island received its name owing to the number of its streams, the Indian word *xamayca* signifying "a land of springs and streams."

About the island's shores are many landlocked harbors and many busy thriving ports, while railways connect the more important towns and the opposite shores of the island, and over two thousand miles of perfect roads cover the surface with a veritable network of highways.

Of all the islands Jamaica is probably the best known and the most frequently visited, and yearly thousands of Northerners make the trip to Jamaica, or pass the winter months in its balmy, tropical climate. To many, Jamaica is distinctly a British island, but its discovery, its settlement, and its start on the road to civilization, prosperity, and cultivation, were all due to the Spaniards, who remained in possession of the island for 150 years or until it was wrested from them by the British in 1655. As is the case with most of the British West Indies, England cannot claim to be anything more than stepmother to Jamaica, and the former Spanish ownership is still kept green by such names as Rio Cobre, Rio Nuevo, Rio de Oro, Sabana la Mar, etc., while even the typically British "Bog-Walk" is merely a corruption of the more euphonious Spanish name, "Boca de Agua" (water's mouth).

While there is nothing unusual about this,—for the chronic struggle for supremacy between European nations and the kaleidoscopic shifting of sovereignty, were common to all the islands,—yet Jamaica has the unique distinction of having been governed by a pirate, the redoubtable, ruthless Henry Morgan.

Of all the cruel, bloodthirsty, swashbuckling sea robbers who sailed the Spanish Main, Morgan was preëminently the most atrocious, the most





daring, the bravest, and the most famous, or infamous, and despite his rascality and his murderous, nefarious ways, we cannot help but admire his courage, his romantic, adventurous deeds, and his marvelous feats. But the supreme triumph of his career came when, after his spectacular sack of Panama, he was sent, a prisoner, to England, and instead of being hanged—as he richly deserved—he was knighted and appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica and Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in the island.

No doubt the King of England bore in mind the old adage that “it takes a thief to catch a thief” and wisely decided that the best man to clean up the nest of pirates in Jamaica was the ex-chieftain of the corsairs. In this shrewd surmise His Majesty was not far wrong, for, to give Morgan his due, his word was as good as his bond, and in his new position this most dreaded of freebooters wasted neither pity nor mercy on his former companions and followers, but sent them to the gallows and the gibbet most impartially and expeditiously.

Not only did this pirate chieftain rule Jamaica, but the island’s early wealth and prosperity were built upon the business of piracy, and for many years Jamaica was notoriously a rendezvous, a resort, and a clearing house of the buccaneers. In the city of Port Royal, opposite the present capital of Kingston, the pirates, freebooters, and

"brethren of the Main" foregathered from far and near.

To this spot they brought their ill-gotten treasures, chests of plate and golden doubloons, pieces of eight and ingots of silver, chalices and candlesticks of gold ablaze with jewels, bales of silks and bolts of velvets, kegs of rum and casks of wine; the loot of many a ship and galleon, the sack of many a city and town, the holy altarpieces of many a desecrated church, jewels wrenched from fingers and arms of dismembered living women, and the output of many a mine, until, within this little Jamaican town, was such a vast accumulation of wealth that Port Royal was famed as the richest city the world had ever known.

And here the swaggering, black-hearted crew gambled and drank and caroused away the riches they had won at cost of untold misery and countless human lives; here debauchery, licentiousness, and every form of vice held full sway, brazenly flaunting its shame, proud of its sin, until the name of Port Royal was blazoned throughout the world as all that stood for depravity and viciousness—the wickedest city that ever disgraced this fair earth.

And then, as though an outraged God could no longer permit this blot upon the universe, the city was wiped off the map in an instant, when, on June 7, 1692, an earthquake shook Jamaica to its

foundations, and Port Royal, with three thousand of its houses, most of its people, and all its treasures, slipped bodily into the sea.

To-day, when the water is calm, the coral-encrusted ruins of the old pirate town may be seen beneath the sea as one sails over the bay, and the negro boatmen tell weird tales of spectral ships sailing into the teeth of the wind—riding the crest of storms, ever striving to make the lost port, while, from beneath the tempest-tossed waves, the phantom bells of the cathedral toll the requiem for the dead.

Across the bay from Port Royal stands the capital of Jamaica, Kingston, a city whose foundations were laid by the survivors of Port Royal and which, in 1907, suffered nearly as much as did its wicked predecessor two centuries before. Leveled by the awful earthquake, swept with the conflagration which followed, Kingston was scarce more than a mass of smoldering ruins—a waste of broken stone and dust, a heap of débris, after the catastrophe of nine years ago; but the town has rapidly recovered, it has been rebuilt, and until another tremor levels it again, it will continue as busy, prosperous, and important as before.

Beautiful indeed are Kingston and its harbor as the ship passes the sandy palisadoes, with the cocoa-palms rising like pillars of a colonnade above this golden strip of shore that connects Port Royal

with the mainland. At the foot of a sloping plain of green, with its feet in the sea, is the city, set in an amphitheater of hills behind which rise the hyacinthine mountains—a mighty rampart against the sky; but its charms are those of the tropic flowers which lure insects to their death, a fatal beauty, for under the fair green plain and the peaceful verdured land lurks the sleeping ogre of destruction, the ever-present menace of a cataclysm such as has devastated the island on two occasions in the past.

A city of some fifty thousand inhabitants, Kingston is the second wealthiest and important city in the West Indies. It is regularly laid out, with its streets running at right angles, and is clean and well kept, with numerous splendid steel and concrete buildings erected since the earthquake, but it possesses nothing in the way of interesting ruins of past grandeur, no massive structures eloquent of a fascinating, romantic youth. Even before the earthquake, there was little of historic interest in the town, and the few notable old landmarks were mostly ruined or destroyed and have been rebuilt or remodeled. Among the most noteworthy of these was the old parish church, built soon after the destruction of Port Royal, and within which were preserved the ragged battle flags borne by Britain's triumphant warships in olden days. Near the altar was a black marble

slab, marking the grave of Admiral Benbow, while many other notable monuments and cenotaphs were to be seen. The ancient church survived the shock, but its tower was rent apart, its steeple was left standing drunkenly awry, the interior was wrecked, and tons of débris covered the resting place of the old admiral. Fortunately, the priceless collections of specimens, the unique relics, the immense library, and the many art treasures in the Institute of Jamaica on East Street were saved, although somewhat damaged. Here may be seen the old bell from Port Royal, which once hung in the church built by contributions from pirates, among them Morgan himself—a quaint conceit quite in keeping with the curiously warped and twisted point of view of the buccaneers. Here also are the famous "Shark Papers," the papers of an American privateer which were tossed overboard by the skipper when chased by a British cruiser, and which bobbed up at a most inopportune moment, being brought into port by another British officer who had found them in the stomach of a shark captured off Haiti. Solely upon the evidence of these marvelously recovered documents the unfortunate captain and his crew were convicted.

Aside from such curious and interesting objects there is little to attract the stranger in Kingston, but, uninteresting as is the city, so far as

quaintness, antiquity or historical associations are concerned, yet its modernity, its up-to-date conveniences, and its excellent accommodations for visitors, place it far in advance of most West Indian capitals.

But Jamaica's attractions, its advantages and its fascination are in the island itself, and not in its capital, and few visitors remain in Kingston save for a short stay or through necessity, for it is undeniably hot, while, in the suburbs and the hills, within easy reach of the town, one may find fresh, cool, healthy air and charming rural surroundings, delightfully quiet, restful, and beautiful.

Such a spot is Spanish Town, northwest of Kingston, and which for over three centuries was the capital of the island. Founded in 1520 by the Spaniards, who called it Santiago de la Vega, this city of the Dons was renamed Spanish Town by the British, who no doubt found the long euphonious Castilian appellation a stumbling-block for Anglo-Saxon tongues. Save for its name there is no hint of Spanish dominion in the town to-day, and one looks in vain for vine-grown bastions, crumbling embrasured walls, massive buildings with arched portals leading to shady patios, or iron-grilled, jutting balconies. Instead, there are white-painted, green-shuttered villas in charming gardens and clean bright streets. Spanish Town of to-day is a quiet, sleepy little village, lolling



ALONG THE SHORE, JAMAICA

upon the sunny land beside the Rio Cobre, and seemingly enjoying the delightful occupation of doing absolutely nothing, quite as much as the languid colored folk who doze at the doorways of their little huts.

In the center of the town, quite after the style of every self-respecting Spanish city, is a little plaza containing a market-place and a prim little garden within an iron railing, and surrounded by the larger and more important buildings of the one-time capital. On one side is the House of Assembly, and across the way is King's House, a colonial, mansion-like structure of red brick with white painted pillars supporting a heavy portico. Here also is the Rodney monument, an octagonal Greek temple, flanked by a colonnade of Ionic columns and containing a statue of the famous British admiral who won the memorable victory over De Grasse, off Dominica, and established British supremacy in the Caribbean for all time. The statue, made by Bacon, and by some considered a masterpiece, represents England's naval hero bareheaded, naked to the waist, and clad only in toga and kilt and with one hand resting upon a shield and sword. No doubt the sculptor intended to make the figure heroic in this classic pose, but somehow the unmistakably British features of the doughty old sea-dog fail to lend themselves to the part and the admiral appears far

more as if emerging from a Turkish bath, with a towel about his middle, than like a noble Roman.

In the suburbs of the town stands the oldest church on the island and the sole remaining relic of Spanish days in the neighborhood. This is the English Cathedral, built by the Spaniards, a structure of faded pink brick with a white wooden steeple and which is literally floored with tombstones. Here rest the bones of many of the most famous and aristocratic personages of Jamaica's early British days, and whose lives and virtues are extolled in verse and prose on scores of tablets and monuments. Some of these are exquisite works of art by Bacon, others are elaborate with coats-of-arms and classic designs, while some of the epitaphs are very quaint and amusing, as for example, one above the grave of an officer who came over with Penn and Venables and who "died amid great applause," if we are to believe the inscription.

Both the old church and Rodney's monument, as well as the other old buildings, were seriously injured in the earthquake of 1907, for the town was badly shaken and many residences were destroyed, but the total damage was very light as compared with that in Kingston.

As Spanish Town possesses an excellent hotel, a protracted stay may be made here and much of beauty and interest may be seen in the neighborhood. Among the attractive spots in the vicinity

is the famous Bog Walk, one of the most picturesque and beautiful bits of Jamaica. On the way from Spanish Town to the Bog Walk one sees the dam and power plant of the West Indies Electric Company which furnishes the power for the street railways of the capital. While the utility and necessity of the plant are unquestionable, it is regrettable that the fascinating beauty of the lovely Rio Cobre should be ruined by this unlovely work of man. As someone has most happily expressed it, the Rio Cobre is the most praised and most damned stream in Jamaica!

Six miles from Bog Walk station is the remarkable natural bridge across the Rio de Oro, where the sides of the deep cañon, through which the stream has hewn its course, meet in an arch capped by a single stupendous slab of rock sixty feet above the river.

Also within easy reach of Spanish Town, about ten miles distant, is Old Harbor Bay, the spot where the Spanish, under Esquivel, first landed on the island. Here stands the ancient Tamarind Tree Church which tradition claims was erected by order of Diego Columbus and which, if true, would make this church the oldest and most interesting relic of Spanish dominion in Jamaica.

Even nearer the capital than Spanish Town are many delightful places where the visitor may tarry. A trolley from Kingston passes through

the valley to Half-Way-Tree, three miles from the town, and along the route are residences of many of the well-to-do of Kingston who dwell in this delightful suburban district. Half-Way-Tree is so called as it is half way to the Constant Spring Hotel at the foot of the Blue Mountains, and nearly six hundred feet above the sea. Two miles beyond Half-Way-Tree is King's House, the residence of the Governor-General, a splendid mansion amid magnificent grounds and with a ballroom costing \$25,000. The earthquake played havoc with King's House, the only habitable portion remaining after the shock being the bungalow occupied by the Governor's secretary, but like the other ruined government buildings it was rebuilt better than before.

Also within easy reach of Kingston by trolley or motor car are the Hope and Castleton Gardens; the former about five miles from the city and seven hundred feet above the sea. This magnificent botanic or agricultural station covers 220 acres and affords a wonderful opportunity to study the great variety of native, as well as introduced, plants, flowers, and trees, especially those of industrial or economic value.

Castleton Gardens are farther away, some nineteen miles from Kingston, and a carriage or motor car must be hired for the trip. The start should preferably be made early in the day, for the first

few miles of road are very hot and dusty, but very soon the shade of the forest is reached and, as the highway climbs upward, the air becomes cool and refreshing. Castleton is nearly five hundred feet above the sea and was established nearly sixty years ago. Not only are the gardens wonderfully interesting for the wealth and variety of their vegetation, but there are arbors, benches, and bathing pools on the grounds, and near at hand are an excellent hotel and dining-room, as well as numerous charming cottages which may be rented.

Still another short trip from Kingston is that to Gordon Town, nine miles distant, and nearly one thousand feet above sea level. The road winds for miles along the banks of the Hope River, a tumbling stream flowing through picturesque scenery, with tropic foliage covering the hillsides and flowing over to submerge the valleys and ravines with a flood of green, while flowering vines clamber over roadside rocks and bushes, and giant creepers hang in mile-long festoons over the verges of the mighty cliffs. Gordon Town is but a village, a country resort of cottages, and a favorite residential spot for many of Kingston's business men. There are accommodations here for the stranger, and one may pass a most enjoyable time, rambling through the hills covered with their coffee and cacao groves, climbing the heights, or making short

excursions to neighboring places of wonderful scenic beauty.

A visit to Newcastle, nearly four thousand feet above the sea, affords an excellent idea of the glorious mountain scenery of Jamaica and the cool temperate zone of the high altitudes, where northern flowers, fruits, and vegetables grow luxuriantly about the quarters of the officers at the great military barracks. Wonderful feats of engineering were displayed in building the splendid road to this lofty site and from which one may look forth upon a scene beautiful and sublime beyond description. Kingston, on its plain at the borders of the harbor, seems almost underfoot; beyond is the slender sickle-like strip of gold and green, the palisadoes, tipped by Port Royal,—like a pendant gem at the end of a jeweled chain, while east and west the shore line stretches for a hundred miles in jutting capes, deep crescent coves, and rocky headlands rimmed with a silver thread of surf.

Even farther towards the sky one may ascend, until the very summit of the range is reached at Saint Catherine's Peak, a mile above the vast blue Caribbean outspread for countless leagues to where it meets the arching dome of sky.

But if one desires mountain heights, awe-inspiring scenery, marvelous views, and does not mind roughing it a bit, the ascent of the Blue Mountain Peak should certainly be made, for this is the high-

est peak in Jamaica and the loftiest mountain available for ordinary mortals in the West Indies, a cloud-wrapped summit 7338 feet above the sea.

Here, in the drifting mist of the wind-swept roof of the island, one has half of Jamaica at one's feet; a map of a thousand shades of green, cut with vast black gorges, flecked with purple shadows, dappled with plantations, orchards, fields, and cultivated lands, threaded by silver streams and winding roads and ringed about by a sea of sparkling blue. Then, as a cloud swirls softly and silently about the mountain peaks, the world below is veiled from sight, and far and near eddies and rolls a boundless sea of white, a billowy waste of mist, above which solitary, alone, cut off from all the universe, is the tiny bit of rock on which one stands. Again the scene changes, and beneath the tossing waves of vapor the lightning flashes and the thunder peals, the phantasmal sea is riven asunder, and from the gray waste rise rock-ribbed mountain heights and wet green hilltops. Thus, one feels, must the new-born world have seemed, when, from the nebulous universe, the land took form; thus must Noah have felt, as he looked forth from his ark upon the top of Ararat; and one half expects to see great uncouth monsters stranded upon the jutting slopes, huge, slimy, writhing forms left by the receding flood, until, with a sudden burst of light, the wide fair land leaps

into view and shreds of vapor, clinging to the forest tops, alone remain of the vast, spectral, vanished sea.

Here, upon this sky-piercing summit, the Jamaican government maintains a hut for the benefit of those who desire to spend a night above the clouds; but the accommodations are of the most primitive description, and it is wiser to descend to one of the stopping places at a lower level, such as Whitfield Hall, a well-built comfortable house four thousand feet above the sea and built over two hundred years ago. Strange as it may seem, the man who built this house was named Heaven, a most appropriate name for one residing among the clouds, and members of the Heaven family still dwell (or did until recently) in this truly Heavenly homestead.

Among the greatest of Jamaica's advantages is the accessibility of all parts of the island. The government railway traverses the island from north to south and almost from end to end, connecting Kingston with Montego Bay and with branch lines from Spanish Town to Port Antonio, from Bog Walk to Ewarton, and from May Pen to Chapelton, while two thousand miles of perfect automobile roads reach every town and village, and coastwise steamers ply between the various ports.

To describe in detail the innumerable drives

and rides, the marvelously beautiful scenery, the fascinating towns, the mountain resorts, the natural wonders, and the manifold attractions and interesting spots in Jamaica, would require a massive volume; but a brief description of the more important towns and scenes and the principal railway trips will serve to give the prospective visitor some idea of what this glorious island offers.

The most attractive line is, perhaps, that from Kingston to Port Antonio, seventy-five miles distant. For the first few miles the way leads through low-lying mangrove swamps and then enters the fertile banana-covered plain of St. Catherine,—a country made productive by irrigation,—and from Gregory Park, the first stop, to Spanish Town, nothing but a vast billowy sea of banner-like leaves can be seen.

Beyond Spanish Town, the level lands are left behind and the train enters the hills through rock-walled cuts, and with sharp, jagged peaks rising against the sky on every hand. Skirting the steep slopes the train dashes through two tunnels, swings round a gorge, and enters a tunnel half a mile in length, to emerge upon a sunshine-flooded scene of wonderful beauty. Below the tracks flows the dark blue Rio Cobre, beyond its verdured banks rise the green walls of the deep gorge, and in the background tower the lofty, forest-clad

mountains in range after range of blue slopes and sun-bright crests.

Leaving Bog Walk, where a short branch line extends to Ewarton nine miles away, the train sweeps into a rolling, hilly district, luxuriantly rich with riotous vegetation and countless bananas, until Riversdale is reached. Here begin the engineering feats which fill the traveler with admiration, as, turning and twisting, roaring in and out of tunnels, skirting precipices and creeping around horseshoe curves, the train threads its way through the mountains; the puffing locomotive one moment above one's head upon the hillside, the next, below the windows of the car, and seemingly chasing its tail like a playful kitten.

Passing Troja and Richmond, the train enters the most important banana-growing section of the island, the Parish of St. Mary, and as far as eye can see there is no break in the smooth green sweep of tossing leaves, save where a few fruit trees grow about the negroes' huts, their foliage rising, like deep-green islands, above the wind-swept ocean of pale green.

Steadily up the steep grade the train mounts to Highgate, and then slips gaily down to Albany, while all about, the impossible slopes of the hills are thick with bananas growing in spots so precipitous that one marvels that they can bear their bunches of fruit without toppling over to the plain

beneath. Here and there, thin wire ropes are seen, swinging in graceful curves from the hilltops to the lowland, and down these cobweb-like strands great bunches of bananas come rushing through the air to be loaded into the waiting trains upon a siding.

Presently, rounding a wooded hillside, the valley of Wag Water comes into view, a lovely scene of open, fertile, cultivated lands hemmed in by softly shaded blue and purple mountains. Over a great iron bridge that spans the tiny stream winding through its wide and sandy bed—but which in a few hours may become a raging, irresistible torrent—the train continues on its way and enters the straggling seaside town of Anotto Bay.

From here, the line skirts the shore, revealing glorious vistas of plume-crowned palms, in endless rows above the creamy beach, and with the long line of snowy surf and sparkling turquoise sea beyond. Buff Bay, Orange Bay, and Hope Bay are passed in turn; Spanish River is crossed, and rushing through St. Margaret's Bay, the train pulls into Port Antonio.

Port Antonio, the chief port on Jamaica's northern coast, and second only to Kingston, is the headquarters of the vast banana industry of the island and the shipping port for countless millions of bunches of the fruit which has made

Jamaica's prosperity—not to mention the few odd million cocoanuts and oranges which are also shipped from here. From a humble beginning, when a schooner load of bananas was sent from San Antonio to the States, this industry has grown, until to-day Jamaica leads all the world in its banana shipments; a business of stupendous proportions developed from nothing in less than fifty years.

Situated upon a narrow, hog-backed peninsula between two lovely harbors, Port Antonio is a beautiful and picturesque spot, with red-roofed, green-shuttered houses half-hidden amid palms and verdure and backed by hills rising gradually to the distant mountains. Most prominent of all things in the port is the great hotel, a palatial hostelry that appears as if transported bodily from Sag Harbor or some fashionable New England shore resort and dropped down amid palms and tropic foliage.

To those who feel lost and ill at ease unless surrounded by every luxury, comfort, and formal convention of fashionable hotel life, Port Antonio will appeal more strongly than any other spot in Jamaica. But those who seek the out-of-the-way corners, the quaintness and the charm of dreamy tropic lands, freedom, and change from our everyday life, and those who delight in getting away from the beaten track, will find few attractions in

Port Antonio with its huge hotel, stiff artificiality, idle chatter, tango parties, trivialities, and other accessories of a fashionable watering place. But there are numerous quiet, unpretentious hotels and boarding places in the town, and it cannot be denied that the climate is really delightful, the bathing excellent, the scenery superb, and much can be forgiven and overlooked when such a rare combination is found.

From Port Antonio, also, one may take many excursions of interest, such as to Don Christopher's Cove near Anotto Bay, where Columbus beached his caravels in 1504 and remained a castaway upon his own ships for a whole year. A charmingly pretty spot is the cove, with lovely bathing beaches and limpid transparent water, but it is doubtful if the marooned admiral and his grumbling crews admired the beauties of Nature so lavishly spread about them.

Threatened by mutiny and faced with famine, Columbus and his comrades had a hard time of it, until the shrewd Don Christopher succeeded in frightening the Indians into bringing provisions, by his famous trick of predicting the eclipse of the moon.

Another trip worth while is that to Golden Vale and Moore Town, the latter the home of the remnants of the once dreaded and powerful Maroons. Descendants of runaway slaves, the

Maroons for years defied the armies of Jamaica and England, and murdered, pillaged, and burned at will, until a treaty was made by which they were granted freedom and were given 2500 acres of land. Although mainly of African blood, yet the Maroons consider themselves a race apart and look upon the blacks with supreme contempt. In fact, during the negro insurrection of 1865 they proved of great service in tracking down and killing the rebels. Once savage, warlike, and indomitable fighters, the Maroons dwell contentedly in their thatched and wattled huts at Moore Town, at peace with the world, but still proud of the bloody history and fighting prowess of their ancestors.

Very different from the Port Antonio trip is the journey to Montego Bay, on the northwestern coast of Jamaica, 113 miles from Kingston.

As far as Spanish Town, the same route is followed as before, and beyond here, to May Pen, the train runs across a rolling level country covered with guinea grass, cane, sisal, and cotton and through the little towns of Hartlands, Bushy Park, and Old Harbor. Just before reaching May Pen the train rumbles over a fine iron bridge, and the traveler is surprised to see nothing but a dry, weed-grown, empty river bed without a sign of water. But while out of sight, the river is there, flowing merrily seaward beneath the earth, for, like many other rivers in Jamaica, this Rio Minho has the

peculiar characteristic of appearing and disappearing without the least apparent reason. Sinking out of sight it flows for miles through subterranean caverns, and then bobs up and continues on its way, as any respectable stream should, and as if tired of playing hide-and-seek. During heavy rains, however, the underground channels are inadequate to carry off the excess water, and the streams rush seaward in foaming torrents upon the surface as well as under it.

From May Pen to Clarendon Park is a district of fertile plains, fine sugar estates, and cattle farms, while, about Clarendon Park, great quantities of fruit are raised, and the train is besieged by negresses vending oranges and pineapples, custard-apples, mangoes, sapodillas, and other luscious fruits of the island. Up the hills through immense orchards of oranges, tangerines, and other fruit trees the train climbs to Williamsfield, four miles from which is Mandeville, a popular mountain resort two thousand feet above the sea, and with a splendid hotel and great golf links, in a temperate climate of perpetual spring.

Still ascending, the road passes through Kendal and reaches Green Vale, the highest point on the line, at an elevation of 1700 feet. Here is the Pimento district, and everywhere upon the grassy open lands are seen the handsome white-barked trees with their dark-green leaves.

From the fruit of these the "allspice" of commerce is obtained, the trees of Jamaica producing two thirds of the world's supply. From Green Vale the train glides down-hill to the rolling lowlands, out of the fruit and spice districts, and into grassy pastures, banana farms, and cane fields to Appleton. Following the course of the Black River through cool and dusky glens, past sparkling cascades and tumbling rapids, the train winds in and out and comes at last into the famous Cockpit Country. A wild, desolate land is this, a weird, broken, rugged waste of precipitous cliffs and conical limestone peaks, tumbled about hit or miss, separated by deep ravines and narrow cañons, and forest clad. Here the Maroons held their own against the British troops in days gone by, and seeing the spot, one no longer marvels at the feat, for few places in the world are better suited to savage guerrilla warfare.

Beyond here are cultivated lands, more of the omnipresent bananas, of which, long ere this, the traveler will be heartily tired, and one breathes a sigh of relief as the broad green leaves are left behind, and at Montpellier one sees a wide and undulating prairie, broken by clumps of spreading trees, while in the shade, or grazing on the thick green grass, are hundreds of odd, bluish, hump-backed zebus which give a delightful foreign aspect to the landscape. Then come the sugar lands and

cane fields; the salt tang of the sea is in the air, and swinging swiftly around a hillside, the land suddenly drops from sight and one looks unexpectedly upon the tranquil waters of Montego Bay, with the wooded Bogue Islands sharply silhouetted against the crimsoned sunset sky and shimmering purple sea.

Beautiful in its location, surrounded by scenery unexcelled for its picturesque variety and luxuriant verdure, with splendid bathing beaches and the lovely outlying islets, Montego Bay is unsurpassed in its attractions and advantages. Moreover, there are excellent hotels and boarding places, the train service to Kingston is regular, and all about are delightful drives and interesting spots to visit.

Here, in olden days, came many a Spanish ship from Cuba across the way, and here the Dons busied themselves in killing the wild hogs that roamed the forests about and from which they tried out the fat or lard. So important did this industry become that it gave the name to the bay, for Montego is but a corruption of the Spanish "manteca," meaning lard.

There are many interesting and beautiful portions of Jamaica which cannot be visited by railway, however; but all of these are easily reached by motor car or carriage, either from Kingston or from towns on the railway line. In fact, Jamaica is so well supplied with magnificent highways and

is so limited in area that one may tour by automobile from coast to coast and from end to end of the island and see every important and interesting spot in a comparatively short time.

Among the many interesting and attractive spots within reach of the highways, but off the railway lines, the following should certainly be visited:

Fern Gully, nine miles from Ocho Rios—a great ravine literally filled to overflowing with myriads of ferns of every imaginable color, form, and size, from gigantic tree-ferns to the tiniest “filmies” and the wonderful gold and silver ferns.

Judgment Cliff, two miles from Easington, where half a mountain was torn away by the earthquake of 1692, and which fell upon and destroyed the estate of a notorious Dutchman, hence the name.

The Baths of St. Thomas the Apostle, near the village of Bath, forty miles from Kingston, and a spot whose hot medicinal waters have been famous for centuries.

Oracabessa Bay, six miles from Port Maria, the place where Columbus first landed in Jamaica, on May 5, 1494.

Rio Nuevo, where the Spaniards made their last stand against the conquering British in 1658.

St. Ann's, with its forests of pimento, or all-

spice, trees, its spice-laden air, its rushing streams, and dashing cataracts.

Sevilla del Oro, the site of the first Spanish settlement on the island.

Dry Harbor, where Columbus repaired his leaky ships, and the neighboring enormous caverns at Cave Hall Pen and which extend for miles underground and have never been fully explored.

While, of all Jamaica's natural wonders, none are more worthy of a visit than its magnificent waterfalls, the most famous of which is Roaring River Falls, a wonderful cascade, one hundred and fifty feet in height and two hundred feet in width, and which is so surrounded by forest, by trees and palms, and so broken up by jutting rocks clothed with verdure, that it appears like a series of smaller falls, a myriad of cataracts of a hundred forms and sizes—a thousand masses of feathery, prismatic foam and countless veils of shimmering spray, tumbling, dashing, roaring from nowhere into nowhere, amid a tropic jungle, and with a noise deafening in its volume.

Another notable cataract, much nearer Kingston than Roaring River, is the Cane River Fall in a deep gorge about nine miles east of the capital. Even on the hottest days of summer, between the precipitous walls of the ravine it is deliciously cool, the cliffs dripping with moisture, draped with ferns and flowering vines, and hung with orchids.

At the head of this magnificent cañon the mass of silvery water falls from a lofty shelf of rock, to plunge into a great, rocky, fern-edged bowl. Here one may pass behind the cataract and look through the opalescent green veil of falling water, and here, behind the falls, is a cavern, once the lair of a famous brigand known as "Three-Fingered Jack." He was killed by a Maroon in single-handed combat, and the victor, to prove his triumph, brought in the bandit's hand with the three digits. For his services in ridding the community of the dreaded outlaw, the Maroon was rewarded by a pension of \$100 a year for life. Doubtless he deeply regretted that there were not more three-fingered brigands to conquer, for fighting was the favorite occupation of the Maroons, and to let the life out of a man in an exciting scrap must have seemed a very easy means of earning an annuity.



CHAPTER XVII

THE BAHAMAS, ISLANDS OF THE PINK PEARL

MOST northerly of the true West Indies, and nearest to our shores, are the Bahamas, a scattered group of three thousand islands, cays, and reefs, and extending from Great Bahama, off Jupiter, Florida, to Grand Turk, off the coast of Santo Domingo—a distance of over seven hundred miles.

Low, flat, sandy, and barren, of so-called "coral" limestone and only semi-tropical in their flora, the Bahamas are lacking in scenic beauties, and are monotonous and uninteresting in appearance. The thin soil supports a certain amount of vegetation, but nothing luxuriantly tropical; the verdure consisting of pitch-pine groves, scrubby palmettos, tangled thickets of thorny scrub and cactus, with the shores ringed by ragged sea-grape and sprawling mangrove trees.

Although the first spot in the West Indies to be discovered by Columbus in 1492, yet the Bahamas were among the last to be settled, for their re-

sources are most meager, and even to-day many of the islands are uninhabited, wild, and practically unknown, save to the negro spongers, fishermen, and squatters who frequent their lagoons and coves.

With the highest elevation scarce three hundred feet above the sea, and surrounded by thousands of uncharted reefs and rocks, the Bahamas have proved the graveyard of countless ships, and for many years were the resort of pirates and buccaneers. With the passing of these picturesque gentry, the islands became the headquarters of a less courageous and more degenerate class of freebooters—the wreckers, who lured vessels to destruction for the sake of loot, or contented themselves with plundering such unfortunate ships and mariners as came to grief upon the Bahaman reefs. Although piracy is an occupation long dead and wrecking is supposedly a thing of the past in the West Indies, yet, until a few years ago, the Bahamans were not averse to profiting by the misfortunes of others, and as recently as 1904 a number of wreckers were brought to Nassau to stand trial for wrecking and looting a yacht on Rum Cay.

Following the piping days of piracy and wrecking came the more remunerative, and scarcely less exciting, industry of blockade-running, and, during our Civil War, the islands waxed prosper-

ous and the people wealthy through this lucrative, if precarious, business.

But the most important, the most successful, and the most praiseworthy industry of the Bahamans has been the exploitation of their capital as a winter resort for Northerners.

And despite their lack of scenic attractions, the monotony of their landscapes, and their dearth of vegetation, the Bahamas can truthfully claim attractions which place the islands in the front rank of desirable places in which to escape the rigors of our winters.

Not the least of these is the climate, for while mainly outside the tropics, yet the Bahamas are ever warm, sunshiny, and balmy, while the heat of the sun is tempered by the ceaseless, refreshing trade winds. Wonderfully equable is the temperature, rarely falling below 70° and seldom rising above 80° , and, day in and day out, the needle of the recording thermometer at Nassau draws an almost unwavering line along its chart.

Moreover, the sea bathing is delightful; there are excellent fishing and boating; splendid roads cover the limited area of New Providence and there are unexcelled hotels, every improvement, outdoor sports of every description, and all the comforts, luxuries, and accessories of the North, not excepting the formal social functions, the ridiculous conventions and the usual inanities and gossip

without which fashionable society would find the most delightful spot intolerable. To speak of the Bahamas and to describe them is really to write of Nassau, for the other islands are rarely visited, there are no accommodations for strangers upon them, and the life, entertainment, business, and allurements of the Bahamas all center in the quaint town on New Providence, 145 miles from Miami, Florida.

Upon a low hill, barely one hundred feet in height, the city of Nassau reclines drowsily in a glorious bath of sunshine, and facing the north, as if its only interest was in the coming of more tourists to keep it from falling fast asleep.

Above it on the hilltop stands an old gray fort; at either end of the ridge stand others, and between them gleam the pink, yellow, and white houses with their silvery gray roofs, above which wave the nodding palms.

Wonderfully pretty is the scene, but the greatest beauty, the most ardent color, and the most striking feature of Nassau is the water that stretches from the creamy sand beaches to the foam-capped outer reefs.

Vivid emerald in the shallows, blotched by purple above the reefs, cobalt, sapphire, and indigo in the shadows, the water shimmers with every color of the peacock's tail to where the lavender horizon joins an azure sky.

Above this wondrous sea, the ship seems suspended in mid-air and, looking down through the crystalline, transparent liquid, one sees the waving purple sea-fans and multicolored corals upon the distant bottom. And in and out, back and forth among the growths, float and dart fishes of rainbow hues—fish of silver and of opal, of blue and gold, of purple and carmine, of blazing orange and burnished green; fishes striped with black and white, mottled with a score of tints, piebald and speckled; a veritable riot of living color, unreal, impossible—a prismatic phantasy.

Unlike any other West Indian town is Nassau, a place of white coral streets, of huge walls enclosing gardens of gorgeous foliage and flowers, of low pink and yellow houses capped by weathered shingled roofs, of blazing light and purple-black shadows, and of indolent negroes in picturesque rags.

Sleepy, languid, almost moribund it seems. No one hurries, no one has a care or worry in the world; it is a lotus-eating land, despite electric lights, motor cars, excellent shops, and great modern hotels.

There are few notable buildings in the town, the most important—aside from the hotels—being the cathedral, the barracks near the parade ground on Marlborough Street, the public library—formerly a prison—and the post office, council

chambers, treasury, court house, and other government buildings about the square.

In the square is the famous ceiba or silk-cotton tree, one of Nassau's "wonders," but which, in any of the more southerly West Indies, would be passed by without notice. The Sponge Exchange and the Fish Market are also points of interest, provided the visitor does not possess a delicate nose.

At the head of George Street, on Mount Fitzwilliam, stands Government House, surrounded by eighteen acres of beautiful grounds and affording a magnificent view. Here, too, is the statue of Columbus, modeled after Washington Irving's own ideas and suggestions. Luckily the monument is labeled, as otherwise one might well mistake it for a statue of some swaggering, swash-buckling character of Nassau's past, for, to tell the truth, the slouch-hatted figure with toga over shoulder looks more like a pirate than like the discoverer of America.

Most interesting of the "sights" about Nassau are the old forts upon the hill. Fort Fincastle, as the central fort is called, is a quaint structure resembling nothing so much as a petrified paddle-wheel steamboat. It was built in 1789 and is now used as a signal station, and from its walls one may obtain a splendid view. But it is most famous for the so-called "Queen's Staircase," by

which it is approached—a narrow passageway, seventy feet in depth and thirty feet in width, and cut through the solid limestone rock.

The other forts, Fort Montague and Fort Charlotte, were built respectively in 1741 and 1788. A splendid view may be obtained from either, but Charlotte is the more interesting, as it contains many subterranean dungeons and passageways, some of which are reputed to extend underground to Government House.

With its three commanding forts overlooking the town and harbor, one would think that Nassau would have been impregnable in olden times; but it has been attacked and taken on several occasions.

Fort Montague was captured by the embryonic American navy in 1776, and was again taken by the Spaniards in 1781. The Dons were driven out by Loyalists from North Carolina in 1783, the victory being brought about by strategy on the part of Colonel Devaux. By sending his boats ashore filled with men who secreted themselves on their return to the ships, and repeating the ruse a number of times, the Spaniards were led to believe that a large force had been landed, and after a short parley surrendered the fortress without a struggle.

Outside of Nassau, there are perfect roads traversing the entire island of New Providence, which is about twenty-seven miles in length and

from three to seven miles in width. The scenery, however, is far from attractive and consists mainly of a waste of pitch-pines and untidy palmettos, dotted with shallow ponds and practically flat, save for the "Blue Hills" which rise to a height of 120 feet.

At Waterloo, however, there is a sight worth seeing, the "Lake of Fire," an artificial pond some three hundred feet wide and about one thousand feet long which is connected with the sea by a canal closed by a gate. After dark, the pond glows and gleams with phosphorescence in a marvelous manner, the boats upon its surface leaving a wake of glowing fire, while the water, dripping from the oars, appears like red-hot molten metal.

But the most alluring of Nassau's charms is the sea bathing. Either in the sheltered coves, where the sea is calm, or at Hog Island with its beating surf, the water is always tepid, the air is ever caressingly warm. And when tired of bathing,—if indeed one can ever tire of such a luxury as this,—one may doze beneath the shade upon the beach, while overhead the palms whisper a drowsy lullaby, their drooping fronds rustling like the silvery burble of a woodland brook, or gently clashing like the soft patter of raindrops on a roof.

Far to the eastward of Nassau, at the very opposite extremity of the Bahaman archipelago,

is an interesting group of islands which, although a part of the Bahamas, are under the government of Jamaica.

These are the Turks Islands, the Islands of Salt—a long low strip of land girt with silver-white beaches marred with the blackened bones of wrecks. At one end a solitary lighthouse, at the other extremity a tiny rambling town of limestone and wooden buildings, such is Turk's Island viewed from the sea.

Very much like many another West Indian town is the port, but in one way Turk's Island differs from all other spots, for its sole industry, its only revenue, the occupation in which everyone is engaged, is salt.

Indeed, to hear the Turks Islanders talk, one would imagine salt was some sort of vegetable, for they speak of "raising" so many bushels of salt; of "harvesting" the salt, and of a good or bad salt "crop."

Everywhere about the town, along every street, covering vast areas of lowland, and filling countless sheds, are tons of salt. Like huge snowdrifts the great piles rise high above one's head on either side of the roads, while everywhere are donkey carts and mule teams laden with the crystals and, knee-deep in the glistening heaps, negroes are busily shoveling and raking over the half-dried mass.

Back of the town, upon the lowland, are the "salt pans," pond depressions walled off into squares of various sizes and depths and connected with the sea by trenches provided with gates.

When salt is to be made, the first series of pans is filled with sea-water, by opening the sluice gates, and here it is allowed to stand for about six weeks, or until the greater portion of the water has evaporated. The residue is then led by ditches into the second series of shallower "pans" where it remains for two weeks more, by which time it has become thick and syrup-like in consistency. As it will no longer flow freely of its own accord it is now pumped, by queer windmills consisting of a series of boat sails fastened to a horizontal frame, into the last, or drying, pans. Here it stands for two or three weeks until crystallized, and during that time it is raked, shoveled, and tossed about, much in the manner of grass upon a hay field, until it is uniformly dried.

When crystallization is complete the salt is raked into piles and shoveled into carts to be transported to the salt houses, where it is stored, still further dried, and finally ground or crushed and packed in bags or barrels, while the "crop" to be shipped in bulk is stored in immense piles on every available bit of unoccupied land.

Considering the size of the island a surprising quantity of salt is "raised." the annual crop

amounting to nearly half a million bushels, while the crop on the neighboring Caicos Islands totals about a million bushels and Little Turk produces a quarter of a million more.

Notwithstanding this output the Turks Islanders are among the most poverty-stricken of West Indians, for every article of wearing apparel, every stick of fuel, and every bit of food, must be imported from the United States or the neighboring islands. Twice a month the Clyde Line steamship breaks the monotony of the people's lives, frequent sailing vessels call for salt cargoes, cable communication keeps them in touch with the doings of the world, and good roads enable those who own carriages to drive about. Around some of the houses are trees and flowers, even a few palms, all carefully brought from other lands and planted in soil imported from Santo Domingo. Strangely enough the inhabitants are intensely patriotic and think their island the finest spot on earth, despite the fact that it is quite out of the world, its only scenery salt ponds and its only product salt.



CHAPTER XVIII

CUBA, THE "PEARL OF THE ANTILLES"

SOUTH of the Bahamas and stretching along the horizon for nearly eight hundred miles lies Cuba, historic, magnificent, and vast, the largest of the West Indies and the "Pearl of the Antilles."

Fortunate is the visitor to Cuba who first sees Havana from the sea at sunrise. To the left, the grim old Morro crowning its rocky headland, to the right, the flat-roofed, sleeping town, stretching for miles along the shore, while, in the background, soft green hills loom mistily against the gold and crimson glory of the dawn.

Bathed in the soft effulgent light of breaking day, the many-tinted city seems transformed to a bit of fairyland,—unreal, phantasmal, ethereal,—beautiful as a dream of Heaven, and as fleeting. Above the sea of roofs, blue wreaths of smoke float upward from many a newly kindled fire; the distant crowing of cocks and barking of dogs are borne faintly seaward on the morning breeze; a few moving specks of men are seen upon the streets, a trolley car rattles noisily along the



THE MORRO AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA

water-front; factory whistles break the silence with roaring summons to labor; the ringing call of a bugle sounds from the parapets of Morro; upward to the summit of the flagstaff flutters the lone-starred flag of Cuba, and day has come.

Under the frowning battlements of Morro, and past the silent guns on ancient Punta Fort, the ship steams slowly through the narrow strait of blue that leads to the harbor, where, swinging at their moorings, lying at the massive steel and concrete docks—a forest of masts and funnels as far as the eye can see—are scores of great ocean-going steamers and countless sailing vessels flying the flags of every nation. Puffing launches, bright-hued rowboats, immense lighters, fussy tugs, and swift-moving ferryboats ply back and forth in every direction. And, as the traveler looks upon this mass of shipping, the busy docks, the teeming water-front, the puffing locomotives and clanging trolley cars, the towering, smoke-belching factory chimneys, and the vast sea of roofs, broken by the steel and concrete, many-storied heights of modern buildings, he realizes that here indeed is a metropolis, a huge, modern, bustling city.

With more commerce than any other port in America, save New York, with close to half a million inhabitants, with buildings the equal of any in the world, with palatial hotels, boule-

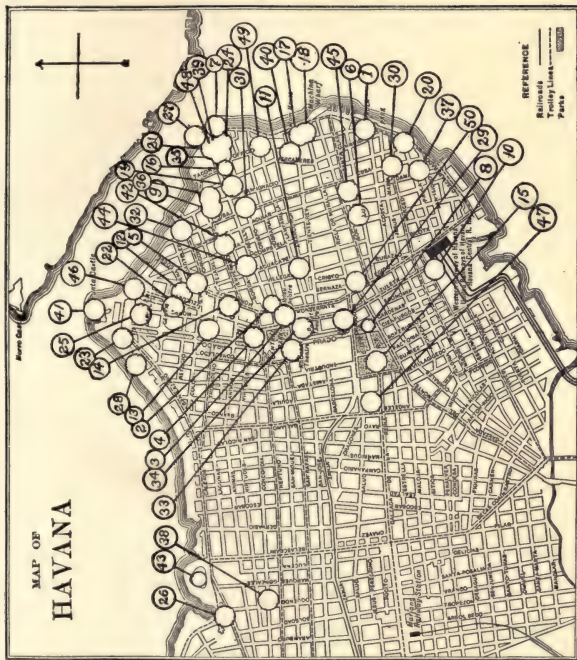
wards magnificent beyond compare, theaters, among which is the fifth largest in the world, stores that are a revelation, and every device, invention, improvement, and innovation known to the twentieth century, yet Havana is as fascinatingly foreign, as picturesque, as colorful and charming, and as strange as any city of the Old World.

Four centuries have passed since Havana first sprang into being, four centuries of war and peace, of fire and sword, of cruel misrule and triumphant freedom, and, while vast changes have been wrought, since that day when the banner of Spain was hauled from the staff on which it had flaunted its red and yellow stripes for so long, still the life, the people, the customs, and the atmosphere of old Havana remain unaltered. Modernity has improved it, sanitation has stamped out disease and has transformed it from a plague-ridden to a marvelously healthy city; the bad has been eliminated, but without robbing it of aught that was good, lovable, and fascinating, and to-day the capital of the "Pearl of the Antilles" is the same irresistible, quaint old city as of yore.

Many of the streets are as narrow as bypaths, and lead, like cañons dim and cool with shadows, between Spanish buildings, the tiled fronts and jutting balconies with scarce a dozen feet of space between them.

EXPLANATION, MAP OF HAVANA

- 1 Alameda. 2 Albear Square.
- 3 Albus Theatre. 4 American Club.
- 5 Angeles Church. 6 Belen Church.
- 7 Caballera Wharf.
- 8 La India Park. 9 Cathedral.
- 10 Central Station. 11 Christ Church.
- 12 City Wall. 13 Clerks' Club.
- 14 Colon Market. 15 Colon Park.
- 16 Congressional Building.
- 17 Customs House. 18 Customs Warehouse.
- 19 Dominican Convent.
- 20 Francisco de Paula Church.
- 21 La Fuerza. 22 Henry Clay Cigar Factory.
- 23 Miramar Hotel.
- 24 House of Representatives.
- 25 Jail (old). 26 Leper Hospital.
- 27 Luz Wharf.
- 28 Malecon Drive. 29 Marti Theatre.
- 30 Merced Church.
- 31 National Bank. 32 Library.
- 33 National Theatre. 34 Pairer Theatre.
- 35 Old Palace.
- 36 Palace of Justice. 37 Paula Hospital.
- 38 Pelota Court.
- 39 Plaza de Armas. 40 La Lonja or Produce Exchange.
- 41 Punta Fort.
- 42 San Juan de Dios Park.
- 43 San Lazaro Watch Tower.
- 44 Catalina Church.
- 45 Santa Clara Church.
- 46 Students' Memorial.
- 47 Tacon Market.
- 48 Temple. 49 Treasury.
- 50 Ursuline Convent.



Great archways in ponderous walls lead to huge, colonnaded patios wherein fountains splash, birds sing, and flowering plants fill the air with perfume; at windows, barred by hand-wrought iron grill-work, dark-eyed, languorous women idly watch the passing throngs, while the tinkle of guitars and the strains of soft Spanish music mingle with the roar of traffic and the honk of automobile horns.

For ancient, picturesque, and delightfully foreign as are these byways of old Havana, yet through them flows a constant stream of modern traffic, pedestrians of every class, color, and race; rubber-tired Victorias; mule-drawn drays and ox-carts; ponderous motor trucks and vans; rushing motor delivery wagons; softly purring limousines and clanging trolley cars. Marvelous it seems that the narrow lanes can accommodate the jam, that accidents are not of constant occurrence, but the traffic moves swiftly and with scarce a hitch, for the police are efficient, and the drivers skillful, and accustomed to conditions which would make a New York taxi-driver pale.

Overhead, during the sunny hours of the day, stretch canopies gay with color, gorgeous with painted advertisements and strange Spanish names and which, far above the streets, form a covered way like an Oriental bazaar between the stores of the shopping districts. And such shops! No dingy, dusty, old-fashioned affairs are these, but

modern stores with enormous plate glass windows, brass and mahogany fronts, and within which every article known to the world may be found. The only thing wanting is the modern American department store, but the Cuban merchant has his own ideas on such matters, and most peculiar some of these are to the Northerner. Rosaries, crucifixes, prayer books, and lottery tickets seem a strange combination to us; to find confectionery side by side with firearms and ammunition is a surprise, and one gasps in amazement at sight of canary birds sold in a shop with quilts and mattresses; but no doubt, to the Cuban mind, our habit of selling cigars and postage stamps in drug stores is quite as incomprehensible.

One must not judge Havana's streets by the narrow ways of the old portion of the city, however, for there are numerous thoroughfares as wide and modern as any of our own, while the Prado and the Malecon have few rivals for beauty or perfection in any city of the world.

In Havana, all roads lead to the Central Plaza or "Parque Central," the heart of the city, the spot from which the main arteries and trolley lines radiate, and about which are located the most splendid and noteworthy buildings, the theaters, the club houses, and the hotels.

Beautiful in itself is the plaza, a great open space occupying several squares and filled with

palms, shade trees, and beautiful flowers; a splendid statue of the martyred patriot, Marti, in the center, and threaded by smooth paths bordered by benches for those who would tarry beneath the shade. And sitting here and looking about at the surroundings, the wonderful beauty, the marvelous wealth, and the progressive modernity of Cuba's capital are borne forcibly upon the visitor.

On all four sides are massive buildings, conspicuous among them being the Hotel Plaza, the Bazaar de Paris, the Asturias Club, the Hotel Inglaterra and Telegrafos, and the ornately beautiful Gallegos Club—a club house costing over one million dollars and erected by clerks and workmen—while beyond is the magnificent new Presidential Palace.

Everywhere upon the streets are luxurious motor cars,—many in the ten thousand dollar class,—splendid horse-drawn vehicles, and fashionably dressed crowds of men and women, while upon the roofs blaze and scintillate a myriad of electric signs which would be a credit to upper Broadway.

About the plaza centers the gay night life of the city, for Havana wakes up about the time that other cities go to bed, and here, better than in any other one spot in the city, the visitor may find constant interest and amusement and can best study the life and ways of the people.

Each of the immense buildings about the park oc-

cupies an entire square—great, massive structures of stone and concrete several stories in height and supported by huge columns at the edges of the sidewalks, thus forming cool, shady colonnades with arched openings in which are displayed the innumerable wares of the booths and stores on the ground floors. Typical of Havana are these bazaar-like arcades, the only doors or walls to the shops being iron screens which are rolled up out of sight during the day, and here, in the open air, the Havanese shop and gossip, eat, drink, and are shaved in full view of the ever-passing crowds.

Between the booths, from side to side and diagonally through the buildings, run streets or passages also bordered by countless shops, the whole forming a veritable city of stores, in a way like a gigantic department store, save that the various shopkeepers have no interests in common and each is a keen rival and competitor of his neighbors. Even more heterogeneous than our five-and-ten-cent stores is the variety of articles to be found in one of these great bazaars, for hats, shoes, china, laces, toys, jewelry, baskets, embroidery, liquors, groceries, tobacco and cigars, saddles and harness, souvenirs and post cards, curios and furniture are side by side, while for good measure there are bootblacks, restaurants, barber shops, and cafés.

The visitor to Havana will find it a tiresome undertaking to wander about the city and see all



STREET IN SANTIAGO DE CUBA



the interesting spots afoot, and while the numerous trolley cars will carry one to a large proportion of the more important places, it is far more satisfactory to do one's sight-seeing by means of a cab. The "coches," as these quaint Victoria-like public carriages are called, are one of Havana's time honored institutions. They are always in evidence, scores of them lining the curb about the plaza and in the busier thoroughfares, and they are the cheapest thing in Cuba, and for the modest sum of ten cents one or two people may ride anywhere within the city limits, while a third passenger costs but five cents additional. If longer trips are desired, the "coches" may be hired at \$1.00 to \$1.25 per hour, and in a few hours' time every point of interest in the city and its environs may be visited. As a rule the driver or "cochero" may be trusted to show the stranger all places of importance, but it is well to arrange beforehand just where one is to go in a certain time, as otherwise the jehu may cover the same ground twice or may travel by such devious routes that far more time than is necessary is consumed. Few of the "cocheros" speak English, but one may always call upon an employee of the hotel to act as interpreter and make all business arrangements.

Just what route should be taken, or in what order the more interesting features of Havana should be visited, are matters which each visitor

must decide for himself, but, as a rule, the drive always begins with the Prado.

This magnificent thoroughfare stretches from Colon Park to the water-front, about two miles, and throughout its entire length it is bordered by splendid buildings, while in the center, between the two asphalt driveways, is a series of parklets shaded by poincianas, laurel trees, and palms.

Colon Park, at the upper extremity of the Prado, is a charming spot of grass plots, shrubbery, and splendid trees, with numerous paths and walks through avenues of royal palms, while opposite its entrance in the center of the Prado is a strikingly beautiful monument supporting the figure of an Indian goddess known as "La Habena" or "La India." Justly proud of the Prado are the Cubans, and with good reason, for from end to end it is a street to excite the admiration of any one.

Even during the day, the Prado is filled with carriages, automobiles, and pedestrians, but after sundown it fairly teems and swarms with life, and it would be a difficult matter to find another thoroughfare in all the world which is gayer, noisier, or more animated than the Prado between the early evening and midnight. The hours of darkness are the Cubans' playtime, and long after midnight and well towards break of day, the Plaza and Prado, the Malecon, and many a lesser street are

ablaze with lights and noisy with song, music, and laughter, while vehicles move in a constant stream, and cafés, restaurants, and theaters are filled to overflowing.

At the edge of the sea, with Morro in plain view across the narrow harbor entrance, the Prado joins the Malecon in a broad open space, bordered by the sea-wall sweeping in a semicircle from the old Punta Fort on the right to the Miramar Hotel on the left.

Fronting quaint old Punta with its jutting sentry boxes, antique guns, and grassy moat, is a large savanna smoothly swarded, cut by asphalt drives and set with trees, flower beds, and tropic shrubbery. On the farther side is the old jail, a monstrous yellow building designed to hold five thousand prisoners,—and often filled at that, during the Spanish régime,—but now transformed to neat and sanitary quarters for the Board of Education. Half way between the jail and Punta stand the remains of a one-time building whereon is a commemorative tablet marking the spot where eight Cuban students were massacred in 1871.

From the Punta the wide and perfect roadway of the Malecon sweeps beside the sea wall for several miles, one of the pleasantest driveways in the world, with the residences of wealthy Cubans on the one hand and, on the other, the sapphire sea

and breaking surf, with the ceaseless, refreshing breeze cool with the breath of the ocean.

By continuing along the Malecon one passes the Leper Hospital of San Lazaro and the odd watch tower, from which, in olden times, the Spaniards kept a lookout for the approach of pirates and other foes, and just beyond, reaches the Vedado, a residential suburb. From the Vedado one may return to the plaza by any one of half a dozen routes, one of the best being by way of Colon Cemetery, El Principe Fort, and the Botanic Gardens.

It was in Colon Cemetery that the victims of the *Maine* disaster were buried, and a splendid monument marks their former resting place, but, aside from this, the cemetery is worthy of a visit for its magnificent sculptured arched gateway and numerous costly monuments, while, if a funeral is taking place, the stranger will find the hearse as interesting as anything to be seen. Drawn by six or more plumed and gaily caparisoned horses, decorated with scarlet and gold, driven by liveried outriders, and with footmen dressed in sixteenth century costumes, with cocked hats, gold lace, scarlet knickerbockers, and powdered wigs, the Havana hearses appear more like circus wagons than anything else to Northern eyes, but to the Cubans they are the correct thing, and one may know the deceased Cuban's standing and wealth

by the number of horses and the gorgeousness of the vehicle which carries him to his last resting place.

Principe Fort, a quaint, ancient structure with immense walls, deep moat, and portcullis, is at present used only as a jail, but from the hilltop on which it stands one may obtain a superb view of the great city, the harbor, and the Morro and Cabañas beyond.

No visit to a West Indian town would be complete without a trip to the market, and in Havana there are several, two of which, the Colon and the Tacon, are very large and within a short walk of the Parque Central.

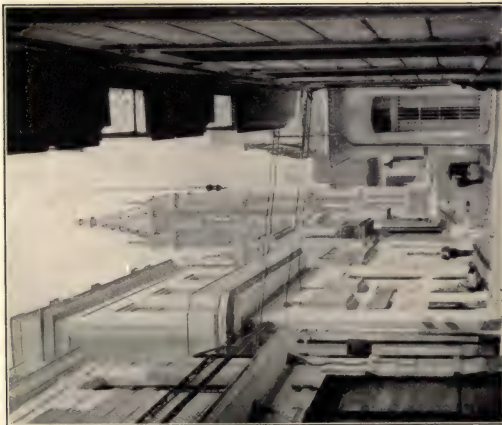
Tacon Market is a block from Colon Park and four blocks from the plaza, while Colon Market is between Zulueta and Montserrate streets, a block from the Plaza Hotel and Central Park. Here one may see every fruit and vegetable of the tropics, as well as a great variety of those familiar to our Northern markets, for Cuba's soil and climate are well adapted to raising the products of the temperate as well as the torrid zones. Interesting too are the fish stalls with their marvelously colored, gorgeously tinted denizens of Cuba's waters, while in some ways the poultry section of the market is the most interesting of all. The Cuban poultryman has ways of his own and divides his fowls into numerous sections, each of which has

its own price. Thus, one may purchase a breast, wing, leg, neck, or even a head or giblets, according to one's taste or needs, and the stranger is filled with wonder at the multitude of cuts, steaks and joints which the Cuban manages to dissect from a turkey or a chicken.

Not far from Colon Market is one of the few remaining fragments of the vast city wall which originally encircled Havana and did much to protect its riches and its people from pirates and other enemies.

A few steps from this little corner of wall, with its single picturesque sentry box, is the lovely Los Angeles Church with its soft, cream-colored steeple and roof, prickly as a cactus, with miniature spires. About this church are some of the quaintest and oldest streets in Havana, crooked, running at all angles and narrow—the Loma del Angel being scarce ten feet in width and the narrowest thoroughfare in the city.

Another very interesting section of Havana is the district about the Plaza de Armas at the foot of O'Reilly and Obispo streets. Here, opposite the open square of the Plaza de Armas with its handsome statue of Ferdinand VI, is the spot where the founders of Havana first landed and which is marked by a modest little temple-like chapel and monument within an ornamental iron and stone fence. This is the Temple and beside



CHURCH OF THE ANGELS, CUBA



CALLE OBISPO, CUBA

it stands a ceiba tree, a scion of the original tree beneath which the first Mass in Cuba was said when the colonists first stepped ashore. Once a year the Temple is opened and, on the night of November 15th, and the following day, it is illuminated and decorated in commemoration of the founding of the city.

All about here is historic ground, for this was the nucleus of the city, and from here it has grown and spread in every direction. The palace of the former viceroys and governors-general—later used as the presidential palace—fronts on the plaza and is open to visitors. Within it, in a patio filled with palms and flowers, is a striking statue of Columbus; the massive marble stairways are beautiful, and the magnificence of Spanish dominion is still visible on every side, especially in the immense throne room.

But the most noteworthy building, and the most historical in the neighborhood, is the unpretentious gray stone pile on the northern side of the square. This is La Fuerza, once a powerful fort and the oldest building in Havana, built in 1538 under the personal supervision of Ferdinand de Soto. Here, in the thick-walled, moated fastness, De Soto left his wife, the beautiful Donna Isabel, when he sailed forth to Florida in 1539, and here she waited through four long years of patient, ever-hopeful vigil until, realizing her husband would

never more return, she succumbed to her grief.

To-day, the drawbridge spans a dry and grass-grown moat, the guns will never more roar forth their messages of death, no grim sentinels pace the parapets, but, looking seaward from the battlements, one may imagine Donna Isabel, with tear-stained cheeks, gazing ever westward in the hope of seeing the white glint of sails upon the deep blue sea, the flutter of gold and crimson flags, the glint of sun on casque and breastplate, as the ship she longed for came bravely home to Havana with De Soto, flushed with fame and glory, upon the lofty poop.

Little she dreamed that in a far and unknown land the body of her Ferdinand was being lowered, in secret and at dead of night, within the black and silent waters of the Mississippi, and still less did she dream that above the fortress he had builded, would one day fly a new flag, the banner of a people and a nation fated to spring up and overthrow the mighty power of Spain.

Many a hard-fought battle has old La Fuerza seen. Stoutly and well has it fulfilled its mission to defy the guns of pirates, buccaneers, and fighting ships of Britain, France, and Holland. Within its massive walls has rested wealth untold, countless millions in gold and precious stones, for La Fuerza was the treasure vault of the New World,

and here were stored, for safety, the riches of galleons and plate ships homeward bound from Peru and Mexico, Cartagena and Porto Bello. Never has La Fuerza fallen, never have its colors been struck to besieger, save when the British took the Morro and turned its guns upon the sister fort across the harbor.

Only a short distance from La Fuerza and the Plaza de Armas, a few blocks up Emperado Street behind the palace, is the cathedral, a Latin-Gothic imposing church with twin towers, which was commenced in 1656 and completed in 1724. Within its hoary gray stone walls are many fine paintings by old masters, while the altar of Italian marble, the mosaic pavement, and the jeweled and embroidered vestments are truly marvelous.

But the cathedral's chief fame is due to its claim as the former resting place of the bones of Columbus, which it never contained, if we can credit the most painstaking researches and indisputable historic facts. Tradition dies hard, however, and while it has been definitely established that the ashes of the discoverer still remain in the cathedral at Santo Domingo City,—where they were buried after their removal from Spain,—and that the supposed remains taken to Havana were those of Diego, his son, yet many people still cling to the belief that the discoverer of America rested

in Havana's cathedral until removed by the Spaniards after the Cuban war.

Many another point of interest is to be seen about Havana. There are quaint historic old churches, ancient monasteries and convents, the theaters, the pelota games, lovely Marianao beach with its bathing and yachting; the magnificent modern Central Railway Station, the beautiful Produce Exchange Building, or La Lonja, the library with over twenty thousand volumes, among which are priceless old works of early Spanish chroniclers, and the cigar factories, while of greater interest than all, to many visitors, are the Morro and Cabañas castles.

Both of these are within easy reach, both are open to the public, and no visitor to Havana should consider his stay complete without seeing these wonderful old fortifications. From Caballera Wharf launches and small boats may be taken across the harbor, the trip costing ten cents each way, and from the landing place below Cabañas Heights a long, winding, covered way leads up the steep slope to the summit.

As the climb is very fatiguing and hot it should be made as early in the morning as possible, or else on a cool and cloudy day, and upon reaching Cabañas a pass should be obtained to visit Morro.

Cabañas, although built as a fortress, has never been under fire and has served no other purpose



THE PRADO, HAVANA, CUBA

than a prison and barracks where, during the numerous revolts of the Cubans, the Spaniards confined, tortured, and executed countless numbers of the patriots. Even before one enters the forbidding walls of the vast fortress its sinister history is brought vividly to mind, for at the right of the portal is a shallow moat, above which, on the walls, is a beautiful commemorative tablet of bronze. This is the famous Laurel Ditch, a spot wherein the condemned prisoners were placed against the wall and shot without trial, and one may still see the bullet marks indenting the masonry for a space of near one hundred feet, mutely but eloquently testifying to the number of firing squads whose leveled rifles sent victims of Spain's oppression to their deaths. But cruel and inhuman as were these executions, those who fell in the Laurel Ditch were less to be pitied than those who remained alive in the dark and awful dungeons within the walls.

Not until one enters Cabañas can one realize the immensity of the place, which is a mile in length, one thousand feet in width, and which cost over fourteen million dollars, while eleven years were required for its construction. Within this vast castle-fortress are cells, dungeons, and secret passageways without end, many far underground, and reminding one of a gigantic, fossilized rabbit warren full of holes and burrows made by pre-

historic monsters and turned to stone. From the lofty ramparts, with their curious ancient cannon, a wonderful view of harbor and city is presented, with the rich, green, smiling country beyond and star-shaped Atares Castle on the heights above the town—the spot wherein Crittenden and his fifty Kentucky comrades were shot down.

Far older and more interesting than Cabañas is the Morro, a short walk to the north, for it was completed in 1597, nearly two centuries before Cabañas, and designed as an exact replica of the Moorish fortress at Lisbon.

But through the repairs and alterations of three hundred years the original design and appearance of Morro have been greatly changed and, at first sight, it appears far more modern than either the Morro at San Juan, Porto Rico, or the fortress of the same name at Santiago.

As is the case with Cabañas, the immense strength and size of the Morro do not impress the observer until within its walls which rise for one hundred feet and more, sheer from the bare and wave-beaten cliffs above the sea. Stupendously thick and strong they are too, and absolutely inaccessible, save from the landward side where enormous moats, forty feet in width and seventy feet deep, have been hewn from the solid rock and are spanned by drawbridges leading to the huge sally port.

In the center of the castle is a large open parade ground, about which are dark gloomy casements, and from here a sloping, paved way leads downward towards the dungeons and the sea, and, in one place, the visitor is shown a steep slide through which, in former times, the prisoners, both dead and alive, were slipped into the waves to feed the sharks in the Nido de Tiburones (Shark's Nest) just below.

Built to protect Havana from enemies approaching from the sea, yet never but once has the fortress been seriously exposed to attack. That was in 1762 when the British laid siege to Havana and the Morro proved the undoing of the city it was designed to defend, for it was mined and captured by the English from the land side and its guns, trained on La Fuerza and La Punta, compelled the surrender of the town. Obsolete, useless against modern artillery, but imposing and picturesque as ever, the Morro stands to-day, a wonderful monument, a splendid relic of the past, a mighty engine of war converted to the needs of peace, a giant created to destroy, serving to safeguard, life, for above its ramparts stands the slender tower of the wireless station, while, from the lofty lighthouse within its walls, a bright beam guides the mariner in safety towards the harbor.

To many Havana is Cuba and Cuba is Havana,

and many visitors to the island see nothing outside of the capital. But while Havana is the largest of Cuban towns, the center of the wealth, business, and commerce of the republic, yet there is much to be seen elsewhere, and, to see the best of Cuba, to know the Pearl of the Antilles for what it is, and to obtain an intelligent idea of its products, resources, scenery, development, and attractions, the traveler should visit all the more important towns reached by coasting steamers or railways, or both.

So vast is Cuba, so different are its various provinces, so varied its resources, scenery, and climate, so numerous its towns, and so innumerable its places of interest and its attractions, that to describe the island adequately would require not one, but many, chapters,—even an entire volume or more.

Without going far afield the visitor to Cuba may see considerable of the interior of the island and its resources, and there are many short trips from Havana which may be taken by railway, boat, or trolley line.

By crossing the bay, by ferry, from Havana, one may visit Regla, a little village once a famous resort of smugglers and pirates, but now of little interest save as the terminus of an electric line to Guanabacoa, an interesting town, at one time a very fashionable summer resort, and famed for

its medicinal springs. It was here that Ocampo landed in 1508 and pitched the seams of his ships with asphalt from the hills behind the town. From the fact that his vessels were careened in the bay, which now forms Havana's harbor, the latter received the name of Puerto de Carenas, which it retained for many years.

Here, too, is the College of Pious Souls, one of the most famous of Cuban schools, a massive building very similar to the old California Missions, with pillared colonnades and flower-filled patios. There are also many notable old churches in the town, that of Potosi being famous for its miracles and which is annually visited by thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the island.

From Guanabacoa a bus line runs to Cojimar, a seacoast resort with a magnificent bathing beach, in the shelter of a quaint little castle-like fort known as "Little Morro," and as there is a good hotel here, the visitor may spend several days at Cojimar and enjoy the cool sea breezes and the bathing.

Another short trip is by electric train to Marianao, where there is a splendid country club and sea bathing, or one may continue on to Guanajay, or even into the rich tobacco district of Pinar del Rio; while another interesting trip is that to Madruga, among the hills southeast of Havana, and from whose springs the famous Copey water of the island is obtained.

Guines, not far distant, is in a vast sugar district, and many Americans have settled in the vicinity. It was between Guines and Havana that the first railway in Cuba was established in 1834, and which was in actual use in 1837, years before many of our largest towns had been weaned from the pony express and the lumbering stage coach. The first locomotive used on this pioneer railway is still in existence, carefully preserved in the huge Central Station in Havana, and forming a wonderful contrast to the huge Mogul locomotives of Cuban railways of to-day, and which stand, panting, at the heads of long trains of Pullman coaches within a few yards of their miniature predecessor.

Still another, and the most fascinating of all short trips, is that to Matanzas and the famous Yumuri Valley. Matanzas is but sixty-three miles from Havana and readily accessible, as four trains leave Havana daily for the town. Its beautiful situation, its wonderful caves, its tropical verdure, and its quaint foreign appearance have made this northern coast town a veritable Mecca for excursionists and travelers. The railway passes through charmingly interesting country, first vast cane fields, then through rolling hills, hence through a deep gorge dense with tropical foliage, ferns, and flowers, and finally across the fertile San Juan Valley, rich with orange orchards and with green hills on either side,

while far ahead the solitary majestic peak or "pan" of Matanzas towers far above the town.

Matanzas is low, its highest point scarce one hundred feet above the sea, and it is divided into three parts by the San Juan and Yumuri rivers. Each portion is known by a different name, that section lying between the two streams being Old Town or "Pueblo Viejo," that on the northern bank of the Yumuri being called Versailles, while that on the south bank of the San Juan is "Pueblo Nuevo" or New Town.

There are many important and notable buildings in Matanzas, such as the Governor's Palace, the Cuban Club, the Spanish Club, and the Gran Hotel, all of which are built on or near the lovely Plaza de Libertad, while in the Versailles section are many magnificent mansions as well as the Paseo Marti, a beautiful boulevard much like Havana's prado in miniature. Even more pretentious and beautiful are the princely residences of the wealthy Matanzans in New Town, veritable palaces of every color of the rainbow, with enormous porticoes, marble columns, immense patios, and superb gardens.

But with all the attractions of Matanzas the real interest of the locality lies in the Yumuri Valley and the Bellamar Caves.

The Yumuri Valley has been called the "Vale of Paradise," and its beauties have been described

more often than any other spot in Cuba, and while its loveliness cannot be gainsaid, yet it is not so large, so luxuriant, nor so attractive as the Vega Real of Santo Domingo, or more beautiful than many of the vales, girt with towering mountains, in Porto Rico. But it can boast of one attraction lacking in all others, the Hermitage of Monteserrate upon the crest of Cumbre Hill, a sacred shrine credited with innumerable miracles.

Within are many offerings from the faithful, and from far and near come pilgrims hobbling on crutches or canes, slowly, painfully, with many a halt, climbing the steep hill, to return, sound in limb, walking unaided and erect, their canes and crutches left within the Hermitage as testimony to the wondrous powers of the Lady of Monteserrate.

In a hill, about two miles from Matanzas, are the Caves of Bellamar, no whit less famous than the Yumuri Valley, and which were first discovered accidentally by a Chinese laborer who lost his crowbar through a hidden crevice beneath the earth where he was working.

The caverns are entered through a small building and by a broad stairway cut in the rock and are illuminated by electricity, and the lights, glinting and glistening upon the countless crystalline stalactites, present a wonderful and beautiful effect.

Although not as large as the Luray or the Mammoth Cave, yet the caves of Bellamar extend for over four miles, are one hundred feet and more in height, and are far more beautiful than our gigantic caves in the perfection of their formations. The perfect domed roofs, hung with stalactites like pendant banners, the enormous columns, reaching from floor to ceiling, and the marvelously sparkling, prismatic character of the dripstone, excel any caverns in the United States. The first and largest of the chambers, the so-called Gothic Temple, is nearly 250 feet in length by 75 feet in width, and, in addition, there are numerous smaller chambers, halls, passages, and grottoes with subterranean rivers, deep, awesome chasms, and natural bridges of stone.

Should the visitor to Cuba elect to travel farther along the northern shores of the island he will find many a pretty town, much lovely scenery, and many interesting spots. First beyond Matanzas is Cardenas, one hundred miles from Havana and a modern thriving city, famous in the annals of our brief war with Spain as the scene of the first American fatalities of the conflict, when Ensign Bagley and four seamen were killed during an engagement on May 11, 1890. North of the town is a very attractive seashore resort, the Varadero, with many attractive villas and summer homes along the shore.

Eastward, about seventy miles from Cardenas, is Sagua la Grande, an extremely picturesque town, built partly on piles like Batabano, and which is the "farthest north" town in Cuba. Off the shore are numerous islets, or cays, the summer homes of prominent Cubans, and on one of which, Cayo Christo, the President of Cuba has a residence. Still continuing eastward, Caibarien is reached, an important shipping port connected by railway with interior towns.

Nuevitas, the next port, is a very old town, the terminus of a railway to Camaguey in the interior, and mainly of interest as being the port of La Gloria, the most flourishing as well as the pioneer American colony in Cuba.

Next comes Vita, a shipping port of the sugar district and with a wonderful landlocked harbor, and beyond is Gibara, a quaint and very ancient Spanish town and one of the few Cuban towns which is still as fascinatingly old-fashioned and Oriental as before the Spanish War.

Charmingly picturesque is Gibara, with its brilliantly colored buildings against the steep green hillside above the crescent-shaped bay, and flanked by comic-opera blockhouses and topped by the great yellow cathedral among the palms. Moreover it is a spot of great historic interest, for it was the first place touched at by Columbus when he discovered Cuba in 1492, and the triple mountains,

mentioned in his journal as the "Silla," the "Pan," and the "Tabla," still loom as prominently and impressively beyond the town as on that day 424 years ago; their lower slopes, verdure clad and green, their summits, naked and precipitous, like three great fangs, gleaming golden in the sunlight.

Nipe Bay, with Saetia amid its pineapple plantations, Preston, the United Fruit Company town, and Felton, the shipping port of the vast iron mines, lie just beyond Gibara, and here one finds the great, busy, modern port, Antilla, the terminus of an important branch of the Cuba Central Railway and the third most important seaport of Cuba.

Only a few years ago Nipe Bay was the lonely, almost unknown, haunt of fishermen, smugglers, and filibusters, but to-day the wonderful natural harbor is filled with great steamships from far and near, about the shores are numerous flourishing up-to-date towns with American hotels, factories, and industries, while all about, the forests of cabinet woods, the fertile fruit and cane lands, and the mountains of valuable ores are pouring their wealth into the mushroom-like port, which is already second only to Havana in prosperity and progress.

Last of the northern coast towns of Cuba is Baracoa upon the borders of a landlocked harbor beneath the shadow of the Yunque Mountain which towers for two thousand feet above the

town. Discovered by Columbus in 1492, this lovely spot so attracted the great navigator that he declared in his journal that "a thousand tongues could not suffice to describe the things I saw here of novelty and beauty, for it was all like a scene of enchantment." Oldest of Cuba's towns is Baracoa, for, lured by the glowing words of Columbus, hither came Diego Velasquez in 1511 to found a settlement. The fort he built so long ago still stands above the town, but the city has changed much, for, despite its isolation, it is a busy modern place and a shipping port for millions of cocoanuts and countless thousands of bunches of bananas.

So numerous are its ports that Cuba has been called "the island of one hundred harbors," and this is no exaggeration, for both the northern and southern coasts are dotted with towns, many of which are important shipping ports.

Nearest to Havana, on the south, is Batabano, the "Little Venice" of Cuba, a village on stilts and mainly inhabited by spongers and fishermen and of importance as the port from which steamers sail for the Isle of Pines. Fifty miles of shallow water separate this much-exploited and over-estimated island from Batabano and, unless one is desirous of looking over the ground with an eye to investment, there is little reason for visiting the Isle of Pines. But it is a delightful sail across

the gulf, over a wonderful sea, so clear and shallow that the multicolored, coral-paved bottom may be plainly viewed, and, moreover, the isle affords excellent bathing, many delightful drives, and good fishing.

Discovered by Columbus, who named it Evangelista, the Isle of Pines—so-called because of its extensive pine forests—was considered practically worthless by the Spaniards and was abandoned to pirates, smugglers, and buccaneers, while convicts sent there by the Spaniards added to the choice collection of its inhabitants. It cannot be denied that there is *some* good land in the Isle of Pines, that the climate is healthy and delightful, and that, as a winter residence for Northerners, the isle is all that has been claimed for it, but, like many another land and colonization scheme, the possibilities of the Isle of Pines have been terribly exaggerated.

Its total area is but half a million acres and over one third of this is worthless, annually inundated, swampy and flinty, wretched mountains, while much of the remainder is barren pine-land. Even the fertile portions are often parched and dry during some of the year and are flooded at other seasons.

Moreover the transportation facilities to the world's markets are poor, the best soil requires fertilizing, and there is not a single advantage

or attraction possessed by the Isle of Pines which cannot be found to much greater extent and under more favorable conditions in Cuba or Porto Rico.

But the roads are excellent, much of the scenery is attractive, there are large modern hotels and many charming residences on the isle, and the majority of the well-to-do inhabitants are Americans.

Unquestionably many of the colonists have made money on the Isle of Pines, and, beyond a doubt, many more will succeed and prosper, but many more have failed and have lost their all through misleading and false representations and have worked their way home, sadder but wiser men, while still others remain stranded on the isle and in Cuba, and are compelled to work at menial labor to earn their daily bread.

Aside from limited agricultural possibilities, the resources of the Isle of Pines are few and scarcely exploited. There are marble quarries in the hills, forests of cedar, mahogany, and pine in the mountains, and there are numerous mineral springs, the water from which is bottled and sold in large quantities in Cuba.

Eastward from Batabano is Jagua Bay,—one of the finest harbors in the world,—and six miles from the entrance, upon a gentle slope of wondrous green, is Cienfuegos. Strangely named was this

city, for Columbus, viewing the spot at night and seeing the flashing lights of countless fireflies, exclaimed, "Mira los cienfuegos!" (Behold the hundred fires!)

One of the best of Cuba's towns is Cienfuegos, as well as one of the most modern, for it was not founded until 1819 and was completely rebuilt in 1825, after its destruction by a hurricane. Second only to Havana, from a commercial standpoint, and first of all Cuban ports in its sugar shipments, Cienfuegos is a wealthy, prosperous, progressive city with wide straight streets, electric lights, and every improvement.

The plaza is noted for its beauty and is guarded by two great marble lions, presented by Queen Isabella of Spain, while facing it is the massive cathedral within which is a wonderful image of the Madonna robed in cloth of gold and royal purple, and which, like the lions, is also a gift of the Spanish queen.

Notable among the prominent buildings is the great Terry Theater, built at a cost of over \$150,000 by the heirs of Don Tomas Terry, one of Cuba's wealthiest sugar kings, and the receipts from which are devoted to the schools.

About the plaza centers the life of the city, and here, on Sunday and Thursday evenings, come the beauty and wealth—as well as the ugly and humble—of the town, to listen to the dreamy music

of the band and to parade beneath the palms, seeing and being seen, in true Spanish-American fashion. In Havana few of the women of the better class retain the becoming, picturesque dress of Spain, but in Cienfuegos soft mantillas and fluttering rebosas have not given way to Parisian millinery and bizarre gowns of up-to-date style, and the Señoras and Señoritas are still true to the flower-bedecked hair, clinging laces, high combs, and bewitching costumes of their ancestors.

Cienfuegos itself is rather too hot for comfort during the day, although the climate is healthy enough, but about the borders of the bay are villas and suburbs which are cool and breezy, and here the well-to-do residents dwell, amid a Paradise of tropic foliage, with the turquoise waters of the bay stretching across to smooth green fields, beyond which rise the opalescent, distant mountains.

All about Cienfuegos are delightful drives, beautiful scenery, and interesting spots, such as Habanilla Falls, a lovely cataract in the most luxuriant of tropic verdure, and the Damiju River, flowing under arches of bamboo, while close at hand, at the entrance to the harbor, is the hoary old Castillo de Jagua, a fortress built in the reign of Philip V and the quaintest and most picturesque of all Cuba's medieval structures.

Trinidad, the next important port to the east of

Cienfuegos, is the second oldest town in Cuba, founded in 1513 by caballeros from Spain, who accompanied Cortez on his conquest of Mexico, and among whom was Puertocarero who made the first voyage from New to Old Spain.

Beyond Trinidad is Jucaro, of little interest save as the southern end of the famous "trocha." Beyond here, and stretching for miles just off the coast, is a chain of innumerable islets or cays, marvelously beautiful at a distance, and called by Columbus "Las Jardines de la Reina" (The Gardens of the Queen) but, despite their beauty, untenable for any inhabitants other than spongers and fishermen, owing to the myriads of blood-thirsty mosquitoes with which they are infested.

At the eastern end of this chain of cays is the Gulf of Guacanaybo into which flows the great Cauto River, the largest and most important of Cuba's streams and which is navigable by steamboats for fifty miles. Upon the eastern shore of this great bay is Manzanillo, a city of twenty thousand inhabitants and an important port through which are exported the products of a vast and rich agricultural district.

The town is supplied with electric lights and is modern in every way, but unfortunately it is very hot and far from healthy, and its chief interest to Americans lies in the fact that it was at this spot that the last shot of the Spanish-

American war was fired, while the town was barely saved from bombardment by the timely signing of the peace protocol.

Far more interesting than the trip along Cuba's coasts, and affording a far better opportunity to view the island, is the journey from Havana to Santiago, a distance of five hundred miles, by the Cuba Central Railway.

Twenty-four hours are required for the journey, but luxurious Pullman cars are furnished, there are restaurants, hotels, and other accommodations en route, and the trip is as comfortable and pleasant as a trip on one of our own great railways and, if desired, a stop-over may be made at Camaguey or other points.

As the first part of the route is through a flat, uninteresting cane district which extends as far as Santa Clara, it is wisest to take the evening train, which leaves Havana at 10 P. M., and thus have the entire following day amid the most interesting and varied scenery and the most noteworthy towns of the interior of the island.

At daybreak the traveler looks forth across far-reaching fields of cane and tobacco above which stretches a gossamer coverlet of mist, like a vast silver sea, from which rise islands of bamboo and lofty palms, while half-submerged in the nebulous sea are tiny huts, neat houses, and great sugar mills. Rapidly the buildings become more numer-

ous, cane and tobacco give way to roads and streets, and, with a rumble and roar, the train pulls into Santa Clara, 184 miles from the capital.

A city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants is Santa Clara, a thriving modern town, in the center of a sugar and cattle district which produces nearly one third of all the sugar raised in Cuba. With a healthy climate, excellent hotels and restaurants, and noted for the beauty of its women, Santa Clara has many attractions. It is lit with electricity, it possesses a splendid water supply, the streets are smooth and level, there are many notable buildings, and the town possesses a famous theater, the "Teatro de la Caridad," which was presented to the city by a native lady, and the entire proceeds of which, like those of the Terry Theater in Cienfuegos, are devoted to the public schools.

The cathedral is also notable, and within it is a picture of the Madonna which has hung in the same spot for over two hundred years.

But, unless the traveler decides to stop over in the town, there is little opportunity to see its sights, and the train soon moves slowly out of the station and rushes eastward across the level lands towards Placetas del Sur. Here a branch line leads to Caibarien and northern coast ports, while to the south is the Manicaragua Valley, famous for its superior tobacco.

Zaza del Medio, 237 miles from Havana, is the next stop, a beautifully situated little town on the banks of the Zaza River. Here the flat cane and grazing district is left behind and all about are beautiful rolling hills, checkered with tobacco fields and gardens, separated by groves of royal palms and poinciana trees, while between the hills stretch lush grassy *llanuras* cut by the great, winding, silvery river.

From Zaza a railway leads to Sancti Spiritus, seven miles south, and which, founded in 1514, had become so rich by 1667 that it attracted the attention of pirates who invaded the town, "much to the detriment of the persons and properties of its inhabitants," as stated by the historian Pezuela. Still later, in 1719, Sancti Spiritus was again looted by French and British pirates from the Bahamas, and, on various other occasions since then, the "persons and properties of its inhabitants" have suffered from warfare, revolutions, and bandits.

Onward from Zaza, past many small towns, the train rushes eastward through a rich and beautiful country where forests of cabinet woods clothe the hillsides, while above the tobacco they will one day box, rise, magnificent trees of Spanish cedar.

At Ciego de Avila, 280 miles from Havana, the train crosses the famous, or infamous, "trocha,"

a cleared barbed-wire road constructed by the Spaniards across the island from Jucaro on the south to San Fernando on the north coast. At intervals of a kilometer apart little blockhouses, or forts, were erected, and many of these still stand, dilapidated and overgrown, beside the half-mile clearing which has been converted into gardens, orchards, and fields by the Cubans, who have thus benefited by the labors of their former enemies.

Ciego itself is a prosperous little town, with sawmills buzzing noisily as they transform the mahogany and cedar logs from the nearby forests into cigar boxes and cabinet wood. At this place there is an excellent railway restaurant and half an hour is allowed for meals, which is ample time to eat and see the town in addition.

Leaving Ciego, the railway enters a district of great tropical forests interspersed by broad smiling valleys and rich pasture lands, where herds of cattle graze, while numerous sawmills stand among the trees, and acres of bananas and plantain trees stretch across the clearings.

Through many a red-tiled village and thatched-roof wayside settlement, the train thunders; over many a culvert and bridge it roars, and the whistle shrieks at many a grade crossing, while swarthy Cubans, half-naked brown children, and fair-skinned northern settlers wave hats and hands as the cars sweep past toward distant Santiago.

Wider and larger become the clearings and the cultivated lands, farther and farther apart are the forests; broad fields of waving guinea grass take the place of banana *portreros*, and everywhere countless horses and great herds of cattle graze upon the rolling, open prairie land. Then, far ahead, one sees a glimpse of twin church towers against the shimmering blue sky and the train enters ancient, picturesque old Camaguey.

Upon a high interior plain, seven hundred feet above the sea, is the city of Camaguey, and this altitude, combined with the trade wind sweeping in from the north, gives to the locality a cool, delightful, healthy climate. And as perfect as its climate is Camaguey's situation upon the gently rolling plain dotted with palms and trees, cut by streams, luxuriant with verdure, and with the purple-shadowed mountains looming in the distance.

Very old is Camaguey and, despite all its modern improvements and twentieth-century progress, it looks its age and is full of picturesque, Old-World nooks and byways, crooked, roughly paved streets, rambling squat buildings, heavy stone cornices, red-tiled roofs, projecting iron window-grills of antique design, and dark courtyards which give a most Oriental, Moorish appearance to the town.

Originally built upon the northern coast near

Nuevitas, the town was known as Puerto Principe, but within a year of its founding, in 1515, it was so ravished by pirates that the citizens were obliged to pack up what little the freebooters had left them and move inland.

But even this migration did not prevent the pirates from following, and, in 1665, the city was sacked by Morgan, who made a forced march from the coast and secured a vast amount of treasure which the inhabitants had accumulated through the cattle industry. Many of the people were killed in the raid and many more perished miserably of thirst and starvation, for the buccaneers drove all the inhabitants into the churches, and, locking them up, left them to starve, meanwhile making merry on their victims' property and varying their diversions by butchering men, women, and children who had fallen into their clutches.

Finally, having exhausted the supplies of the city, the pirates departed for the coast with five hundred head of stolen cattle and a number of prisoners, who were forced to kill and dress the animals for provisioning their captors' ships.

One may still see the old churches, within which the captives wailed out their misery in the bloody days when the pirates held the city. La Merced is one of these, a structure with walls four to eight feet thick and built as if to withstand a siege.

The altar of solid silver was made from forty thousand Spanish dollars, and there is also a sepulcher of beaten silver, weighing five hundred pounds, containing an image of Christ and which, on Good Friday, is carried through the streets on men's shoulders.

Camaguey is famous for its churches and, in addition to La Merced, there are many others of equal note, among them La Soledad, built in 1697, and Nuestra Señora de la Caridad, near which is a remarkable well, thirty feet in depth, with a winding stairway leading down to the surface of the water, and all hewn from the solid rock.

Although still called, at times, by its original name of Puerto Principe, yet the old Indian name of Camaguey is in more general use and is much more appropriate, for "Prince's Port" seems scarcely fitting for an interior town many miles from the sea.

Since the evacuation of the island by the Spaniards, Camaguey has become a very important progressive city, largely owing to the fact that the Cuban Railway has established its headquarters here and, in addition, maintains one of the finest hotels in Spanish America. The Hotel Camaguey was originally a cavalry and infantry barracks of the Spanish troops and, with an area of nearly five acres, was capable of housing two thousand soldiers.

Remodeled and renovated and with sanitary plumbing, artesian wells, electric lights, and every up-to-date convenience, the massive old building has been transformed into a modern and most attractive hotel, with lovely patios filled with palms, shade trees, vines, and flowers, and yet with all of its quaint old Moorish architectural features retained.

The streets of the city, though often narrow, and as rocky as the proverbial road to Dublin, are clean and well kept; there are beautiful parks and plazas, trolley cars and electric lights, and the water supply is from artesian wells. With its modernity on the one hand and its quaint, Old-World charms on the other, its ideal climate and its beautiful situation, the interesting town should prove a most delightful winter resort, especially as many of the planters in the vicinity are Americans and English is more generally spoken in Camaguey than in any other Cuban city.

All about Camaguey is a marvelously rich agricultural and grazing district, with great fruit and truck gardens, ranches containing thousands of acres, immense herds of cattle, and vast tracts of valuable timber, the whole forming one of the most alluring and promising districts of Cuba and with its resources scarcely touched as yet.

Through this rich upland plain the train continues its journey to Marti, at the junction of the

Bayamo, San Luis, and Manzanillo lines, a town named in honor of Cuba's martyred patriot. Fifty miles farther east is Las Tunas, famous as the scene of a most remarkable victory won by General Garcia's force of six hundred men against tremendous odds and in which General Frederick Funston took a conspicuous part as officer in charge of the Cuban artillery.

At the close of the war not a house or building remained standing in Las Tunas, but the town was rapidly rebuilt, and to-day it is a prosperous modern little place surrounded by over one thousand acres of citrus fruit orchards owned by American and Canadian colonists.

Beyond Las Tunas, the open grassy and agricultural district rapidly gives place to forest-covered land, with the mighty trees crowding close beside the tracks and with every little station surrounded by huge piles of cedar, mahogany, locust, and *lignum-vitæ* logs.

For mile after mile and hour after hour the train tears through the interminable forests, while long shadows creep among the trees, until, when Alto Cedro is reached, darkness is descending on the land.

At Alto Cedro, 491 miles from Havana, a stop of twenty-five minutes is made to enable passengers to dine at the station restaurant, and the traveler grudges the delay, as the rapidly approaching

night hides the wild, sublime scenery that stretches beyond the town.

Soon only twinkling lights mark the little villages which flit rapidly past the windows, while the train whirls swiftly through the soft tropic night and enters a narrow pass in the sky-piercing Maestra Mountains. Roaring over spider-web-like bridges, skirting the verges of velvet-black cañons, circling precipitous cliffs, and crawling through ravines the train at last flashes by the lights of scattered houses, and slowly, with grinding brakes, comes to the end of its run in the station at Santiago.

Picturesque, quaint, historic, hilly, hot, and fascinating is Santiago, a city without a counterpart in the New World, and utterly charming despite its torrid temperature and its everlastingly precipitous, breath-exhausting streets. Even under Spanish rule, Santiago was a fascinating spot, but now that the dirt, filth, and odors of those days have gone forever, now that the rough and cobbled byways have been replaced with asphalt and macadam pavements; with trolley cars threading the ancient thoroughfares, with water which one may drink without fear of sudden death or lingering sickness, and, more important than all, now that there is a good hotel in the town, Santiago has become doubly attractive.

Girt round by rugged wooded mountains, re-

plete with wild tropic scenery, with its wonderful harbor, its ancient houses and steep fantastic streets, Santiago de Cuba is beautiful to see and possesses an atmosphere and individuality of its own.

From the verge of the blue harbor, with palm-embowered Marine Park stretching along the shore, the picturesque city climbs up the hillsides in tier after tier of pink, blue, green, white, and piebald buildings, red-tiled roofs, and waving palms; the whole culminating in the great cathedral, while everywhere meander the narrow crooked streets, in many places carried from block to block in the form of flights of steps.

And added to all its other attractions is its interesting history, for Santiago was for many years the capital and most important town in Cuba; it has passed through many a siege, through many stormy times, and up and down its steep thoroughfares has passed many a famous man—many a one who helped build the glory of New Spain.

Here in Santiago lived Velasquez, founder of Cuba, and here he died and was buried in 1522. Here, too, dwelt Cortez, within a house still standing on the hill, a squat, one-story, tiled-roof dwelling from whose wooden-grilled windows a glorious view of mountains, town, and harbor is outspread. Even a more interesting character of

history has lived here in old Santiago—Bartholomew Las Casas, chronicler of Columbus's voyages, friend of the Indians, the director of the first university on American soil, and the most wonderful, the most glorious, and the most revered figure of those romantic, reckless, adventurous, cruel years of the conquest of the New World.

And in Santiago, in later years, dwelt Doctor Antomarchi, the physician who was at Napoleon's bedside when the ill-starred emperor died in St. Helena, and in Santiago's quiet cemetery he lies buried, a victim of yellow fever, as stated on the monument above his grave.

In Santiago, too, was the first school in Cuba, established in 1522, and on the site of this ancient institution now stands a modern American school, a model in every way, which was built at a cost of \$50,000, half of which was donated by Mr. H. L. Higginson of Boston.

Throughout the world the name of Adelina Patti is known to fame, her voice has charmed countless thousands in the greatest theaters and opera-houses of every land, but how many who have thrilled at her music know that it was in quaint old Santiago that she first appeared in public? But such was the case, and near the plaza stands the Filarmonia Theater where, at the age of fourteen, she made her début in the ancient, out-of-the-world Cuban town.

Dark deeds have taken place in Santiago also. 'Twas here the Spaniards shot the captain and the men of the *Virginus* in 1873, and, to add insult to the butchery, killed the Americans in the public slaughter house where a monument now marks the spot with the inscription: "You who pass here uncover your heads. It is consecrated earth. For thirty years it has been blessed by the blood of patriots sacrificed to tyranny."

Aside from its history, its associations with bloody deeds, and its foreign atmosphere, Santiago holds much of interest. There is the Alameda, or park, along the water-front, the resort of Santiago's fashionable folk in the cool of the afternoon and on Sundays; the plaza with its cathedral, which is the largest on the island, with twin towers, massive dome, and enormous nave, while on the opposite side of the plaza are the Carlos Club, the Casa Grande Hotel, the Municipal Buildings, and the famous Venus Restaurant. Here, above the town, the air is cool and fresh after sundown, and the visitor may sit in the shade and listen to the band as "all the world and his wife" *pasears* about the paths and drives, while stretching from one's feet to the harbor, and twinkling with innumerable lights, lies the town, like a gigantic fan set with scintillating gems.

About Santiago are many spots made famous by our war with Spain and all are within easy

reach. Scarce three miles from the town and accessible by an electric-car line is San Juan Hill and its battlefield, El Caney and the Peace Tree, and from the last a splendid view is obtained of the route followed by the American troops and the country round about made memorable by the war.

Another trip of great interest is to Cobre and its copper mines, to the west of Santiago, and reached by the company's steamer over the bay and hence by private railway through wonderful scenery to the mines. For centuries the Cobre mines have been worked with little diminution in their richness, and while they are well worth seeing, yet the greatest attraction of the district is the famous Virgin, known as "Nuestra Señora de la Caridad," an image credited with miraculous powers which has been at Cobre for nearly three centuries.

Strangely romantic is the story of the Virgin of Cobre, and thousands of pilgrims flock each year to the shrine on the eighth of September, the date of her festival.

It was over four hundred years ago that Alonzo de Ojeda bore an image of the Virgin with him on his caravel and was shipwrecked upon the southern coast of Cuba. Fortunately, friendly Indians were near at hand, and Ojeda's life was saved by the Cacique and, in token of his gratitude, the Spaniard gave the wooden Virgin to the Indian

chief. Within a rude shrine, erected by the savages, the Virgin was placed, and before it the Indians prostrated themselves in adoration, until one day the image mysteriously disappeared.

One hundred years passed by and the Virgin was forgotten, when a party of Indians found the lost image floating upon a bit of plank in Nipe Bay and carried it to their village of Hato, not far from Cobre.

But three times in succession the Virgin left the spot unaided and each time reappeared upon the summit of the mountain, and the Indians, fully convinced it was her wish to remain there, built a shrine upon the eminence. That was in 1631, and within that shrine the image has remained until the present day.

Carved of wood, and about eighteen inches in height, this historic image is mounted within a tabernacle of tortoise-shell, inlaid with gold and ivory, and is richly robed in gold and decorated with jewels valued at over \$10,000. Great as is the wealth bestowed upon it the shrine at one time contained decorations and offerings of far greater worth, but on a night in May, 1899, some sacrilegious thief broke into the shrine and robbed the sanctuary of gold and jewels valued at more than \$25,000.

No visit to Santiago would be complete without a trip to the Morro, the wonderful medieval fort-

ress that guards the narrow waterway leading to Santiago's wondrous harbor.

High on a rocky promontory, two hundred feet above the beating, ceaseless waves, it stands, its frowning walls fitted so closely to the lofty cliff that they appear a very portion of the rock itself. Impregnable it seems, vast, rock-ribbed, and built to endure for all time; its turrets and towers scarce altered since the days 'twas built, four centuries ago, its quaint stone sentry boxes overhanging the abyss above the sea. Hoary with great age, battle-scarred, seamed, and lichen-covered, it still remains intact as ever, though countless tons of shot and shell have been hurled against its ramparts, though storm and flood and hurricane and battle have beat against its mighty walls for ages.

Thus it appears as viewed from seaward, as strong, enduring, and formidable as ever, but, when seen from within its walls, it is crumbling and dismantled, deserted save by a tiny garrison, and useful only as a signal station.

Armed with a pass, the visitor may ramble where he will throughout the old castle-fortress, and a member of the garrison will gladly act as guide and point out every place of interest far and near, for from Morro's lofty perch there is a marvelous view, a panorama of the beautiful harbor and the city, of the country and the coast, for many miles.

Close under the wave-worn cliffs below the fortress lies the harbor entrance, scarce five hundred feet in width, with La Socapa just across the way, and beyond, the ancient battery on Estrella Point. Next comes Punta Gorda, with its scowling ramparts, and, farther on, the hilly wooded islet,—Cayo Smith,—with red roofs peeping from the verdure. Beyond this pretty spot stretches the great, landlocked purse-shaped harbor, six miles in length by three miles wide, surrounded by towering mountains and, at its head, the prismatic-hued city gleaming in the sun.

Far in the hazy east lies Daiquiri, the landing place of Shafter's troops; beyond it is Guantanamo and, turning about, one looks across the intervening sun-steeped land to Siboney, while stretching southward to the shimmering horizon sparkles the blue Caribbean Sea.

Out yonder on the white-capped waves once rose and fell the grim fighting ships of Schley and Sampson; under the very walls on which one stands stole Hobson on the *Merrimac*; out through the winding channel beneath one's feet swept Cervera's fleet on its way to destruction and, for years thereafter, the burned and battered hulks strewed the rocky coast for fifty miles to the west, mute testimonials to the end of Spain's dominion in the New World.

APPENDIX

GLOSSARY OF THE WEST INDIES





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GLOSSARY OF THE WEST INDIES

ANEGADA

ONE of the British Virgin Island group situated northeast of St. Thomas.

A small island twelve miles in length by two miles in width and known also as the "Overflowed Island," as much of its area is scarcely above sea level and is often submerged during storms.

Population entirely black and colored.

Supposed to contain a great quantity of buried pirate treasure. Copper and silver ore deposits are known to exist, but are not worked.

Discovered by Columbus in 1493. Later the resort of pirates and buccaneers.

No hotels or boarding houses.

Reached by sailing boats from St. Thomas and St. Kitts.

Language and currency English.

ANGUILLA

One of the British Leeward Islands about sixty miles north of St. Kitts and under jurisdiction of the latter.

Known sometimes as Eel Island and Little Snake. Length about sixteen miles; width, three miles; area, thirty-six square miles. Sterile for the most part.

Population about three thousand, principally negroes.

Cattle and ponies are raised and exported.

Formerly a resort of freebooters.

No hotels or boarding places.

Reached by packets from St. Kitts.

Language and currency English.

ANTIGUA

Seat of government of British Leeward Island Confederation.

About fifty miles southeast of St. Kitts.

About seventy miles in circumference with an area of about 108 square miles or 69,000 acres of which half are cultivated.

Mainly of limestone formation, low and rolling, but with hills rising to a height of eight hundred feet. Soil in many places fertile but dry and subject to droughts. In many places exhausted by constant crops without fertilizer being used.

Population about fifty thousand. Capital and chief port St. John's with thirteen thousand inhabitants. English Harbor, formerly an important naval station, is situated on the opposite side of the island from St. John's, but is not used at present.

Sugar is the principal crop, but pineapples are also exported. Cotton and sisal hemp have been tried with little success.

Climate healthy but dry and hot.

Discovered by Columbus on his second voyage in 1493. Reason for name (Antigua or "Ancient") unknown. First settled by the Spaniards and later by French, but the first permanent colony was established by the English under Sir Thomas Warner in 1632.

Inhabited by Caribs who were troublesome, and in 1640 the governor's wife was kidnaped by the Carib chief. She was rescued by the governor, but, becoming suspicious of her faithfulness, he went insane. Devastated by hurricanes repeatedly. After the Caribs were driven from Antigua they continued to harass the British by forays from the other islands until a son of Sir Thomas Warner, who had become the governor, massacred the Caribs by treachery.

Inviting them to a feast, his men fell upon the Indians and butchered them to a man. Among the slain was Sir Thomas Warner's half-breed son who was a sub-chief in command of the Caribs.

After this massacre the English were subject to attacks by the French, but have maintained their occupancy to the present time.

Among places of interest are the Anglican Church and ancient cemetery at St. John's; the public gardens; Government House; leper hospital; old forts; English Harbor, and old dockyard where Nelson refitted his fleet; Valley of Petrifications; sugar estates.

Numerous boarding houses and one or two fair hotels in St. John's. Saddle ponies, motor cars, and

carriages, as well as rowboats, sailboats, and launches, may be hired.

Reached by Quebec S. S. Co. (about nine days) from New York. By Royal Mail (Canadian Line) from Bermuda, Halifax, and other islands and, under normal conditions, by Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.

Language and currency English. Terms "dollars and cents" used and five-dollar Colonial Bank Notes in circulation, as well as notes of Royal Bank of Canada.

AVES

There are two islands of this name in the Antilles. The first is a small islet about one hundred miles west of Dominica. It is uninhabited, scarcely above sea level, and is the haunt of thousands of sea birds. Claimed by both France and England. A midshipman of the United States Navy, who died during the War of 1812, is buried on this desolate bit of land. The other Aves Island is one of the "Coast Islands" off the northern coast of South America and is a dependency of Venezuela. This is the "Isle of Aves" referred to in stories of pirates. It is of no importance to-day.

BAHAMAS

A group of some three thousand islands, cays, and exposed reefs belonging to Great Britain and situated east of Florida and north of Cuba and distant about one thousand miles from New York. Most westerly

island, Great Bahama, off Jupiter, Florida. Most easterly, Grand Turk, north of Santo Domingo.

Total area of group about 5700 square miles. Highest land three hundred feet above sea. Of so-called "coral" (Aeolian) limestone formation with thin but fertile soil which supports a semi-tropical flora but is capable of producing many tropical fruits and other plants.

Population about sixty thousand, mainly colored. Capital and chief port, Nassau, on New Providence Island, with fifteen thousand inhabitants.

Principal islands are Acklin, Andros, Abaco, the Biminis, the Caicos, Cat Island, Eleuthera, Exuma, Fortune Island, Grand Bahama, Great Inagua, Grand Turk, Harbor Island, Long Island, Long Cay, Mayaguana, New Providence, Ragged Island, Rum Cay, and Watling's. San Salvador Island is the same as Cat Island.

Few of the islands are populated and the inhabitants of these are mainly negroes and half-breeds.

Principal products are salt, turtles, sponges, sisal hemp, cotton, cocoanuts, and tropical fruits. Most important industry, exploitation of islands as a winter resort.

Climate healthy and pleasant during the winter months, but very hot in summer.

Discovered by Columbus in 1492, the land first sighted on his famous voyage being one of the Bahamas and supposedly either Watling's or San Salvador Island, but identity questionable. First settled by the English under Captain Sayles in 1667 at New

Providence. Colony destroyed and governor roasted over a slow fire by the Spaniards a few years later. For many years a resort of pirates, buccaneers, and wreckers. Wrecking carried on until within the last decade on outlying islands. During our Civil War a famous resort and headquarters for blockade runners.

Places of interest are the "Sea Gardens," Hole in the Wall on Abaco; Glass Window at Eleuthera; Caverns at Eleuthera; Cat or San Salvador Island, scene of Columbus's landing in Washington Irving's works; Lake of Fire near Nassau, also called Waterloo; Blue Hills; Lake Killarney; Lake Cunningham; Caves on New Providence; Fish Market; Sponge Exchange, public library; ceiba tree; Government House; Statue of Columbus; Fort Fincastle; Queen's Staircase; Fort Charlotte, and Fort Montague in and about Nassau.

Numerous hotels and boarding places at Nassau and boarding houses at Grand Turk and some other islands.

Reached by Ward Line (N. Y. & Cuba Mail S. S. Co.) from New York or via Florida East Coast Lines.

Language English. Currency officially British but U. S. money widely used.

BALICEUX

One of the Grenadines between St. Vincent and Grenada in the Lesser Antilles (Windward Islands). British and under jurisdiction of Grenada.

BARBADOS

A British possession and most easterly of the West Indies nicknamed "Little England" and "Bimshire Land." Inhabitants known locally as "Bims" or "Badians."

Length about twenty-two miles; width fifteen miles. Of limestone formation, comparatively low and flat, but with hills in Scotland district on eastern coast rising to one thousand feet above the sea. No true streams or lakes, but with numerous underground rivers and vast caverns, many of which are unexplored. Soil very fertile.

Population about 200,000 or nearly 1200 to the square mile. The most densely inhabited spot in the world with exception of China.

Capital, Bridgetown, with about thirty thousand inhabitants. Other important towns and settlements are Holetown, Hastings (a suburb of the capital), Martin's Bay, Bathsheba, etc., but the population spreads so evenly over the island that it is difficult to define the settlements or areas of villages.

Principal exports, sugar, molasses, and rum, but many vegetables are exported to other islands, and arrowroot, cotton, corn, etc., are also raised.

Climate exceedingly healthy and pleasant, winter months average from 68°-80°; summer from 73°-86°. Trade winds blow constantly and seldom uncomfortably warm. During the summer severe thunderstorms are frequent and hurricanes often occur.

Discovered by the Spaniards under Columbus and

named (supposedly) from the beard-like growth of tendrils on the wild fig trees (Barbados meaning "bearded"), but this explanation is questionable. First visited by the English in 1605 when Sir Oliver Leigh stopped at the island in the *Olive Blossom*. Barbados was then uninhabited, although Indian tools and weapons are often found, and no settlement was made until 1625, when two large vessels, under command of Sir William Courteen, with forty emigrants and eight negroes, were driven to Barbados by storms. A landing was made at the present site of Holetown and a settlement named Jamestown established.

In 1627 the Earl of Carlisle obtained a grant to all the Caribbees from King James and sent out a Bermudian named Wolferstone as governor.

A new settlement was started at Carlisle Bay and called Bridgetown, from a bridge built across the inlet known to-day as the "Careenage."

Troubles arose between the two parties, in which the Jamestown people were defeated.

The colony prospered and increased rapidly, in 1645 the inhabitants numbering eighteen thousand, which in five years increased to thirty thousand, only one fifth of whom were negro slaves. At this period many Royalists fled from England to Barbados until the royalist party in the island became so powerful that upon the execution of Charles the First the Barbadians declared themselves subjects of Charles the Second.

Lord Willoughby, a royalist exile, was elected gov-

ernor and under him the Barbadians attempted to resist an expedition sent against them by Parliament in 1651.

Between 1650 and 1660 a great number of Irish and Scotch captives of the Cromwell wars were sent to Barbados and sold as slaves at 1500 pounds of sugar per head. They were branded and mutilated to prevent escape and were treated with greater inhumanity and brutality than the negroes, but many of them managed to rise to affluence and became planters. Locally known as "Red Legs," from the fact that they were mainly wearers of kilts with bare knees, these white slaves of Barbados were looked upon with contempt even by the blacks. Many of their descendants are living in Barbados to-day and, while free men and women, they are usually poverty-stricken, anæmic, listless, miserable specimens of humanity; a condition due very largely to intermarriage and the ravages of the hookworm.

Negro slavery was abolished in 1834, but by then the blacks had increased prodigiously and even by the middle of the eighteenth century numbered over sixty thousand.

Indians were also captured on the other islands and brought to Barbados as slaves.

After the Restoration, Barbados had little excitement save for slave uprisings which were quelled by gibbeting, beheading, burning alive, or otherwise torturing the leaders.

In 1751-1752, George Washington, who was at that time a major in the British Colonial Forces, made

a visit to the island. This was his only foreign voyage, and it was made in order to benefit his brother Lawrence, who was suffering with tuberculosis.

During their stay in Barbados the Washingtons were exposed to smallpox and the "Father of his Country" was taken ill with the disease and did not recover for a month. No one knows which house the two brothers occupied in Barbados, but it was near Bridgetown and, judging by the description in George Washington's diary, was undoubtedly near the present barracks or at Hastings.

Barbados is one of the few islands of the Lesser Antilles which was never invaded by a foreign foe and which has remained continuously British from the first.

During the war of 1812 the island suffered from the activities of American privateers, and in 1816 the worst negro uprising of her history occurred. The mutiny was not quelled until vast areas of cane had been burned, many estates destroyed, innumerable blacks killed and executed, and over five hundred negroes exiled. As a result the whites have held supremacy in Barbados and the blacks are ruled with a firm hand.

Among the places of interest on the island are: the Old Barracks, Hastings Rock, the Race Course, Holetown, Queen's Park, Belleville, all near Bridgetown. The Barbados Light Railway. The Crane, Bath, Bathsheba, Martin's Bay, and other beautiful seaside resorts on the windward coast. Lion Rock at Gun Hill. Animal Flower Cave. Christ Church,

St. John's Church, and the tomb of the last Christian King of Greece. Harrington College. Codrington College. Farley Hill and Mansion, Turner's Hall, Wood, and Boiling Spring. Cole's Cave, Hackleton's Cliff, Scotland district, sugar estates, etc.

Numerous excellent hotels and innumerable boarding places. Furnished and unfurnished cottages and bungalows at Bridgetown, Hastings, and other towns and at seaside resorts.

Carriages, automobiles, and boats for hire.

Reached by Quebec S. S. Co. (about fourteen days) from New York; also by Lampert and Holt Line; Booth Line; Lloyd Brasileiro Line, etc. By Royal Mail (Canadian line) from Bermuda, Halifax, and other islands, and under normal conditions by various French, German, Italian, and other ships.

Language, English. Currency British, but terms "dollars and cents" almost universally used and five-dollar Colonial Bank notes, as well as Royal Bank of Canada notes, in circulation. U. S. money accepted readily.

BARBUDA

A dependency of Antigua and about thirty miles north of that island. Small and flat, about seventy-five square miles in area.

Population about seven hundred blacks and a very few whites.

Only town, Codrington Village.

Exports and products, wood, hides, skins, and jerked meat.

Formerly the property of the Codrington family,—
a sort of island manor. Well stocked with game.
No hotels or boarding places.
Reached by sailboat from Antigua.

BATTOWIA

One of the Grenadines, which see.

BEATA

A small island belonging to the Dominican republic
and situated off the southern coast of Santo Domingo.
Language, Spanish. Currency, U. S.

BECQUIA

One of the Grenadines and under the jurisdiction
of Grenada. Wooded and with hills eight hundred
feet in height extending through the island. Length,
six miles; width, one mile.

Population mainly blacks.

Products, cattle, sheep, goats, cotton, and cocoa.

Reached by packet boats from Grenada.

Language and currency as in Grenada.

BERMUDA

A group of nearly three hundred islands, cays, and
reefs situated in the Atlantic Ocean about 750 miles
southeast of New York and six hundred miles east of
Charleston, South Carolina.

Total area about twenty square miles. Low, flat, and of so-called "coral" formation, but in reality composed entirely of wind-drifted, solidified beach sand. No springs, streams, or fresh water ponds on the islands.

Population about 18,000. Capital, Hamilton, with 2300 inhabitants. St. George is also an important port and was formerly the capital.

Principal products and exports are onions, potatoes, early vegetables, Easter lilies, and garden truck.

Climate remarkably equable, healthy, and pleasant, but damp and often chilly. Frost unknown. *Not* tropical.

Discovered by a Spaniard, Juan Bermudez, in 1515, while on a voyage from Spain to Cuba with a cargo of hogs. The historian, Oviedo, was on board the vessel—the *Garza*—and recorded the discovery. Later, in 1543, visited by Ferdinand Camelo, a Portuguese, who claimed possession but did not remain.

In 1593 an Englishman, Henry May, who was on board a privateering or pirate vessel, was wrecked upon the North Rocks. May and his companions remained in Bermuda for five months and finally built a vessel of native cedar in which they sailed for Newfoundland, where they arrived in May, 1594.

In 1609 the *Sea Venture* with 150 people, among whom were Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates, sprang a leak during a storm while en route from England to Virginia. To save the ship she was run ashore on the Bermudas. The shipwrecked people landed in July, 1609, and saved a large portion of the

supplies and provisions of their vessel. They lived upon the island until the following May and then set out for Jamestown in two vessels they had built of the native cedar. Reaching Virginia safely they found the colony in destitute circumstances, and Sir George Somers decided to return to Bermuda for supplies and sailed in the vessel built on the islands. He died soon after reaching Bermuda and his comrades left for England, carrying his body, but leaving his heart in Bermuda, where it rests to-day.

Three men refused to leave the islands, however. From the accounts of Somers' men, an English colony was started in Bermuda in 1612.

The three men left had lived and had discovered a large amount of ambergris, which was at once taken from them by the governor on his arrival. A settlement was made at or near St. George and named in honor of Sir George Somers, the islands also being christened "Somers Islands" in his memory.

By the end of 1615 several vessels had arrived and the colony numbered over three hundred souls.

They were prosperous and unfortunate by turns and suffered many hardships at the hands of Governor Tucker, but by 1620 had grown to an important colony, with a general assembly, forts, public buildings, and roads, and a map was published by Captain John Smith in 1624.

In 1665, Captain Wentworth made a piratical raid on Tortola, in the Virgin Islands, and stole ninety negro slaves. Various other semi-piratical ventures were also undertaken by the Bermudians. In 1710

the governor of Bermuda sent an armed vessel against the freebooters of the Bahamas and over a hundred of the buccaneers were brought to Bermuda as settlers.

In the same year the Bermudians attacked and captured a party of Spaniards who had invaded Turk's Island in the Bahamas.

In addition to the original English, there were the mixed nationalities comprising the pirates in Bermuda, as well as many negroes, and, to complete the choice assortment, many American Indians were brought as slaves from New England.

In 1775 the sympathies of the islanders were strongly in favor of the rebellious colonists of New England and, to aid General Washington in his campaign, the Bermudians stole one hundred barrels of gunpowder from the magazines on the island.

Despite this, Bermuda remained loyal to England and when the Civil War broke out their ports became a famous rendezvous for blockade runners.

Places of interest to visitors are: Gibbs Hill Light, Floating Dock and Naval Station at Ireland Island; Cathedral, or Old Church Rocks; Mount Langdon; Prospect Hill; Hungry Bay and fossil palm trees; lily fields; "Five Sisters" near Hamilton; Spanish Point; Fairylands; stone quarries; Stalactite Cave on Tucker's Island; Biological Station on Agar's Island; Harrington Sound; Lion Rock; Devil's Hole; Paynter's Vale; Shark's Hole; Tuckerstown Natural Arch; Penniston's Cave; Walsingham and Tom Moore's calabash tree; Crystal Cave; Walsingham Cave;

Blue Grotto; coral reefs and marine gardens; Causeway; Castle Island and old forts; St. Georges.

Innumerable boarding houses and splendid hotels everywhere. Principal islands of group: Ireland Island; Somerset Island; Hamilton or Main Island; Long Bird Island; St. George Island; St. David Island.

Carriages, bicycles, horses; and boats to hire, but motor cars not allowed, ~~except a bus line under government supervision.~~

Reached by Quebec S. S. Co. (about two days) from New York; by Royal Mail, Canadian Line, from Halifax and West Indies, and, under normal conditions, by Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.

Language, English. Currency nominally British, but to large extent United States.

BUEN AYRE OR BONAIRE

A Dutch possession under the government of Curaçao.

About three hundred miles west of Curaçao. Area about one hundred square miles.

Population about one thousand

Chief products, fish, divi-divi, aloes, salt, goats, and sheep.

No hotels or boarding places.

Reached by packet boats from Curaçao.

Language and currency as in Curaçao.

CANNOUAN

One of the Grenadines, which see.

CARRIACOU

Largest of the Grenadines and about twenty miles north of Grenada.

Area about 13 square miles or 8467 acres. Highest land, Bellevue North, 980 feet. Many hills and small mountains of sharp pyramidal form, with luxuriant tropical vegetation, but most of original forest growth cut off.

Population about seven thousand. A fine almost landlocked harbor at Harvey Vale Bay on southwest coast.

Fertile, well-watered, and cultivated. Chief products are cotton, limes, cocoa, fruits, and vegetables.

Language and currency as in Grenada.

No regular hotels.

Reached by coastal steamers from Grenada.

CAYMANS

A group of small islands 180 miles northwest of Jamaica and under the government of that island. Grand Cayman, the largest of the group, is 17 miles in length by four to eight miles wide. Low but well-wooded islands, once the haunt of pirates and buccaneers. Now devoted mainly to cocoanuts, mahogany, dye woods, cedar and timber industries. Hats, baskets, fans, etc., are also exported. Population of Grand Cayman about 5000.

Other islands are Cayman Brac and Little Cayman, about 70 miles from Grand Cayman and seven miles apart. Each is about ten miles long by a mile in

width and with a combined population of about 900. Devoted almost exclusively to cocoanuts.

Reached by small boats or packet from Jamaica.

Language, English. Currency, British Sterling.

CRAB ISLAND

Also called Vieques. A small island belonging to the United States and thirteen miles east of Porto Rico. Mountainous, with heavy forests of timber and with fertile valleys in which tropical fruits, coffee, cane, etc., are raised. Many cattle are exported. Length about twenty-one miles. Width about six miles. Population about six thousand.

Chief town, Isabel Segunda, with a church, municipal hospital, and nine public schools, but no hotels or boarding places. On the southern coast is another port called Punta Arenas.

Reached by sailing vessels from Porto Rico or St. Thomas.

Language, English and Spanish. Currency, U. S.

CUBA

Largest of the West Indies and nearest to the United States, being distant only ninety miles from Key West. An independent republic with sovereignty guaranteed by United States.

About 780 miles in length and varying in width from twenty to one hundred miles. Area about 45,000 square miles, one fourth of which is mountainous, the balance plains, valleys, and swamps.

Highest land, the Sierra Maestra range in south-eastern part of island, 8320 feet and second loftiest mountains of West Indies.

More than fifty good harbors which are ports of entry and many of which are completely landlocked.

Over 150 important rivers, only one of which, the Cauto in Santiago Province, is navigable for any great distance.

Population about 3,000,000. Capital and chief port, Havana on northwest coast, with about 300,000 inhabitants. Havana is the largest city in West Indies and more merchandise enters and leaves its harbor than any port of United States except New York. Other large and important towns are the following. (Population only approximate.)

Santiago de Cuba	46,000	Cardenas	25,000
Cienfuegos	30,000	Manzanillo	16,000
Santa Clara	17,000	Sagua la Grande	13,000
Guanabacoa	15,000	Pinar del Rio	10,000
Trinidad	12,000	Jovellanos	10,000
Marianao	10,000	Caibarien	9,000
San Antonio de los Baños	10,000	Holguin	8,000
Guines	9,000	Camaguey	30,000
Placetas	7,000	Sancti Spiritus	18,000
Matanzas	36,000	Guantanamo	15,000

The island is divided into six provinces as follows:

Oriente	Camaguey	Santa Clara
Matanzas	Havana	Pinar del Rio

Cuba's resources are almost unlimited. There are vast mineral riches, important fisheries, valuable woods, enormous agricultural opportunities, and immense areas of grazing lands.

The heaviest forests are in eastern Cuba, the greatest mineral deposits in the mountains of the southeast; the best grazing lands in the central portions of the island, and the only large swamps are along the southern central coast.

The flora of Cuba comprises over three thousand species, including the entire range of the tropics, and the forests contain such valuable woods as mahogany, *lignum-vitæ*, cedar, and logwood. All the tropical, and many of the temperate fruits and vegetables, may be grown to perfection.

Among the mineral riches are iron, copper, gold, manganese, cinnabar, lignite, asphalt, petroleum, etc. The sponge fishery is an important industry, tortoise shell is obtained in large quantities, pearls occur in the waters among the outlying cays, and the food fishery is of vast importance.

Cuba is one of the few countries in the world whose exports exceed the imports, the balance in favor of the island amounting to over \$3200 per capita, the per capita commerce being over one hundred dollars and exceeding that of any other country, with the exception of the Argentine Republic.

And this despite the fact that the island's per capita debt is very high, amounting to about twenty-eight dollars and that only a small portion—about 1,800,000 acres—of her soil is under cultivation.

Annual exports about	\$250,000,000.
Annual imports about	155,000,000.00

Principal exports are:

Sugar valued at over	\$150,000,000.00
Tobacco " " "	60,000,000.00
Fruits and vegetables over	10,000,000.00
Cocoa, asphalt, honey, sisal, timber over	10,000,000.00
Miscellaneous over	10,000,000.00

Cuba's climate is exceedingly pleasant and salubrious, in fact the island is the healthiest spot in the world, the mortality being but ten per thousand as against sixteen per thousand in the United States.

On the coast it is hot at times, but the maximum temperature ever recorded was 98° on August 24, 1899, and only four times in six years has it risen above 95°. The minimum temperature recorded was 47° on January 27, 1901. The average for the hottest and coolest months, over a period of six years, was: June, 80°; July, 80°; August, 81°; September, 80°; January, 70°.

Much of Cuba is outside the hurricane zone and only on five occasions has the weather bureau at Havana recorded a wind velocity exceeding thirty-five miles per hour. No record of a severe gale or hurricane is known from Havana, although the eastern and southern coasts suffer at times.

Average rainfall fifty-four inches annually. Almost any desired climate may be found. In the high interior lands and mountains it is very cool, whereas the towns on the coast, especially in the south, are very hot during the middle of the day.

Cuba was discovered by Columbus on October 28, 1492. Although greatly pleased with the beauty of the island he never sailed around it, and died in the belief that it was a continent.

In 1508, Spaniards under Ocampo explored the coast line and entered the bay, which is now Havana's harbor, for the purpose of careening and pitching their ships with the native asphalt. The island was first named *Juana* in honor of Prince Juan, son of Ferdinand and Isabella, but upon the death of the king was rechristened *Fernandina* and was later changed to *Santiago* and still later to *Ave Maria*. The present name of *Cuba* is of Indian origin and means a "jar of oil."

In 1511 Don Diego Velasquez, with four ships and with Hernando Cortez among the party of three hundred men, sailed from Santo Domingo for Cuba and landed near the present site of Guantanamo on the southern coast. They were not impressed with the spot and not until 1512 was the first settlement established at Baracoa, on the northern coast. Santiago was founded by Velasquez in 1514 and Havana in 1519. The original landing-place at Havana is now marked by a building known as the "Templete." For many years Havana and the other towns were greatly troubled by pirates and the Fuerza and Punta forts and the Morro were built mainly as a protection against such enemies, the Fuerza being erected under the direction of De Soto in 1539. It is the oldest building in Havana to-day.

Havana was attacked by Sir Francis Drake in 1592,

by Dutch buccaneers in 1628, and was totally destroyed by the French in 1538 and again in 1554.

Vast fortunes were at that time stored at Havana, in transit from Mexico and Panama to Spain, and to protect these riches from the freebooters the city wall was begun in 1665, and, with its completion, the city became almost impregnable, but was taken by Lord Albemarle and the British fleet in 1762, and remained under British rule for a year. Among the officers taking part in this battle was General Israel Putnam of Revolutionary fame.

Santiago was the capital until 1608, and was frequently attacked by pirates and other nations. Captured by the French in 1553 and ransomed for \$80,000 and taken by British in 1662. In 1663 the Santiago Morro was rebuilt and strengthened and withstood all subsequent assaults until the Spanish-American war.

The first revolt against Spanish rule was in 1850-51 and was led by Narciso Lopez. In August, 1868, the famous "Ten Year's War" broke forth, but the Cubans were unsuccessful and not until the revolution of 1895, which culminated in the evacuation of the Spaniards on January 1, 1899, was Cuba freed from the misrule of Spain.

The island then became a possession of the United States and was delivered to the Cubans May 20, 1902.

About Havana there are innumerable places of interest, among which are the following. (Numerals refer to map of Havana.)

1. **ALAMEDA.** Formerly the favorite parade ground but now in the midst of the busy shipping district. Reached by Aduana cars, or by walk through Officios Street.
2. **ALBEAR SQUARE.** Junction of San Rafael, O'Reilly, and Obispo Streets, one block from Central Park. Statue is of Señor Albear, the engineer who built Havana's present water supply system.
3. **ALBISU THEATER.** Albear Square and San Rafael Street.
4. **AMERICAN CLUB.** Prado and Virtudes Street. Surmounted by eagle and initials "A. C."
5. **ANGELES CHURCH.** On Montserrate Street, two blocks from Central Park. Near by is the Loma del Angel, narrowest street in Havana.
6. **BELÉN CHURCH.** Corner Compostela and Luz Streets. Connected by a covered bridge with the convent school across the street. Contains a museum, valuable library, and notable paintings. Open to public.
7. **CABALLERA WHARF.** Landing-place for small boats. Foot of Obispo and O'Reilly Streets.
8. **CAMPO MARTE.** With statue of La India. Also known as India Park. Upper end of Prado, facing Colon Park.
9. **CATHEDRAL.** Founded by Jesuits in 1656 and completed in 1724. Formerly contained supposed bones of Columbus. (See San Domingo.) Silver altar valued at \$10,000,000 and many

jeweled vestments. On Emperado Street, corner of San Ignacio.

10. **CENTRAL STATION.** Terminal of United and Central Railways. Egido Street—continuation of Montserrate Street—short distance from Central Park on trolley line.
11. **CHRIST CHURCH.** Villegas and Amargura Streets. In rear is the Augustinian College.
12. **CITY HALL.** Only small portions remain, the best and most accessible being between Zulueta and Montserrate Streets, near Henry Clay Cigar Factory.
13. **CLERK'S CLUB.** Headquarters of protective and benefit association of over 35,000 members. Corner Prado and Trocadero Street.
14. **COLON MARKET.** One block from Central Park on Montserrate Street, reaching through to Zulueta Street, and between Animas and Trocadero Streets.
15. **COLON PARK.** Occupies twelve squares at upper end of Prado, opposite La India statue.
16. **CONGRESSIONAL BUILDINGS.** Facing Plaza de Armas on O'Reilly Street.
17. **CUSTOM HOUSE (ADUANA).** Reached by Aduana cars or by walking south two blocks from Albisu Theater on Montserrate Street and turning to left at Teniente Street. On Oficinas Street at foot of Teniente Rey Street.
18. **CUSTOMS WAREHOUSE.** Formerly the church of San Francisco. Never used as church since it

- was desecrated by British in 1762. Near Custom House close to Machina Docks.
19. **DOMINICAN CONVENT AND CHURCH.** Founded 1578. Opened as school by Dominican Friars 1728. Became University of Havana and removed to larger quarters on Principe Hill. O'Reilly, Mercaderes, Obispo, and San Ignacio Streets.
 20. **FRANCISCO DE PAULA CHURCH.** Facing harbor on Paula Street.
 21. **FUERZA FORT.** Reached by Aduana cars, or by walking down either Obispo or O'Reilly Streets. Faces Plaza de Armas on O'Reilly Street. Oldest building in Havana, built by De Soto, 1539.
 22. **HENRY CLAY CIGAR FACTORY.** Three blocks from Central Park on Zulueta Street. Open to visitors.
 23. **HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.** Plaza de Armas, south side.
 24. **JAIL.** Now used as office of Board of Education but formerly the Spanish prison. A large building at the foot of Prado on the right-hand side.
 25. **LEPER HOSPITAL.** Faces the sea at Malecon Drive and Oquendo Street. Founded 1681, by donation of Mexican priest.
 26. **LUZ WHARF.** Ferries for Casa Blanca, Regla, and Guanabacoa leave from here. Close to Plaza de Armas.
 27. **MALECON DRIVE.** A beautiful drive along sea-

- wall from Punta Castle, at foot of Prado, to Vedado (residential district).
28. MARTI THEATER. One block east of Prado at corner of Zulueta and Dragones Streets.
 29. MERCED CHURCH. Richest and most aristocratic church in Cuba. Built in 1746. Contains many notable paintings. Cuba and Merced Streets.
 30. MIRAMAR HOTEL. Facing the sea on left-hand side of the Prado on the Malecon.
 31. NATIONAL BANK. Havana's "sky-scraper." The American Consulate is on the fifth floor. Up-to-date, fireproof building built in Spanish style with patio. Corner Cuba and Obispo Streets.
 32. NATIONAL LIBRARY. Open week days from 8 A.M. until 5 P.M. Contains over 20,000 volumes and many rare old books, among them works of Las Casas, printed in 1552, and *History of New World*, published 1565. On Chacon Street at corner of Maestranza Street.
 33. NATIONAL THEATER. Cuba's largest theater and fifth largest in the world. Built seventy-six years ago and cost half a million dollars. Now rebuilt and forming a portion of the magnificent new group of buildings occupying the square bounded by Consulado, San Rafael, and Prado and facing Central Park.
 34. PAIRET THEATER. Faces Central Park on the south, between Prado and Zulueta Streets.
 35. PALACE (old). Plaza de Armas, Obispo, and

- O'Reilly Streets. The magnificent *new* palace is on the Prado facing Central Park.
36. PALACE OF JUSTICE. Cuban Department of State and Justice. To the left as one leaves the cathedral.
 37. PAULA HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN. Between Havana and Cuba Streets on San Isidro Street.
 38. PELOTA COURT. This place, known as the "Fronton," is where the famous Basque game of pelota is played; the favorite game of the Spaniards and Cubans and second only to baseball in popularity. Oquendo and Concordia Streets.
 39. PLAZA DE ARMAS. Occupies the square at foot of O'Reilly and Obispo Streets. Around it are the Temple, Post Office, Old Palace, and Fuerza.
 40. PRODUCE EXCHANGE (LA LONJA). A splendid new building on San Francisco Plaza near San Francisco Wharf. Reached by Muelle or Aduana car lines or by walking down O'Reilly or Obispo Street.
 41. PUNTA FORT. Commenced at same time as the Morro, in 1589. At foot of Prado.
 42. SAN JUAN DE DIOS PARK. Contains a statue of Cervantes. Between Aguilar and Habana Streets one block from O'Reilly Street, on Emperado Street.
 43. SAN LAZARO TOWER. A watch tower erected as a lookout against pirates in the old days. Near the Leper Hospital close to the shore on the Malecon Drive.

44. **SANTA CATALINA CHURCH AND CONVENT.** Built in 1698. Situated on O'Reilly Street. Contains many relics.
45. **SANTA CLARA CHURCH AND CONVENT.** Founded 1644. Sol and Luz Streets, between Cuba and Havana Streets.
46. **STUDENTS' MEMORIAL.** In Neptune Park at foot of Zulueta Street and Prado, near La Punta fort. Erected in memory of eight University students who were executed on the spot in 1871.
47. **TACON MARKET.** Havana's largest market. One block west of Colon Park on La Reina Street. Reached by trolley cars through Angeles or Reina Street.
48. **TEMPLETE.** A small chapel erected to commemorate landing of first settlers of Havana. A ceiba tree,—a descendant of the original tree under which first mass was said,—stands beside the building. Open but once a year, on the night of November 15th—when lighted and decorated on anniversary of landing. Foot of O'Reilly Street, fronting Plaza de Armas.
49. **TREASURY.** Foot of Obispo Street on narrow lane turning to the right.
50. **URSULINE CONVENT.** About two blocks from Central Park, south on Egido Street near Dragones Street.

Notable spots which should be visited in the vicinity of Havana are: The Morro and Cabañas across the

bay; Atares Castle; Principe Fortress; Botanical Gardens; Baseball grounds (Almendares Field); Regla; Colon Cemetery,—where the victims of Maine disaster were interred; Marianao Playa with its lovely sea bathing; Campo Columbia, etc.

About Santiago there are also many notable places of interest, among them the Morro Castle; house of Hernando Cortez; Higginson School; Filarmonia Theater, where Patti first appeared in public when fourteen years old; monument to Americans of *Virginus*; Alameda; San Carlos Club; San Juan Battlefield; Peace Tree; El Caney; Cobre copper mines. The miraculous image of Nuestra Señora de la Caridad and shrine, with offerings and jeweled robes valued at over \$10,000,000.

Throughout the interior, and along the coasts there are also many beautiful, fascinating, interesting spots too numerous to mention, but the Caves of Bellamar and Yumuri Valley near Matanzas; the tobacco district about Pinar del Rio; the ancient town of Camaguey, or Puerto Principe, sacked by Henry Morgan, although far from the coast; Batabano, a little Venice with houses on stilts and from which the steamers sail for Isle of Pines; the famous Trocha, and many other places will well repay a visit or, better still, a trip from Havana to Santiago by railway should be taken.

Havana's hotels are palatial, numerous, and strictly modern, and there are also innumerable boarding places and excellent restaurants. In every town of any importance there are first-class hotels and anywhere in Cuba a traveler may be perfectly comfortable.

Carriages, locally called "cabs" or "coches," are everywhere and are ridiculously cheap. (See tariffs carried by every public vehicle and *don't* pay more.) Trolley cars run here, there, and everywhere about Havana, boats and launches ply back and forth upon the harbor, and there are many public automobiles. Most of the towns of Cuba are in direct communication with Havana by railway or electric lines; coastal vessels connect the coast ports, and there is not the least difficulty in traveling anywhere on the island (see "Railways, steamboat lines, etc.").

Cuba is reached from New York by United Fruit Co., and by the New York and Cuba Mail S. S. Co. (Ward Line); by railway to Florida and hence by ferry or steamer from Key West, and from Boston, New Orleans, Philadelphia, and all other large ports by direct steamships.

The language of Cuba is Spanish, but in every hotel, on all the railway and steamboat lines, and in all the larger stores and shops the employes, or at least some of them, speak English. There is no difficulty in finding interpreters and most of the educated Cubans speak both French and English fluently. The coinage of Cuba is its own, but Spanish, French, and United States coins are accepted and the basis is the dollar or "peso" of one hundred cents or "centavos," with a gold standard.

CULEBRA

A possession of the United States off the eastern coast of Porto Rico. An important naval station

where is stationed a detachment of the U. S. Marine Corps. Aside from the naval station at Great Harbor there are two small towns on Culebra, Pueblo Dewey and Camp Roosevelt.

Culebra is hilly but not mountainous; dry, but the soil is fertile. Cattle raising is the only industry.

No hotels or boarding houses.

Places of interest: Naval station. Reached by mail boat from Fajardo, Porto Rico; by boats from San Juan or by sailboat from St. Thomas.

Language, English and Spanish. Currency, U. S.

CURAÇAO

A Dutch island and seat of government of Dutch West Indies of which Curaçao is the largest island.

About forty miles off the Venezuelan coast. Length about forty miles; width four to seven miles. Area 200 square miles. Highest mountain 1000 feet above sea. Discovered by Amerigo Vespucci in 1499, who reported the island inhabited by a race of giants.

Chief town, Willemstadt, with a population of about 20,000. Total population about 30,000.

Mainly of importance for its commerce, as it is a free port, but exports phosphate rock, ostrich plumes, fish, and other products.

Several good hotels and boarding houses.

Points of interest: The bridge of boats across entrance to the harbor. Old pirate forts. Ostrich farm. Publishing house of Betancourt Co. Quaint Dutch architecture.

Language officially Dutch, but English generally spoken. The native tongue is a strange lingo called Papiamento, and a mixture of Dutch, English, Spanish, Negro, French, Portuguese, and probably some Indian. Currency, Dutch.

Reached by Royal Dutch W. I. Line from New York or by Red "D" Line from New York via Porto Rico.

DESIRADE OR DESEADA

A dependency of Guadeloupe and east of the latter. First landfall of Columbus on his second voyage in 1493 and named by him "The Desired Land." Area about ten square miles. Of limestone formation and curiously terraced.

Population about 1500, mostly blacks.

No hotels or boarding places.

Reached by sailboat from Guadeloupe.

Language as in Guadeloupe. Currency, French.

DOMINICA

A British colony of the Leeward Island Confederation and largest of the group. Situated fifteen miles north of Martinique and about twenty-five miles south of Guadeloupe. Extremely mountainous and rugged, volcanic in formation and with several active, but dormant, craters. Loftiest of the Lesser Antilles, the highest peak being Morne Diablotin, 5300 feet; but Microtin, Trois Pitons, and several other mountains are nearly as high. Home of last of the pure-

blooded yellow Caribs, the aborigines of the Antilles.

About three hundred Caribs live in Dominica, of whom not over thirty-five are of unmixed blood.

Length of island about 30 miles; width 16; area 300 square miles or about 200,000 acres, of which less than 90,000 are under cultivation.

Population about 35,000, less than one per cent. of whom are white.

Capital, Roseau, with 7000 inhabitants.

Other ports Soufrière, Portsmouth, Rosalie, Grand Bay, etc.

Discovered by Columbus in 1493 and named in honor of the day, Sunday.

First settled by British in 1627. Driven out by Caribs and settled by French, who also abandoned it to Indians. Afterwards declared a "neutral island" and left to Caribs until 1748. Seized by English in 1763 and later changed hands repeatedly until ceded permanently to Great Britain in 1805. Most important naval battle between French and English fleets occurred off western coast of the island in 1782, when Rodney defeated De Grasse.

Climate very healthy, hot on coasts but cool in interior, with excessive rainfall, amounting to over three hundred inches annually in mountains.

Chief products: limes, lime juice, lime oil, cocoa, fruits, and spices.

Points of interest: Botanic station at Roseau; library and old fort, Roseau; lime estates, craters at Soufrière, mountain or fresh water lake, boiling lake, hot springs of Wotten Waven, waterfall near Roseau,

old fort at Scott's Head, imperial road into interior, Carib settlement at Salybia.

La Paz Hotel and several good boarding places in Roseau.

Reached by Quebec S. S. Line (about ten days) from N. Y.; Royal Mail (Canadian) boats from Halifax and Bermuda and from other British W. I. ports, and, under normal conditions, by Royal Mail (Intercolonial) boats.

Language officially and nominally English, but the natives use patois to large extent.

Currency British, but terms "dollars and cents" used almost universally. Colonial banks. Five-dollar bills are also used, as well as notes of Royal Bank of Canada.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

The eastern portion, consisting of about two thirds of the area, of the island of Santo Domingo. An independent republic under the semi-supervision of the United States Government, which controls the customs and guarantees constitutional rights and elections.

Situated between Cuba on the west and Porto Rico to the east, the island of Santo Domingo is one of the most beautiful and fertile of the West Indies and the second largest of the Greater Antilles. The Dominican Republic has an area of about 20,000 square miles and is the most mountainous of the West Indies as well as the loftiest; Mount Loma Tina rising to

11,000 feet above the sea. There are large areas of level land, however, vast tablelands and plains, enormous valleys, and extensive swamps.

The population numbers about 600,000, and, unlike Haiti, a large percentage of the inhabitants are white, or very slightly tainted with negro blood. Capital, Santo Domingo City, the oldest city in the New World, founded in 1496 on the Ozama River in the southern part of the republic. Population about 30,000. Other important towns are: Monte Christi, on the northern coast, founded in 1523, with a population of 10,000, is the outlet of the Yaqui Valley and is close to the Haitian border famous as a nucleus of revolutions. Puerto Plata, also on the northern coast, is at the seaward terminus of the railway to Santiago de los Caballeros on the interior tableland. It has a population of about 15,000 and is beautifully situated on an almost landlocked bay at the foot of Isabella de Torre, 2000 feet in height. Founded in 1502. Near Puerto Plata, about fifty miles west, are the ruins of Isabella, the first European city founded in America and first settled by men under Columbus in 1493.

Samana or Santa Barbara de Samana, on the northern coast of Samana Bay, in the eastern portion of the republic, is also an important town of about 10,000 inhabitants and was founded by Canary Islanders in 1756, but has a large population of negroes from the United States who immigrated to the district many years ago. Sanchez, at the head of Samana Bay, is the terminus of the Samana-La Vega railway and has a population of about 3000. La Vega, the inland termi-

nus of this railway, has a population of about 30,000; settled in 1564 after the original town of Concepcion de la Vega (founded by Bartholomew Columbus in 1495) was destroyed by an earthquake. Moca, with about 30,000 inhabitants, between La Vega and Santiago, is an important inland town, as is Santiago de los Caballeros, the interior terminus of the Puerto Plata railway, and which has a population of about 45,000 and was founded by "gentlemen" (caballeros) of noble birth in 1504. San Francisco de Macoris, connected with La Vega by railway, has a population of about 30,000 and is the center of the cocoa industry. On the southern coasts are: La Romana, an important sugar port; San Pedro de Macoris on the Higuano River and with a population of about 15,000, an important shipping point for the sugar mills of the Seybo district. Azua, west of Santo Domingo City, is also an important sugar port. It was founded by Diego Velasquez in 1504 and has a population of about 20,000. There are also many other towns of great historical interest and local importance, such as San Cristobal; Bani, the birthplace of the Cuban patriot, General Maximo Gomez; Barahona; Neyba, near which is the Cero de Sal, a mountain of rock salt; Higüey in the Seybo district, founded by Ponce de Leon; Sabana la Mar on the southern shore of the Bay of Samana, and near which is the immense cocoa plantation of the Souchards; Junico, in the pine belt of the interior; as well as many smaller towns dating back to the days of Columbus.

The resources of the Dominican Republic are almost

innumerable. Vast mineral wealth abounds but is undeveloped. Gold, silver, copper, iron, nickel, salt, petroleum, lignite, cinnabar, tin, and amber are known to exist, and in the Spanish days the island was the greatest source of precious metals of all the New World colonies. Vast pine forests cover the interior mountains; mahogany, lancewood, cedar, and other cabinet woods abound; logwood grows luxuriantly, and any tropical, and many temperate, products can be easily grown.

The chief exports are cacao, cocoanuts, fruits, hides, timber, logwood, mangrove bark, sugar, coffee, tobacco, salt, etc.

The climate varies greatly according to the district and altitude but is healthy in nearly every portion of the republic. In the interior it is cool and spring-like, but on some parts of the coasts very hot and dry.

The republic has a long, turbulent, but romantic, history. Discovered by Columbus in December, 1492. First settled by him the following year, the island was known for many years as "Hispaniola." In 1496, Bartholomew Columbus—the admiral's brother—founded Santo Domingo City. It was here that Columbus was confined in chains and here it is believed he lies buried to-day. During the subsequent centuries, the island passed through many wars and innumerable slave insurrections; was French, Spanish, English, and independent by turn, and, since it became a republic, it has suffered greatly from continual revolutions.

Places of interest are too numerous to mention in

full, but important places about Santo Domingo City are: The tomb of Columbus, in the ancient cathedral; the Homenaje Tower, oldest fortress in America; Columbus's well, Columbus's tree (to which he is said to have moored his caravels); house of Diego Columbus, son of Christopher; ruins of San Francisco convent and of Dominican convent, where Las Casas conducted first university in New World; Santa Barbara Church, city wall and gateways, plaza and statue of Columbus. Scenic attractions are: The waterfalls near Puerto Plata, Vega Real on Samana-La Vega railway, buccaneers' strongholds on islands in Samana Bay, Caverns at San Lorenzo on south shore of the bay, mountain of salt at Neyba, Lake Rincon and Lake Enriquillo, Seybo plains, cocoa estates, La Sosua near Puerto Plata, site of Concepcion de la Vega and Holy Hill (Santo Cerro); ruins of Isabella, the first settlement in America, etc.

Several hotels in the capital, Puerto Plata, and other coast towns, and inns or boarding places in every town of importance, but none is really good and the traveler must put up with a great deal of discomfort and many inconveniences, as conditions are most primitive. Probably the best hotels are at Puerto Plata.

Reached by Clyde West Indian Line, via Turk's Island from New York. These steamers touch at every port of importance from Monte Christi to Azua and return. Also by irregular and uncertain small steamers from Porto Rico and Cuba. Under normal conditions by West Indian ships of Hamburg-American Line.

Language of Dominican Republic is colloquial Spanish, but English is understood to some extent in most of the larger towns. Currency in use is that of the United States, but Dominican coins are in circulation at greatly depreciated value.

GONAÏVES OR GONAVE

A large island in the gulf of the same name off the western coast of Haiti and belonging to that republic. About thirty-five miles long by eight miles wide. Heavily wooded but scantily inhabited by negro fishermen and woodcutters. A large lake exists on the island. Length about forty miles.

GRENADA

Seat of government of the British Windward Island Confederation. About 70 miles southwest of St. Vincent and 96 miles north of Trinidad.

Length about 20 miles; width about 12 miles; area about 120 square miles or 77,000 acres, of which about 40,000 are cultivated. Very mountainous and fertile. Of volcanic formation but with no active craters. Highest peak, Mount St. Catherine, 2750 feet. Numerous streams and rivers and three good-sized lakes occupying extinct craters at high altitudes.

Population about 60,000 (1911). Capital and chief port, St. Georges, with about 5000 inhabitants. Other towns are Grenville, on the Atlantic or eastern coast, with 1400 inhabitants; Gouyave, about 12 miles

north of St. Georges, with a population of about 3000; Sauteurs, on the northern coast, with about 1200 inhabitants; and Victoria, 1600 inhabitants.

Chief products and exports are cocoa, nutmegs, spices, cotton, rubber, kola nuts, fruits, and some sugar.

The climate is delightful and remarkably healthy. Yellow fever has not been epidemic for one hundred years, malaria and other tropical diseases are not troublesome, and severe hurricanes have never occurred, although the fag-ends of hurricanes which have been disastrous in neighboring islands have often reached Grenada without causing material damage. Earthquakes are of frequent and regular occurrence, but no serious damage has ever been caused by them and they are usually very light.

During the rainy season, from May until December, it is rather hot on the coast, but always cool and pleasant in the hills. Average annual temperature, 83° on the coast. Highest recorded, 93° . In the interior it frequently falls as low as 67° during the night. Average annual rainfall at St. Georges, seventy-seven inches.

Discovered by Columbus, August 15, 1498, and for over one hundred years left in undisputed possession of the Caribs. First settled by the British, April 1, 1609, when 208 colonists reached the islands only to be driven off by the Caribs.

Claimed by both French and British from 1626-38. In the latter year the French attempted a settlement, but were repulsed by the Caribs, who were then left

undisturbed for twelve years. In 1650 the French "Company of the Islands of America" sold Martinique, Grenada, and St. Lucia to MM. Houll and Du Parquet, for £1660. With two hundred men the new owners landed in June, 1650, and purchased the island from the Caribs for hatchets, knives, beads, and two bottles of brandy. In February, 1651, the Indians repented of their bargain and rose against the French, but the latter, reinforced with trained troops, conducted a war of extermination, accompanied by most inhuman atrocities, and killed most of the Caribs, driving the last organized band off a precipice on the northern coast which is known as *Morne des Sauteurs* or "Leapers' Hill" to this day. The last Caribs of Grenada died in 1705. *Le Compte*, the leader of the French against the Caribs, met speedy retribution for his murderous acts and was drowned when returning to St. Georges (then Fort Royal).

In 1657, the inhabitants revolted against the brutal French governor, and capturing him, condemned him to be hanged. By claiming royal blood he induced his captors to alter his punishment to decapitation, but finding there was no proficient executioner on the island they compromised by shooting him.

On February 4, 1762, the island was taken by the British and was placed under the jurisdiction of the Lieutenant-Governor of Dominica. In 1771, St. Georges, which was of wooden construction, was totally destroyed by fire, and another disastrous conflagration took place in 1775, after which the town was rebuilt of brick, stone, and tile.

Recaptured by the French, June, 1779, but restored to Great Britain, by treaty of Versailles, September 3, 1784.

In 1795, the French and negroes, incited by the new French Republic, joined in an insurrection and butchered the English at Grenville at midnight March 2d, and carried many captives from other districts into their mountain fastnesses. Lieutenant-Governor Home was in the country at the time and while on his return to the capital was taken prisoner by the revolutionists. As only 192 soldiers were on the island at the time, requests for aid were sent to the other British islands and to the Spaniards in Trinidad. The latter at once despatched armed vessels and troops, but were unable to cope with the situation and garrisoned the forts until the arrival of British reinforcements, who, under General Lindsay, attempted to storm the intrenched camp of the French and their negro allies. They were unsuccessful, however, many of the English were attacked by fever, and General Lindsay, temporarily insane from fever, committed suicide. Meanwhile the white captives of the insurrectionists were tortured and butchered in sight of the British soldiers as reprisal for being attacked. Not until the 19th of June, 1796, was the insurrection finally quelled.

On April 1, 1833, Grenada was made a part of the Windward Island Confederation and on May 22, 1838, the emancipation of the slaves was declared.

No event of great importance occurred until 1867 when, on November 18th, a submarine volcanic dis-

turbance took place in the harbor of St. Georges. The water receded for five or six feet. In certain spots it boiled furiously and emitted sulphurous vapors, and then the water rose for four feet above its normal level. Four times this phenomenon was repeated, and while great damage to shipping and property was caused there was no loss of life. Great changes in the bottom of the harbor occurred during the disturbance, which was coincidental with the earthquake and tidal wave at St. Thomas and St Croix.

Places of interest are: The town of St. Georges; Gran Etang, a fresh-water lake in an extinct crater; Morne de Sauteurs, where the last of the Grenada Caribs were forced to leap from the cliff into the sea to avoid massacre by the French; public gardens near St. Georges, Government House, old forts, and cocoa and nutmeg plantations.

One hotel, not very good, and a few boarding places at St. Georges.

Rest House at Gran Etang.

Reached by Trinidad Line (Trinidad Shipping & Trading Co.) seven days from New York; by Royal Mail (Canadian) Line from Halifax, Bermuda and other islands, and, under normal trade conditions, by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.

Language, English, but a large proportion of the colored population speaks patois or Creole. Currency, British, but Colonial Bank and Royal Bank of Canada notes are in circulation.

GRENADINES

A group of British islands lying between Grenada and St. Vincent and under jurisdiction of Grenada.

Very varied in size and character. Many fertile, well wooded, and mountainous; others low, barren, and sterile. Highest point one thousand feet above sea. Principal islands are Bequia, Union, Baliceaux, Battowia, Cannouan, and Carriacou.

Area of entire group about ten thousand acres.

Principal products: cocoa, cotton, spices, dyewoods, fish, cattle, and goats.

Reached by packet boats from Grenada, or by sail-boat from St. Vincent.

Language and currency as in Grenada.

GUADELOUPE

A French island about sixty miles south of Antigua and twenty-five miles north of Dominica.

Comprises five separate islands: Guadeloupe proper, Grande Terre, Marie Galante, Desirade, and the Saintes, with a total area of about 700 square miles. Guadeloupe, the northern and western portion, is exceedingly mountainous and of volcanic formation with an active crater, the Soufrière, which is the highest point of land, reaching a height of 5000 feet.

Very fertile, rugged, and heavily forested. Grande Terre, the southern and eastern portion of the island, is low, flat, and of limestone or ancient coral formation. Very fertile and devoted to agriculture and with

nearly every available inch under cultivation. Marie Galante and Desirade (which see) are calcareous, pyramidal, lofty, and curiously terraced in form.

The Saintes are three small volcanic islets rising to a height of 1000 feet. All are wooded.

Population of all five islands about 200,000.

Capital, Basseterre, on Guadeloupe, with a population of about 10,000. Chief port, Pointe-à-Pître, on Grande Terre, with 18,000 inhabitants.

Chief products and exports: sugar, cocoa, coffee, cabinet woods, dyewoods, and spices.

Climate healthy and delightful in the mountains, hot and none too salubrious in the lowlands.

Discovered by Columbus on his second voyage in 1493 and first spot where the Spaniards found the native aborigines, called Caribs, with human flesh being cooked in their pots. Settled by the French and has been French, British, Dutch, and French by turns.

Places of interest are the various public buildings and gardens at Pointe-à-Pître, government building at Basseterre, sugar mills and estates, forest scenery, and the Soufrière crater, which is somewhat difficult of ascent, but can be visited from Basseterre.

Several hotels and boarding houses at Pointe-à-Pître and Basseterre.

Reached by Quebec S. S. Line (about nine days) from New York and by Compagnie Generale Transatlantique, from the French islands, Colon, and Porto Rico.

Language, French among the upper classes; patois,

or colloquial, French among the common people. A few merchants and natives of other islands may be found who speak English. Currency, French, but a local French West Indian coinage is in circulation. British and American currency passes among the merchants and British silver is accepted by the market people.

HAITI

The western one third of the island of Santo Domingo. An independent negro republic commonly called the "Black Republic" and now under a partial protectorate of the United States.

An extremely fertile, luxuriant, well wooded, and beautiful country with many lofty mountains, extensive plains, and broad rich valleys. Area about 9000 square miles.

Population about 1,500,000, of whom less than 10 per cent. are white or of mixed blood, the great bulk of the inhabitants being semi-civilized, ignorant blacks who have reverted to many of the habits of their African ancestors.

Capital and largest city, Port-au-Prince, with about 70,000 inhabitants. Other important towns are Jacmel, southeast of the capital, with a beautiful harbor, Miragoane west of Port-au-Prince, Petit Goave, Aux Cayes, Jeremie, on the tip of the Tiburon Peninsula; Gonaïves and St. Marc on the western coast, the former with 18,000 inhabitants; Mole St. Nicholas at the extreme northwestern tip

of the republic; Port de Paix on the northern coast, and Cape Haitien also on the northern coast and famous as the spot where Columbus was shipwrecked on his famous voyage in 1492.

With unbounded resources, Haiti could be the most prosperous and wealthy of lands, but while a large amount of produce is exported, constant revolutions, an ignorant population, and slothfulness and lack of ambition have kept it from development and prosperity. The principal products and exports are coffee, cocoa, sugar, dye woods, timber, hides, and tobacco.

Climate is healthy, away from the towns; hot on the coasts, but delightful in the hills. None of the towns are fit for human beings under present conditions, but sanitation and enterprise could make them as healthy and delightful as those of Cuba or Porto Rico.

Haiti's history is one of massacre after massacre and untold cruelties. Discovered by Columbus in 1492, a temporary settlement was made at Cape Haitien, a fort was erected, and the wreckage of the *Santa Maria* was collected and drawn ashore. This was called La Navidad by Columbus in honor of Christmas Day, on which his vessel was wrecked. Upon his return the following year, Columbus found his fort destroyed and burned and the garrison massacred.

Later, settlements were made at various points and the district of the north was acquired by the French by treaty in 1697.

In 1791 a slave insurrection broke out, the leader

being one Toussaint l'Ouverture, and under his direction the negroes were successful and the French were butchered and driven from the island. At that time there were half a million blacks and less than seven thousand whites in Haiti and the Europeans were helpless. To subdue the negroes, a force of sixty thousand troops and a fleet of men-of-war were sent by Napoleon and the blacks retreated to the mountains. Toussaint was captured and died in a French prison, but his followers committed awful butcheries, yellow fever aided them, and the French troops succumbed by thousands. The French, under Rochambeau, strove to outdo the negroes in atrocities and the blacks retaliated in kind and as a result Haiti literally ran with blood. Only the arrival of a British force saved the French from annihilation and they gladly surrendered to their white enemies. After the evacuation by the French in 1804, the blacks and colored people swore to renounce France and under Dessalines butchered the few remaining whites, and, ever since, the island has been in possession of the negro race, although subject to many conflicts among themselves and with their neighbors of the Dominican Republic and European powers.

Places of interest are the ruins of the Black King's Castle, Sans Souci, at Cape Haitien, La Coupe, the summer residence of the better class of people of Port-au-Prince, and the few public buildings of the towns.

No decent hotels or boarding houses, although accommodations, of a sort, may be had in the larger towns.

Reached by Royal Dutch West India Line from New York and, under normal conditions, by steamers of Hamburg-American (Atlas) Line.

Language, French among better classes; patois, or colloquial, French among lower classes. Currency, Haitien, but United States and British as well as French currency is in circulation.

ISLE OF PINES

An island sixty miles off the southern coast of Cuba and belonging to that republic.

About 900 square miles in area, or about 575,000 acres. Approximately one fourth of the island is low and swampy, and inundated in rainy seasons; the remainder high, broken, and mountainous. Much arable and fertile land, many rich valleys, and well watered with rivers and streams.

Well forested with mahogany, pine, and other timber trees and with many mineral springs.

Population mainly citizens of United States who have exploited the island as a tropical Eden and a spot where fortunes may be made in lands and fruit growing.

Chief port, Nueva Gerona. Santa Fé is seventeen miles inland.

Chief products and exports: mineral waters, timber, fruit; marble quarries are in the Crystal Hills,—Cerro de los Cristales,—and wild game abounds.

Formerly a famous resort for pirates and later for wreckers, and used as a penal settlement by the Spaniards.

Climate healthy and delightful, save in the rainy season.

Places of interest nil, aside from the various colonies and buildings erected by Americans.

Hotels and boarding places in the towns.

Reached by steamer from Batabano, thirty-six miles by railway from Havana.

Language, mainly English, although Spanish is spoken by the native Cubans. Currency, as in Cuba (officially), but United States currency in common use.

JAMAICA

A British island, third largest of the Greater Antilles, situated 90 miles south of eastern Cuba and 100 miles southwest of Santo Domingo. Approximately 1500 miles from New York and 540 miles from Colon.

About 145 miles in length and 50 in width with an area of 4207 square miles or 2,692,587 acres of which some 100,000 acres are under cultivation.

A mountainous island, with highest peak of Blue Mountains 7360 feet above the sea. Many lesser peaks are from 4000 to 6000 feet. No active volcanic craters. Of very ancient formation. Abundantly watered, with innumerable rivers and streams, few of which are navigable. Well wooded, fertile, and luxuriant.

Population about 700,000. Capital, Kingston, with about 50,000 inhabitants. Other important towns are: Port Royal across the bay from Kingston, Spanish Town, Mandeville, 2200 feet above the sea and a

famous health resort, Montego Bay, on the north coast, Ewarton, Moneague, Port Antonio, the headquarters of the banana industry, Port Morant, St. Ann's, Savanna la Mar in the southwest and the port for the logwood district, as well as many smaller towns, villages, etc.

Jamaica's industries are agricultural, as are her resources, and although gold, copper, manganese, and other metals occur they have never been worked on a commercially profitable scale. The principal exports are fruits, mainly bananas and oranges, dye and cabinet woods, coffee, sugar, rum, pimento, cocoanuts, cocoa, and various other tropical products.

Climate delightfully cool and extremely healthy in the highlands and seldom unbearably hot in the coastal towns, except on the southern coast out of reach of the trade winds.

Discovered by Columbus in 1494. In 1502-04, on his last voyage to the West Indies, Columbus beached his vessels, which were unseaworthy, on the north coast of Jamaica and remained there for a year, until rescued by an expedition sent from Santo Domingo. The spot where he spent those twelve months of suffering, mutiny, and hardship is known as Don Christopher's Cove and is between St. Ann's Bay and Annotta Bay. First settled by Spanish at "Sevilla Nueva," now St. Ann's, and later on the southern coast at Old Harbor and other points. Spanish Town, then called Santiago de la Vega, was founded in 1520.

Spanish occupation continued until 1655, when the

English, under Admiral Penn and General Venables, conquered the island. First British governor appointed 1661, and capital established at Spanish Town, 1664. In 1670, Jamaica was formally ceded to the British.

On June 7, 1692, Port Royal, which had become the headquarters of the buccaneers and was famed as the "richest and wickedest city in the world," was destroyed by an earthquake. The town, with three thousand houses, most of its inhabitants, and all its wealth, slipped into the sea. Captain Henry Morgan,—the noted pirate,—after the sack of Panama, was made governor of the island.

During the years of warfare between Spanish and British, thousands of slaves escaped and fled to the mountain forests, where they developed into a race of semi-savages known as "Maroons." From 1730-34 these "Maroons" constantly harassed the planters and settlements, but were so strongly fortified in the forests that all expeditions sent against them were defeated. Not until 2500 acres of land were ceded permanently to the Maroons and freedom granted them by treaty, were the Jamaicans left in peace. In 1760 occurred a serious slave uprising, and in 1795 the Maroons again attacked the whites and for a year desperate warfare was waged against them. At last a new treaty was made, and more than five hundred of the Maroons were exiled to Sierra Leone and Nova Scotia.

In 1744 Savanna la Mar was destroyed by earthquake, and other tremors caused considerable damage

from time to time. In 1838 emancipation of slaves was proclaimed, but in 1865 another outbreak of the blacks occurred and Montego Bay was attacked and many whites slaughtered. The uprising was finally quelled by troops, and the ringleader, S. W. Gordon, a planter, merchant, and politician, was arrested and hanged.

Since that time the most important events in Jamaica's history have been earthquakes and hurricanes. In 1880 a hurricane killed thirty people in Kingston, destroyed most of the wharves and many houses, and did a vast amount of damage, and in December, 1882, a fire devastated forty acres of the town and destroyed six hundred buildings, causing a loss of over one million dollars. On August 11, 1903, another hurricane swept Jamaica, destroying crops, buildings, and cultivation and entailing a loss estimated at over ten million dollars. But by far the worst of such catastrophes was the earthquake, and subsequent fire, which practically destroyed Kingston and caused terrific damage in other places on January 14, 1907. During this quake over one thousand lives were lost and the most important streets and buildings of Kingston were converted to worthless ruins. But the island quickly recovered and the town was rebuilt. An important event of more recent date was the stupendous production of a moving-picture film which took place in Jamaica in 1915-16. This film, which cost over one million dollars, required thousands of people, the erection of a large city, and an unprecedented demand for

labor, supplies, and accommodations, and placed a tremendous amount of money in circulation in Jamaica.

Places of interest are very numerous. In Kingston and its vicinity are King's House, Institute of Jamaica, where are the famous "Shark Papers," Race Course, Hope and Castleton Gardens, Port Royal, Fort Charles. Scenic and other attractions are Bog Walk, Rio Cobre, Spanish Town, Dry River, Chinchona Plantation, caves at Ewarton, St. Elizabeth, St. Thomas, River Head, Dry River, etc., Roaring River Falls and Fern Valley, near Moneague, Natural Bridge near Riversdale, Cane River Falls, Don Christopher's Cove, near Annotta Bay, Milk River Baths and hot springs.

Hotels of the highest class, boarding places, and furnished cottages and bungalows are numerous in all important towns and resorts.

Over two thousand miles of good roads and numerous railway lines, as well as coastal steamboats, afford easy access to all parts of the island. Horses, carriages, motor cars, boats, and launches for hire.

Reached by United Fruit Co. (about five days) from New York and Gulf ports, and, under normal shipping conditions, by Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.

Language, English. Currency, British, but Colonial Bank and Royal Bank of Canada notes and United States currency in circulation and terms "dollars and cents" used almost universally.

LEEWARD ISLANDS

A group of islands forming a confederation under British rule and which includes St. Kitts, Nevis, Antigua, Barbuda, Montserrat, Dominica, Anguilla, and the British Virgin Islands.

Five presidencies make up the confederation and are as follows: St. Kitts, Nevis, and Anguilla; Antigua, Barbuda, and Redonda; Montserrat; Dominica; Virgin Islands.

Each presidency has an administrator, or commissioner, while the governor-general has his residence and seat of government in Antigua.

See descriptions of individual islands.

MARGARITA OR "PEARL ISLAND"

A dependency of Venezuela off the coast of that country and about twenty miles from the town of Cumana.

About 50 miles long by 5 to 20 miles in width. Two mountain ranges, 4000 feet above the sea, run through the island which is nearly divided by a huge lagoon. Mountainous and little cultivated.

Population about 20,000. Capital, Asuncion. Chief port, Pampatar.

Chief products and exports, pearls and pearl shell, hammocks, hats, tiles, and lace.

About one million dollars' worth of pearls and shell exported annually. Some of the largest pearls in the world have been taken from the waters about this

island. Pearls first discovered at Margarita by Columbus in 1498.

Climate dry and healthy.

Few places of interest aside from pearl fisheries.

No regular hotels.

Reached by Royal Dutch West India Line from Cumana. By sailboat and packet from Venezuela, Trinidad, and Curaçao.

Language, Spanish. Currency as in Venezuela.

MARIE GALANTE

A French island and a dependency of Guadeloupe. South of the latter.

Of calcareous formation, terraced in form, with a flat table-like summit seven hundred feet in height.

Population about 17,000, mostly blacks.

Discovered by Columbus, 1493, and named after his flagship.

No hotels or boarding places.

Reached by small boat or packet from Guadeloupe.

Language and currency as in Guadeloupe.

MARTINIQUE

A French colony fifteen miles south of Dominica and about twenty miles north of St. Lucia. Birth-place of Josephine, Empress of France. Scene of most disastrous volcanic eruption of modern times. St. Pierre, capital of the island, destroyed with loss

of thirty to forty thousand lives and nearly one fourth of island devastated by Mt. Pelée, May, 1902.

Length about 30 miles; width about 15 miles. Area 500 square miles. A mountainous, volcanic island, rich, and luxuriant with forests and verdure. Highest peak is Morne Pelée, 4400 feet.

Population about 200,000. Capital and chief port, Fort-de-France, with 30,000 inhabitants.

Chief products, cocoa, sugar, coffee, spices, and dye and cabinet woods.

Climate hot on coast, healthy as a whole and delightfully cool in hills.

Discovered by Columbus, 1502. First settled by French in 1635. Seized by British in 1762, 1781, 1794, and 1809, and ceded to France in 1814. Uninterruptedly French since.

Places of interest are ruins of St. Pierre, crater of Mt. Pelée, birthplace of Josephine at Trois Islets, church where she was christened at Trois Islets, statue of the Empress at Fort-de-France, old Fort Royal at Fort-de-France, Canal de Gueydon, Fort-de-France. Scenery of interior.

Numerous hotels and boarding places in Fort-de-France.

Motor cars, sailboats, horses, and carriages for hire. Coastal steamers and diligences connect principal towns.

Reached by Quebec S. S. Co. (about 12 days) from New York, Compagnie Generale Transatlantique from French colonies and Porto Rico. Language, French. Currency as in Guadeloupe.

MONA

An island off the western coast of Porto Rico and property of United States. Barren, scrub-covered, and of no value except for the lighthouse. A favorite spot for Porto Rican sportsmen, as many wild fowl resort to it and there are wild goats, etc., on the island.

MONTSERRAT

A British island, one of the Leeward Island confederation southeast of St. Kitts and southwest of Antigua.

Length about twelve miles; width seven miles. Volcanic and with an active crater known as the "Soufrière." Very mountainous and well wooded in the central and northern parts, but with broad valleys and fertile plains sloping from central range of mountains to the leeward coast. Highest peak, 3000 feet.

Population about 14,000. Capital and port, Plymouth, with about 6000 inhabitants. Few whites on the island.

Chief products, limes and lime juice, sugar, fruits, and garden truck.

Climate very healthy and pleasant. Average temperature from 70°-85°.

Discovered by Columbus, 1493. First settled by English, 1632. Seized by French, 1664. Recaptured by British, 1668. Retaken by French in 1782. English since 1784. Many of the early settlers were Irish and their traits and characters, together with names,

have been transmitted to colored people now living on the island.

Little of interest, aside from the people and the crater of Soufrière.

Reached by Royal Mail (Canadian) boats from Halifax, Bermuda, and other islands; occasionally by ships of Quebec S. S. Co., and, under normal conditions, by intercolonial boats of Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.

No good hotels or boarding places.

Language, English, usually with a distinct brogue. Currency, British, with Colonial and Royal Bank of Canada notes.

NEVIS

One of the British Leeward Islands a few miles south of St. Kitts and under government of latter.

Of volcanic formation with a very perfect, extinct volcanic cone about 4000 feet in height. Bulk of land fairly level and sloping gently to base of mountain. Area about 50 square miles or 35,000 acres, about half of which are, or have been, under cultivation.

Capital and port, Charlestown. Formerly Jamestown was the capital, but on April 30, 1689, this town was submerged by an earthquake. The ruins are still visible beneath the sea.

Principal products, sugar, molasses, cotton, and some sisal.

Climate exceedingly healthy and pleasant. At one time famous as a health resort and watering place

throughout the West Indies, Europe, and America. Many hot and medicinal springs on the island.

Discovered by Columbus, 1493, and named "Nieve" from the snow-like effect of clouds about the mountain summit.

Famous as birthplace of Alexander Hamilton, and as spot where Admiral Nelson was married.

Places of interest are the ruins of Hamilton's House, Old Fig Tree Church and marriage register containing entry of Nelson's wedding, ruins of once famous "Bath House," thermal springs, and submerged city.

No hotels or boarding houses, but accommodations may be obtained in private houses at Charlestown. Horses and carriages for hire.

Reached by sailboat or packet from St. Kitts. By Royal Mail (Canadian) boats from Halifax, Bermuda, and other islands, and occasionally by ships of Quebec S. S. Co.

Language and currency as at St. Kitts.

NORMAN ISLAND

A small and unimportant islet of the British Virgin Island group. South of Tortola. Area about two thousand acres.

Formerly a resort of pirates and buccaneers. Treasure is reputed buried here.

ORUBA

One of the Dutch islands under government of Curaçao and west of the latter at the entrance to Gulf of Maracaibo.

Area about 75 square miles.

Population about 1000.

Chief products, aloes, salt, fish, goats, and sheep.

No hotels.

Reached by packet from Maracaibo or Curaçao.

Language and money as in Curaçao.

PORTO RICO

A colony of the United States, one of the Greater Antilles, situated about forty miles west of St. Thomas and fifty miles east of Santo Domingo.

Smallest of the Greater Antilles, about 100 miles long by 36 miles wide. Area about 3500 square miles. Very mountainous and rugged in the interior, with broad valleys, tablelands, and plains. Once heavily wooded, but now almost denuded of forests, save in the northern forest reserve and in isolated mountainous districts. Highest peak, El Yunque, 3600 feet. Very fertile and well watered with numerous rivers, none of which are navigable.

Population about a million, of whom less than fifty thousand are negroes, the principal population being of almost pure Spanish descent, although there are many colored and mixed races. Capital and chief port, San Juan, on the northern coast, with about fifty thousand inhabitants.

Ponce, on the southern coast, and Mayaguez on the west, as well as Arecibo, are all important ports. Many coastal and interior towns of great value and importance are connected by excellent roads or by

railway with the capital and various ports. The island is divided into sixty-nine districts, or municipalities, each of which is practically autonomous. In most cases the chief town is of the same name as its municipality.

The resources of Porto Rico are very great, but are mainly agricultural, although gold, iron, copper, and other minerals occur and have not been exploited. Principal products are sugar, tobacco, fruits, vegetables, and coffee.

Climate very pleasant and exceedingly healthy, Porto Rico ranking second healthiest country in the world. On the coasts the climate is rather hot, but in the hills and mountains it is cool and pleasant. Average temperature of coastal districts for summer 80°, for winter 75°. Average humidity at San Juan, for winter 75°; for summer 81°. Rainfall from forty-five inches in dryer districts, to two hundred inches per year in wettest districts.

Discovered by Columbus in 1493. In search of water Columbus landed at or near the present site of Aguadilla and named the island *San Juan Bautista*, the native name being *Borinquen*. On board of one of Columbus's ships was Juan Ponce de Leon who was so attracted by the new land that in 1508 he sailed from Santo Domingo and landed near the present town of Aguada. Traveling eastward he found a sheltered bay which he christened Puerto Rico, and being well received by the Indians he returned to Santo Domingo and related his discoveries to Governor Ovando. The latter furnished De Leon with sup-

plies and men to settle Puerto Rico, where he landed in 1509. At a spot he called Caparra he started a settlement which was later abandoned in favor of the present site of San Juan. From here he set forth on his famous search for the Fountain of Youth, and in 1512 he sailed again, but was wounded by an Indian's arrow and died in Havana.

From 1516 until 1798 the island was constantly attacked by invaders and in 1535 and 1543 the French sacked and burned several towns. In 1565, Sir John Hawkins tried his hand at taking Porto Rico and in 1572 the famous privateer, Sir Francis Drake, also attacked it, but both were driven off. In 1595 they tried once more, attracted by vast treasure on galleons in the harbor, but they were badly beaten, Hawkins dying off the eastern coast of the island and Drake succumbing ere he reached Porto Bello, towards which he set sail. Once more, in 1597, the British attacked San Juan with a fleet of twenty ships under Lord Cumberland. They landed at Santurce, and were on the brink of victory when pestilence broke out among the troops and they were compelled to abandon the siege. In 1625 a fleet of Dutch ships bombarded the fortresses of San Juan, but without success. The next serious attack was in 1797, when Sir Ralph Abercromby landed at Santurce, and after two weeks of furious hand-to-hand fighting the British were driven off with great loss. Not until one hundred years later was the island seriously disturbed. Then the war vessels of the United States, under Admiral Sampson, shelled San

Juan's forts, but with scarcely more effect than the fleets of Drake and Hawkins, and the Porto Ricans were left in peace until the United States troops landed on the southern coast and marched overland, to be halted near Cayey by the news that the peace protocol had been signed. In August, 1898, the island was formally given over to the United States.

Places of interest are numerous, especially about San Juan. Among them may be mentioned the Morro, San Sebastian, and San Cristobal forts, San Geronimo, Casa Blanca or house of Ponce de Leon, San Juan church and statue of Ponce de Leon, the cathedral, with tomb of Ponce de Leon, old palace, now the governor's residence, old city wall and gates, prison, old churches, statue of Columbus, and Colon Plaza, etc. In the outlying country are many interesting sights and in nearly every town are places of historic or other interest.

Several fair hotels and boarding places in San Juan and many excellent boarding houses and a first-class hotel at Santurce. Several hotels in Ponce and hotels more or less comfortable in every town of any size. Innumerable automobiles for hire, regular motor car service over the island, many "jitney" lines, trolley cars, and steam railways.

Reached by New York & Porto Rico Line (about 4 days) from New York or by Red "D" Line steamers from New York and from Venezuela and Curaçao. Under normal conditions by various British, French, Italian, and German steamers from Colon, Jamaica,

St. Thomas, Europe, South America, and the other West Indian islands.

Language, officially English. Practically all the Porto Ricans use Spanish exclusively and few outside of the larger towns understand or speak English. In the stores, hotels, and offices and on the railways, trolley lines, and public conveyances there is usually someone who speaks English.

Currency the same as in United States.

REDONDA

A lofty, isolated rock belonging to Antigua and west of the latter, about midway between St. Kitts and Montserrat.

Altitude about 1000 feet.

Population (when mining operations are going on) about 100, mostly black laborers.

Only product, phosphate rock.

SABA

A Dutch island between St. Kitts and St. Croix. About 40 miles west of St. Kitts.

Merely an enormous volcanic cone rising abruptly from the sea for 3000 feet. Area about 5 square miles. No harbor or safe anchorage. Upper mountain sides verdured, lower slopes grown over with stunted brush, creepers, and cacti. No heavy forests. Interior valleys and hillsides fertile and cultivated wherever possible.

Population about 2000. Chief town, Bottom, situated about 1000 feet above the sea in a crater and with about 1500 inhabitants. Rest of people live at smaller villages, or "districts," known as Windward Side, Hell's Gate, St. John's, and Leverack's Town. No wheeled vehicles, all traveling being done afoot, on horseback, or in chairs carried by negroes.

Chief products, fruit, vegetables,—including white potatoes and other temperate vegetables and fruits,—lace and drawn-work, and boats. Men mainly sailors, many of them officers of steamships and transatlantic liners.

Climate extremely healthy and pleasant, perpetually spring-like or temperate, rather than tropical.

Places of interest are the "Ladder," a flight of eight hundred stone steps leading from landing place to town; the Devil's Warming Pan, a hot stone which is never wet or cool, even in the hardest rains; the Sulphur Mine, and the town of Bottom.

No hotels or boarding houses.

Reached by small boat from St. Kitts or St. Eustatius.

Language, Dutch, but English understood and used by nearly everyone. Currency as in Curaçao, but British money readily accepted.

SAINTES (THE)

Small, rocky, volcanic islands belonging to Guadeloupe and south of the latter. About 1000 feet in height.

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW, COMMONLY CALLED ST.
BART'S

A French island and dependency of Guadeloupe, 40 miles north of St. Kitts.

Hilly, with one peak rising to 1000 feet. No fresh water ponds or streams. Area about 8 square miles.

Population about 3000, nearly all black or colored. Capital and port, Gustavia.

Belonged to Sweden until 1878, when ceded to present owners. At one time resort of pirates and buccaneers. Vast treasure supposed to be buried on the island by Montbars, known as "The Exterminator," and who had headquarters here.

No hotels or boarding places.

Reached by small boat from neighboring islands.

Currency and language as in Guadeloupe, but English generally spoken or understood.

SAINT CHRISTOPHER, MORE COMMONLY CALLED
St. Kitts

One of the British Leeward Islands, sometimes called the "Mother of the British West Indies," as it was the first of the Lesser Antilles settled by the British.

Volcanic, with an active crater, Mount Misery, about 4000 feet above the sea. Area about 75 square miles, much of which is cultivated. Fertile, well watered, and with mountains heavily wooded.

Population about 35,000. Capital, Basseterre, with about 12,000 inhabitants.

Principal products, sugar, molasses, and rum.

Climate healthy and agreeable.

Discovered by Columbus in 1493 and named in honor of his patron saint, owing to a fancied resemblance of its mountains to St. Christopher bearing the infant Jesus on his shoulder. Not named after Columbus himself as often alleged. First settled by the British in 1623. Made untenable by pirates, whose settlements were finally destroyed and buccaneers driven away by combined attack of French, English, and Spanish in 1630. Taken by the French in 1782, but ceded to England in 1783.

Places of interest are not numerous about Basseterre, but there is a pretty public garden and the roads are excellent. Outside of the city the main points of interest are Monkey Hill, Fort Brimstone, Mount Misery Crater, Wingfield Estate Cataract, Lawyer Stevens's Cave, etc.

Several boarding places and one or two fair hotels at Basseterre.

Horses, carriages, and motor cars for hire.

Reached by Quebec S. S. Co. (about 8 days) from New York. By Royal Mail (Canadian) Line from Bermuda, Halifax, and other British islands, and, under normal conditions, by Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.

Language, English. Currency, British, with Royal Bank of Canada and Colonial Bank notes in circulation.

SANTA CRUZ OR ST. CROIX

An island about 60 miles south of St. Thomas and 100 miles west of St. Kitts. One of the former Danish islands, transferred to the United States in 1917.

A hilly, limestone island about 20 miles long and 6 miles wide. Area about 75 square miles with a large portion under cultivation. Fertile, well watered, and luxuriant, but not heavily wooded.

Population about 30,000. Capital, Christiansted, on eastern coast. Chief port, Frederiksted, on western coast.

Chief products, sugar, rum, molasses, and some fruit.

Climate hot in the towns, but very equable and healthy and formerly a noted health resort.

Discovered by Columbus, 1493. Settled by Dutch and English in 1625. Later taken by Spaniards and French, and in 1653 sold by Louis XIV to the Knights of Malta who were succeeded by the French West India Company in 1665. Deserted until 1733, when sold by French to Denmark for \$375,000. In 1867, Santa Cruz was subjected to an immense tidal wave which reached a height of sixty feet and carried the vessels in the harbor high and dry far from shore. Among the ships which were thus stranded was the United States frigate *Monongahela* which was left standing upright among the buildings of the town beyond a row of cocoanut trees, the ship actually having been carried *over* the palm trees. The vessel was launched after months of labor and was practically unharmed and left under her own steam. In

1878 a negro insurrection caused considerable damage, and occasional hurricanes have varied the monotony of the lives of the natives since then.

No particular spots of interest.

Fairly comfortable semi-hotels and boarding places.

Reached by Quebec S. S. Co. (about 7 days) from New York.

Horses, carriages, and automobiles for hire.

Language, English (except among Danes). Currency, Danish West Indian, but United States money accepted.

SAINT JOHN

Smallest of the three former Danish islands and a few miles east of St. Thomas.

Rugged, heavily wooded, well watered, and once cultivated.

Length about 9 miles; width about 5 miles. Area about 21 square miles.

Population about 2000, nearly all negroes.

Chief products, bay leaves and bay oil.

Port, Coral Bay, with a splendid harbor, one of the best in the West Indies.

Formerly a rendezvous of buccaneers. Rusty cannon and ruined pirate forts are to be found overgrown with vines and brush.

Settled by the Danes in 1684.

No hotels or boarding places.

Reached by packet from St. Thomas.

Language and currency as in St. Thomas.

SAINT KITTS

The West Indian name for St. Christopher, which see.

SAINT LUCIA

A British island of the Windward Island group. About 20 miles north of St. Vincent, 100 miles west of Barbados, and 18 miles south of Martinique.

Volcanic, with an active crater, the Soufrière, on southern part of island. Highest peaks, Morne Gimie and Piton Canaries, 3000 feet; Grand and Petit Pitons rise directly from the sea off Soufrière Bay to a height of 2620 and 2460 feet. Length about 28 miles; width about 15 miles. Area about 250 square miles. Heavily wooded, fertile, and well watered.

Population about 50,000. Capital, Castries, with 12,000 inhabitants. An important coaling station and strongly fortified. Sometimes called "The Gibraltar of West Indies."

Climate hot and not very healthy on coast. Cool and salubrious in the hills. Infested by deadly fer-de-lance serpent.

Chief products, cocoa, limes, spices, fruits, and dyewoods.

Discovered by Columbus, 1502, on his fourth voyage. First settled by British, 1605, when sixty-seven colonists arrived in *Olive Blossom*. They were attacked and massacred by the Caribs, and the twenty survivors fled to South America within a month

after landing on the island. In 1635, French settlers attempted to take possession, but were driven out by British who were in turn killed and forced off by Caribs. For next two hundred years fought over by French and British until finally ceded to England in 1814.

Places of interest are the Public Gardens, coaling docks, Morne and Government House, Pitons, Crater at Soufrière.

Several hotels and boarding places at Castries.

Reached by Quebec S. S. Co. (about 14 days) from New York. By Royal Mail (Canadian) Line from Halifax, Bermuda, and British islands, and, under normal conditions, by Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.

Language, English. Patois or Creole spoken by lower classes. Currency, British, but Royal Bank of Canada and Colonial Bank notes in circulation.

SAINT MARTIN

Jointly French and Dutch, the northern half being under the jurisdiction of Guadeloupe while the southern half is under the government of Curaçao. Situated southwest of Anguilla and northwest of St. Kitts.

A wooded, fertile, mountainous island. Area about 40 square miles. Highest peak, Paradise Peak, 1900 feet.

Population of entire island about 8000, of whom about 3000 reside in French territory and 5000 in Dutch.

Capitals: French, Marigot. Dutch, Philipsburg.

Chief products, salt, vegetables, and cattle. Copper and manganese occur.

Climate healthy and pleasant.

Formerly a noted resort of pirates and buccaneers.

No hotels.

Reached by occasional steamers of Quebec Line, but usually only by sailing vessels or packet boats from St. Kitts, St. Croix, St. Thomas, or Curaçao.

Language, Dutch and French patois, but English quite generally spoken. Currency same as in Dutch and French colonies.

SAINT THOMAS

One of the Virgin Islands, about 40 miles east of Porto Rico. Until recently Danish.

Mountainous but dry, barren, and little cultivated. Length about 13 miles; width about 3 miles. Area about 33 square miles.

Population about 15,000, mostly colored. Capital and only port, Charlotte Amalie (sometimes spelled Amalia), with about 13,000 inhabitants.

Formerly of great commercial importance, as it was a free port and possesses a large and magnificent harbor. Produces practically nothing but bay rum. An important coaling station.

Climate healthy and pleasant.

Discovered by Columbus, 1493. First settled by Danish under Erik Smidt, March 30, 1666. Taken by the Dutch under Governor Huntum. Recolonized

by Danes, under Jorgen Iwerson, May 23, 1672. Iwerson, who was sent out by Danish West India and Guinea Company, became governor and was a most despotic ruler, but under him the island prospered. Succeeded by Nic Esmit, to whom Iwerson delivered the governorship upon his resignation. Soon after Iwerson set out to take charge again, but was thrown overboard by his mutinous crew on the voyage.

On April 9, 1690, St. Thomas suffered from a severe earthquake, and soon after the entire island was leased out by the Danish King to the Brandenbergh Company which rapidly developed the commerce of the island. First destructive hurricane, 1697. In 1756 Dutch commerce was excluded, which almost ruined the island, and the King of Denmark rescinded all rights of the Brandenberghs. In 1800, British, under Colonel Cowell, seized St. Thomas, but within a year it was restored to Denmark. In 1804 and 1806, island swept by fires, causing damage estimated at over sixteen million dollars.

Again occupied by the British in 1807 and held by them until April 9, 1815, when once more restored to the Danes. In 1866 ravaged by yellow fever, smallpox, and cholera. October 29, 1866, loss of three hundred lives and seventy-seven vessels and immense damage by hurricane. November 18th of the same year tidal wave and earthquake did enormous damage. Another disastrous hurricane occurred in 1876, after which the town was rebuilt, sanitation was established, and the island greatly improved and modernized.

Came under United States flag, April 1917.

Places of interest are: Bluebeard's and Blackbeard's Castles, Ma Falie, from which a magnificent view may be obtained, old Danish fort, coaling docks, Sail Rock.

Reached by Quebec S. S. Co., from New York and by various English, French, Italian, Dutch, German, and other lines from Europe and Porto Rico.

Language officially Danish and currency that of Denmark, but English generally spoken except by officials and any money gladly accepted.

A few fair hotels and boarding houses in Charlotte Amalie.

SAINT VINCENT

One of the British Windward Island group, about 20 miles south of St. Lucia and 100 miles west of Barbados.

Volcanic, mountainous, fertile, and heavily wooded. The active volcano, known as "Soufrière," devastated an immense area and killed many people in 1812 and in May, 1902, destroyed 2000 lives and over one third of the island.

Highest point, Morne Agarou, 4000 feet. Length about 18 miles; width about 11 miles. Area about 140 square miles.

Population about 50,000. Capital and chief port, Kingstown, with 5000 inhabitants.

Principal products, cocoa, sugar, fruits, arrowroot.

Climate very pleasant and healthy, one of the healthiest islands in West Indies. Temperature averages from 75°-80° the year round.

Places of interest: Botanic Gardens, established in 1763, and first of their kind in America, old forts, volcanic district and crater, Carib settlement, drives through interior.

No really good hotel, but several boarding places.

Reached by small boat or packet from neighboring islands or by Royal Mail (Canadian) Line from Bermuda, Halifax, or other English islands.

Language, English. Many of the natives speak patois or Creole by preference. Currency, British, with Colonial and Royal Bank of Canada notes in circulation.

SAN DOMINGO, PROPERLY SANTO DOMINGO

Second largest of the Greater Antilles. Situated about 65 miles west of Porto Rico and 50 miles east of Cuba. Divided into two independent republics, the eastern two thirds forming the Dominican Republic, the remainder comprising the republic of Haiti or, as it is often called, "The Black Republic."

A very large island, about 500 miles in length and 175 miles wide, with an area of nearly 30,000 square miles. About the size of Maine; one fourth larger than Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut combined; three times the size of Belgium; twice as large as Denmark, and only a trifle smaller than Ireland or Portugal.

In addition to the main island there are the dependent islands of Gonaïves, Tortuga, Saona, Alta Vela, and Beata, some of which are larger than any of the

Lesser Antilles and which add over 600 square miles to the total area. Extremely mountainous, the highest peak in the West Indies being Mount Loma Tina in the Dominican Republic, about 11,000 feet, with numerous peaks over 6000 feet in height. Between the mountain ranges are many wide elevated plains, broad fertile valleys, immense tablelands, and near the coasts vast rolling prairies or savannas. Heavily forested with valuable timber, such as mahogany, cedar, lancewood, ebony, logwood, lignum-vitæ, and long leaf pine. Contains vast mineral resources, such as gold, mercury, manganese, lignite, iron, copper, lead, tin, bismuth, nickel, alum, kaolin, petroleum, salt, amber, etc.

Well watered with three enormous rivers in the Dominican Republic and with numerous smaller rivers and countless streams. Three huge lakes in the southwestern part of the island. Only a small portion of the island is under cultivation.

Population over two million (exact numbers unobtainable), of whom about 600,000 reside in the Dominican Republic, while the Haitiens number about 1,500,000. Practically all the Haitien population is black, while the people of the Dominican Republic are mainly white or light colored, only about 20 per cent. being of pronounced negro blood.

Capital of the Dominican Republic, Santo Domingo City on the Ozama River on the southern coast, with about 30,000 inhabitants. Capital of Haiti, Port-au-Prince, with about 70,000 inhabitants. Other important ports are Puerto Plata, Samana, Macoris, Monte

Christi, Sanchez, and Azua in the Dominican Republic; Cape Haitien, Aux Cayes, Jeremie, Jacmel, Gonaïves, and Miragoane are important Haitien ports. In the Dominican Republic there are also several large interior towns, such as La Vega, San Francisco de Macoris, Santiago, and Moca.

Climate healthy—where not ruined by human habitations and unsanitary conditions—and very pleasant. Almost any climate may be found by traveling inland from the coast. On the coast the temperature varies from 80° – 84° during the winter months and from 86° – 90° during the summer. Nights very cool, from 48° – 50° during winter and from 70° – 75° in summer, due to northerly night winds.

History bloody, turbulent, and closely associated with the most illustrious personages of early Spanish dominion in the New World. Santo Domingo City is the oldest European city in America; on Santo Domingo the first settlement in the New World was established by Columbus; here the first gold was found by the Spaniards; on this island the first blood was shed in a battle between Europeans and Indians; Columbus was shipwrecked on the coast of this island; he was imprisoned in the fortress at Santo Domingo City; the ruins of his son's house still stand; in Santo Domingo was founded the first university in America and Columbus is buried in the cathedral of the capital. Hernando Cortez, Ponce de Leon, Pizarro, Balboa, and many notable Spaniards lived on the island and set forth on their historic expeditions from its shores.

Discovered by Columbus, December 6, 1492.

First landing on northern coast near present site of Mole St. Nicholas. On Christmas Eve, at the place now known as Cape Haitien, the flagship *Santa Maria* was wrecked upon a reef and Columbus and his men were hospitably received by the native Indian cacique. The wreckage of the caravel was brought ashore and used in constructing a fort. Here forty of the men were left while Columbus continued his voyage eastward. In the following year he returned, to find his fort destroyed and the men massacred; and, at a spot fifty miles west of the present town of Puerto Plata, a new town was founded. This was called Isabella, but it endured only a short time, and to-day a few crumbling walls are all that mark this first European settlement in America. In 1496 Bartholomew Columbus founded Santo Domingo City, and the island rapidly prospered and became the richest of Spain's colonies. In 1795, Hispaniola, as it was called, was ceded to France by the treaty of Bâle. After the downfall of Napoleon the eastern portion was returned to Spain, the portion now known as Haiti remaining as a colony of France. In 1822 the Spanish portion placed itself under Haitien rule but withdrew after the revolution of 1843. Fearing negro invasion by the Haitiens the Spanish speaking portion of the island voluntarily went under Spanish rule in 1861. In 1863 the Dominicans revolted and in 1865 became independent. Since then the island has been torn by revolutions, massacres, and uprisings, the French or Haitien portion, which won its independence in 1805, being especially noted for the massacres,

revolts, and uprisings which have prevented the island from developing or progressing. In 1905 the United States assumed charge of the customs in the Dominican Republic and maintains a semi-supervision of its elections and government. A similar arrangement was made with Haiti in 1916.

Places of interest are numerous. There are no really first class hotels. (See Dominican Republic and Haiti.)

Several railway lines in Dominican Republic. One from Puerto Plata to Santiago and another from Sanchez to La Vega. In Haiti, one railway is in operation from Port-au-Prince into the interior. (For steamship routes see Haiti and Dominican Republic.)

Language in Dominican Republic, Spanish. In Haiti, French.

Currency in Dominican Republic, United States. In Haiti, French and Haitien, but United States currency in common use.

SAONA

A small island off the southeastern coast of Santo Domingo and belonging to the Dominican Republic. Brush- and chaparral-covered, infested with mosquitoes, and of no importance.

SOMBRERO

A possession of Great Britain and most northerly of the eastern Caribbees.

Barren, barely above sea level, and isolated.

Useful only as a site for the lighthouse which marks the entrance to the Anegada Passage. Once the source of considerable phosphate rock.

STATIA

The West Indian appellation of St. Eustatius, which see.

TOBAGO

A British island under jurisdiction of Trinidad and about thirty miles northeast of the latter.

Volcanic, but of ancient formation; rough, well wooded, with many streams and very fertile. Physically and geologically a portion of South America.

Many small mountains or high hills interspersed with beautiful valleys. Highest peak, Pigeon Hill, 1900 feet.

Length about 26 miles; width about 8 miles. Area about 115 square miles or 74,000 acres, of which some 53,000 are private lands, 6500 are a rain and forest reserve, and 14,000 are crown lands for sale.

Population about 20,000. Capital, Scarborough, with 3000 inhabitants.

Chief products, cocoanuts, cocoa, spices, fruit, cattle.

Famous as the scene of Robinson Crusoe's story.

Climate very healthy and delightful.

One of the stormiest histories of any West Indian island.

Discovered by Spanish. Settled by English, 1625.

British driven out by Caribs and then colonized by Dutch in 1632. The Dutch were forced to leave by Spaniards from Trinidad and the next settlement was by the Duke of Courland, but his colony was destroyed by Hollanders in 1658. The French then drove off the Dutch and were themselves attacked and routed by British in 1666. The French retaliated by driving off the English and destroying their properties, and by mutual agreement Tobago was deserted and left as a "neutral island" until 1673.

Seized by British, who were attacked by the Dutch, and after six years of constant struggles between the French, English, and Dutch the island was restored to Holland in 1679.

Once more declared a no-man's land in 1684, it was left to its Carib owners until 1744, when the French again took possession, only to be attacked by the British in 1762. A year later, 1763, ceded to Great Britain by treaty, but seized by French in 1781. Taken from them by the British in 1793, the latter were compelled to restore the island to France in 1802. Captured by the English for the last time in 1803, it was formally ceded to them in 1814 and has remained a British colony ever since.

Places of interest are not numerous, the scenery being the island's chief attraction, although the caves are interesting and the natives will point out the original "Crusoe's Cave," as well as an alleged "foot-print" made by Robinson in the solid rock.

No regular hotel that is good, but numerous boarding places.

Reached by mail boats and intercolonial steamers from Trinidad.

Language and currency as in Trinidad.

TORTOLA

One of the British Virgin Islands and largest of that group. Situated northeast of St. Thomas.

A mountainous island 18 miles in length by 7 miles wide and with peaks reaching nearly 2000 feet above the sea.

Capital, Roadtown, with about 500 inhabitants, nearly all of whom are blacks.

Of no importance and almost deserted. Formerly the resort of buccaneers and pirates.

No hotels or boarding places.

Reached only by packet or sailboat from St. Thomas or St. Kitts.

Language and currency as in neighboring British Islands.

TORTUGA

A large island belonging to Haiti and opposite Port de Paix.

Heavily wooded, mountainous, and sparsely inhabited. About twenty miles in length by three miles wide and with a fine though small harbor.

Formerly a stronghold of the buccaneers and doubtless contains more buried treasure than any other spot in the Antilles.

Settled by buccaneers and pirates in 1630 after they had been driven from St. Kitts and other resorts. All the ships and troops sent against them by Spain, France and England, were unsuccessful, and for thirty years the freebooters held the island and defied the world. From this stronghold they sent expeditions throughout the Spanish Main, and Darien, Panama, and Porto Bello were sacked by pirates from Tortuga. When finally dispersed many of them settled on the mainland of Haiti and the Dominican Republic and turned cattlemen and planters.

No hotels, boarding places, or accommodations of any sort.

Reached only by small boat from Haitien ports.

Language and currency as in Haiti.

There is another Tortuga situated off the coast of Venezuela and belonging to that republic, but of no importance. Neither of these should be confounded with the Dry Tortugas, which are small cays west of Key West and belonging to the United States.

TRINIDAD

Most southerly of West Indies and largest of British islands with exception of Jamaica. Northeast of Venezuela, from which it is separated only by the Gulf of Paria and the narrow straits or "Bocas" a few hundred feet in width.

Length about 55 miles; width about 40 miles, with an area of about 1750 square miles or 1,122,880 acres, with about 350,000 acres under cultivation.

Extremely rugged and mountainous in the northern part; wide plains and rolling hilly country in the south. Very fertile and well watered and heavily wooded. Mainly of volcanic but ancient formation with considerable areas of calcareous formation and in reality merely a bit of the South American continent with practically the same flora and fauna.

Highest peak, Tucutche, 3012 feet.

Population about half a million. Capital and principal port, Port of Spain, with 70,000 inhabitants.

Resources enormous; petroleum, asphalt, and many minerals abound; the forests are filled with valuable timber, and agricultural possibilities are almost unlimited.

Chief products, asphalt, petroleum, cocoa, coffee, sugar, timber, balata, cocoanuts, spices, etc.

Climate very hot on coast of the Gulf, but cool and pleasant in highlands and on windward coast. Healthy as a whole.

Discovered by Columbus, July 31, 1498, and named in honor of the three prominent peaks now known as the "Three Sisters."

First settled by Spanish under Don Antonio de Berrio y Oruña at site of present town of St. Joseph and which they named San José de Oruña. Attacked and captured by Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1595, who was exploring the vicinity in his search for El Dorado.

The island, however, remained a Spanish possession until 1797, when captured by the British under Sir

Ralph Abercromby. Has remained a British colony from that date until the present time.

Places of interest are many. About Port of Spain may be mentioned the Savanna or Queen's Park; coolie villages; Five Islands, the Bocas, and the caverns near St. Joseph; Government House and Public Gardens. Within easy reach are the Blue Basin, Maraccas Waterfall, Maraval Reservoir, Caura Cataract, Mud Volcanoes near Princes Town. San Fernando is an interesting and important town connected with Port of Spain by railway and with Brighton, La Brea, and other ports on the Gulf by steamboats. Trinidad's greatest "sight" is the famous Pitch Lake at Brighton, from which a large portion of the world's supply of asphalt is obtained. The numerous oil wells are also worth seeing, but as there are several about the Pitch Lake those who visit this natural wonder will be able to satisfy their curiosity without making a special trip to the oil wells.

Excellent hotels and many boarding places at Port of Spain. Houses and bungalows, furnished, for rent on the islands in the Gulf.

Horses, carriages, and automobiles, as well as boats, for hire. Trolley lines reach all parts of Port of Spain and the nearby villages and places of interest. Railway lines and coastal steamers ply between all principal towns and agricultural districts. Roads excellent, many of asphalt, and reaching all parts of the island. Telephone and telegraph systems everywhere.

Reached by Trinidad Line (Trinidad Trading & Shipping Co.) from New York (8 days). By Royal Mail (Canadian Line) boats from Halifax, Bermuda, and other British possessions. By Royal Dutch West India Line from New York, via Haiti and Venezuela. By French, Italian, and Spanish ships from various South American ports. Ships of the Lamport and Holt, Lloyd Brasileiro, and Booth lines frequently make Trinidad a port of call from Brazilian ports en route to New York. River steamers may be taken to Ciudad Bolivar on the Orinoco and trips may readily be made to Margarita, Curaçao, Venezuela, and the Guianas.

Language, English, but nearly all merchants and many of the other people speak Spanish and French, as there is a very large Latin-American and French population. Currency, British, but Royal Bank of Canada, Colonial Bank, and Trinidad (local) notes are used largely and United States currency passes freely everywhere.

UNION

One of the Grenadines, about midway between St. Vincent and Grenada. Rich, fertile, and well wooded. Noted for its boats. Formerly headquarters of an important whale fishery. See Grenadines.

VIRGIN GORDA

One of the British Virgin Islands and second largest of the group.

About 8 miles in length with an area of about 50,000 acres. Mountains 1500 feet in height. Gold, silver, and copper exist, but have not been exploited.

Formerly a lair of the buccaneers.

Reached only by small boat or packet from neighboring islands.

VIRGIN ISLANDS

A chain or group of rather small islands, thirty or forty in number, many of which are mere reefs or rocks and situated east of Porto Rico and about forty miles distant from that island at the nearest point.

Strictly speaking the Virgin Islands include St. Thomas and St. John, but the term is usually applied to the British islands only. These are Tortola, Virgin Gorda, Anegada, Norman Island, etc., with a total area of about sixty square miles.

Mostly rough, well wooded, and many rich in mineral resources, but sparsely inhabited and with a total population of about five thousand, nearly all blacks and colored people.

In early days the favorite resort of pirates and freebooters whose occupancy is perpetuated in the names of many of the islets, such as Dead Man's Chest, Rum Island, Dutchman's Cap, etc.

Reached only by small boat from neighboring islands.

Language and currency as in St. Kitts and other British colonies.

WINDWARD ISLANDS

A federation of British islands, comprising St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Grenada, and the Grenadines. Seat of government at Grenada. See under separate islands for further data.



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AUTOMOBILES

IN practically every island, with the exception of Bermuda, there are numerous automobiles. In some of the smaller and more mountainous islands the extent of roads adapted to motor cars is very limited, but in most of the islands one can reach all the larger towns and villages by automobile. It is hardly worth while for the visitor to take a car to the West Indies, unless he expects to remain in one island for some time; but if spending a few weeks in Porto Rico, Cuba, Jamaica, Trinidad, or Barbados by all means take a car if possible. The freight charges are low, there is no duty—or else the duty collected will be refunded when the machine is taken from the island—and one can see much more of the country and may have a much more enjoyable time with a private car than if depending upon hiring one.

BANKS

In every island there are branches of the Colonial Bank of London, the Royal Bank of Canada, or other large banking houses where letters of credit, money orders, travelers' checks may be cashed and any other banking business may be negotiated.

BATHING

In nearly every island there is excellent bathing, both in fresh and salt water. Owing to the danger of bathing in unfamiliar places it is always advisable to ask the natives for advice and information before entering the water. In many places the poisonous manchineel tree grows close to the water and is liable to cause severe, or even dangerous, irritation of the skin; while in other places, sea-urchins with their poisonous brittle spines, Portuguese men-of-war with their stinging tentacles, the savage barracouta fish, or other dangerous forms of animal life are abundant. Sharks are the least of all dangers and the natives seldom pay any attention to them, as the sharks found in shallow water are usually harmless species or are too well fed on offal to molest human beings.

BEGGARS

In some of the islands beggars are very persistent and numerous, but it is mistaken charity to give them anything, as most of them are professionals, and if the visitor tosses coins to one he will be followed and besieged by scores of others. In every island there are charitable institutions and hospitals. Moreover, it is impossible for the natives to suffer from cold or exposure in the tropics and almost as impossible for them to go hungry. In the English colonies begging is prohibited by law.

BOATS

In many of the islands it is necessary to take small boats from the ship to shore and vice versa. The charges are very low, but a bargain should always be made in advance and payment for the round trip should not be made until one is back aboard ship, as otherwise the boatman may refuse to put you aboard without an exorbitant charge. In most of the islands, however, the tariff is fixed by law and any complaint made to a policeman will have prompt and satisfactory attention.

CABLEGRAMS

All the islands are connected with Europe and the United States by cables and in many there are also wireless stations. Cable charges are reasonable, but during the war messages are subject to censorship in the British and French colonies.

CLIMATE

Although often very hot at midday, yet the climate of the West Indies is far more equable than our summers, and the humid, prostrating heat of our northern cities is unknown. Sunstrokes never occur, but it is wise to remain quiet during the heat of the day and take walks and other exercise early in the mornings and late in the afternoons. The nights are usually cool, and by ascending the hills or mountains, one may

find almost any climate desired. The difference in temperature between winter and summer is very slight, many of the islands possessing a climate so equable that a variation of five degrees through the year is rare. During the summer, however, there is a great deal of rain, and gales and hurricanes occur, the latter usually following a well defined area or belt and seldom extending beyond it. Hurricanes, however, are a much exaggerated bugaboo and seldom cause loss of life or serious damage. We read of hundreds of houses being destroyed, but after seeing the flimsy "houses" of palm and thatch, the wonder is that any survive a decent gale. In many of the islands hurricanes have never occurred, and no one need hesitate to visit the West Indies for fear of these tropical storms.

CLOTHING

The clothing worn in the West Indies is much the same as that worn in the United States in midsummer. White duck, pongee, Palm Beach cloth and flannels are the favorite materials, but in the British colonies serges, tweeds, and other heavy goods are worn for formal occasions, while in the highlands spring weight clothing should be worn and light overcoats are often necessary. Woolen underclothing is preferable to cotton if one expects to take much exercise. For head-covering felt, straw, and Panama hats are worn, as are pith and cork helmets. There are no particular styles for clothing in the islands and one may dress to suit one's

own personal tastes and requirements; besides, whatever an American does or wears is looked upon as a "Yankee" characteristic, for the ways of the American are unfathomable to the West Indian.

CRIMINALS

As a whole, the islands are wonderfully free from crimes and criminals. In many places burglary, robbery, murder, assault, and other serious offenses are unknown and there is not an island in the West Indies—with the exception of Haiti—where a white man or woman may not go where and when he or she desires in perfect safety.

DISEASES

Compared to our own cities there are few contagious diseases in the West Indies and practically no danger of the casual visitor contracting them. Typhoid is prevalent in some portions of Santo Domingo. Small-pox of a very mild form sometimes occurs in the various islands; but malaria, mild stomach and bowel complaints, and dysentery are the commonest ailments. Most of the cases of stomach and bowel trouble may be traced to carelessness and overindulgence in fruits; or are due to sitting in wet or damp garments. Malaria is no more common than in the United States and is no more dangerous, save in the swampy, unhealthy districts. With reasonable care and common sense one may avoid all illness in the West Indies just as well

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as at home. The natives often suffer from loathsome skin and filarial diseases, but in most places they are now shut up in well-conducted hospitals, and moreover Northerners seldom or never contract these diseases.

DUTIES

There is no trouble or inconvenience in regard to customs or duties, as in all the islands a reasonable amount of dutiable articles are admitted free and in most of the islands the officials are far more lenient in this respect than in the United States.

EXPENSES

Although living is cheap in the West Indies, it is only comparatively so. If one lives upon native food and lives as do the better class of West Indians the cost of living is very low, but if one lives as in the States the expenses will mount rapidly. In most of the hotels the rates are reasonable, but the visitor must not expect the same service, food, and attention as in hotels of equal standing at home. Labor, boat and carriage hire, and similar expenses are very low.

FOOD

As a general rule the food of the West Indies is similar to that of the mother country of the particular island. Fish is extensively eaten, local vegetables are

always served, and white potatoes are usually considered a necessity for strangers, although the soggy imported tubers are far inferior to the native yams, sweet potatoes, bread-fruit, taro, etc.

Many of the islands have certain local dishes peculiar to themselves and which are delicious. Thus, there are the giant frogs or "Crapaud" of Dominica, known as Mountain Chicken; the iguanas or giant lizards of the various islands; the famed Flying Fish Cutlets and Sea Eggs of Barbados, etc. Native meat, as a rule, is tough and poor, but mutton is usually good and there are always fowl and turkeys in abundance and one's health will be far better if little meat is eaten.

FRUIT

The number of fruits which are seen in the West Indies is almost unlimited. Aside from the well known oranges, citrus fruits, melons, pineapples, mangos, avocado-pears, etc., there are innumerable strange fruits never seen in the Northern markets. It is a wise plan not to indulge too freely in fruit at first, however, but to accustom oneself gradually, regardless of the temptation to try every new fruit one sees.

Contrary to the ideas of many people, the West Indian fruits have definite seasons, as do our own, and while some varieties are to be had throughout the year they are at their best during certain months, while others cannot be obtained except at their

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regular season. As the seasons for the fruits vary in the different islands, no hard and fast list can be made. A large number of the best fruits are in bearing only during the summer months and hence are seldom seen by the ordinary tourist.

The following list will prove a fairly accurate guide to the fruits in season during the various months of the year:

JANUARY.	Orange, malacca-apple, tamarind, belle-apple.
FEBRUARY.	Orange, cashew, star-apple, tamarind, mamee-apple, sapodilla.
MARCH.	Orange, star-apple, balata, cashew, shaddock, sapodilla.
APRIL.	Orange, cashew, mamee-apple, star-apple, custard-apple, pineapple, sapodilla, cashew.
MAY.	Orange, pineapple, sapodilla, rose-apple, sapote, mamee-apple, cashew, custard apple, jambolan.
JUNE.	Mango, malacca-apple, cashew, pineapple, sapodilla, grenadilla, belle-apple, melons, gru-gru.
JULY.	Mango, sapodilla, malacca-apple, sugar-apple, mamee, guava, soursop, avocado-pear, gru-gru.
AUGUST.	Mango, avocado-pear, sugar-apple, guava, orange, governor-plum, hog-plum, shaddock, mamee.

- SEPTEMBER. Mangosteen, golden-apple, governor-plum, guava, orange, avocado-pear, sugar-apple.
- OCTOBER. Mangosteen, avocado-pear, grenadilla, soursop, sapodilla, sugar-apple, orange, pois-doux.
- NOVEMBER. Orange, guava, sapodilla, sugar-apple, pois-doux, avocado-pear, shaddock.
- DECEMBER. Orange, balata, guava, avocado-pear, melons, sapodilla.

INSECT PESTS

Many people imagine that the West Indies swarm with noxious insects. In reality insects are no more troublesome than in the United States, unless one goes into the forest or "bush." Mosquitoes occur in all the islands, but are seldom as abundant as in the North, and in every respectable house and hotel the beds are protected by mosquito nets. Window or door screens are seldom necessary. Flies are not as abundant as in the North, but ants of innumerable varieties are very troublesome. The huge wild cockroaches at times invade houses at night, but the small Croton bugs and house roaches are almost unknown. The most troublesome insect is the red-bug or "Bête Rouge," a tiny spider-like pest that buries under one's skin, causing intense itching and irritation. They are found only on weeds and grass and the best remedy is to rub the afflicted parts with some greasy ointment or to touch each red spot, where a "Bête Rouge" is buried under

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the skin, with a drop of iodine. In some places they are very abundant, while in others they are never found. Centipedes and scorpions, as well as wood-ticks, are not common, and save in the "bush" one seldom sees them. Their bites or "stings" are no more to be feared than the sting of a bee or hornet.

OWNERSHIP

The islands comprise British, French, Dutch, Venezuelan, and United States colonies, and independent republics; Great Britain owning the majority. The islands are divided between various governments as follows:

GREAT BRITAIN. Jamaica, Bahamas, Turks Islands, Bermuda, Caymans, Leeward and Windward Islands, British Virgin Islands, Barbados, Trinidad, and Tobago.

FRANCE. Martinique, Guadeloupe, Marie Galante, The Saintes, Desirade, half of St. Martin.

HOLLAND. Curaçao, Buen Aire, Oruba, Saba, St. Eustatius, half of St. Martin and dependencies.

VENEZUELA. Aves, Margarita, and other islets off the coast.

UNITED STATES. Porto Rico, Vieques, Culebra, Mona, St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. John.

INDEPENDENT REPUBLICS. Cuba, Haiti, Dominican Republic.

PASSPORTS

Although passports are not essential, except in Haiti and the Dominican Republic, yet it is a wise plan to carry a passport, especially during the war, as both the British and French authorities are very suspicious of strangers who stop in their West Indian colonies. If merely taking the round trip a passport is unnecessary.

PHOTOGRAPHS

In nearly every island there are photographers, and views and postcards may be purchased, and in all the larger islands photographic films and supplies may be purchased.

In Porto Rico, Cuba, Trinidad, Barbados, and Jamaica there are competent photographers where films may be developed and printed satisfactorily. There is no objection to visitors taking pictures, or using cameras, in any of the islands under normal conditions, but during the war many of the British colonies have prohibited the use of cameras, and in all of the French and British islands the photographing of forts, troops, war vessels, or defenses, as well as wireless stations, is strictly prohibited and any one found taking such pictures, or with them in his possession, is liable to arrest and to have the camera, films, and pictures confiscated. By inquiring of the customs or police officers who board the ship at every port the visitor can obtain information in regard to such matters and thus avoid a great deal of unpleasantness.

RAILWAYS

With the exception of Barbados and Trinidad, none of the Lesser Antilles have railway lines. The Greater Antilles, however, are all provided with railways, Cuba leading all the islands in the extent of its lines, with Jamaica next, followed by Porto Rico and Santo Domingo.

SNAKES

With the exception of Trinidad, Martinique, and St. Lucia, none of the islands are infested with poisonous snakes, and in those three islands the venomous serpents are rare and seldom seen. The fer-de-lance, which occurs in Martinique and St. Lucia, is an introduced species and in the former island was largely exterminated by the Mt. Pelée eruption. Even in St. Lucia and Trinidad there is less danger of being bitten by a poisonous snake than on the Palisades of the Hudson or in any of the mountain resorts of the United States. In all the other islands, small, useful, non-poisonous snakes are found, but are seldom seen. Lizards of many species are very abundant and are always in evidence, but all are absolutely harmless and are protected and encouraged, as they are most useful in catching and devouring ants, flies, mosquitoes, and other insects.

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